

Cotton Cat, Sunrise over Bishops Avenue

Packing all their dreams, locking up their fears
They're like restless soldiers, summoned for a drill.
Then they say goodbye; each of them will fly
Searching for the gold spilled on the rosy sky.

Sunrise over Bishops Avenue

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Castles built of stones, hands worked to the bone,
Sleepless nights of scribbling hasty letters home.

On the other side of the bustling town

Gentle touch of money wakes the giants up.

It's Sunrise over Bishops Avenue

Sunrise over Bishops Avenue.

We gotta get there; some miracle will happen to us;
We'll surely win it, 'cause we're gutsy, smart and tough.

We came to conquer this goddamned better world.

When sun is shining, mamma, here it's not the same.

Counting what was left of the dreams they had

Farewell glass of vodka, one more cigarette.

Never ending game, it's always been the same.

Sky has cleared to wonder: will they come again?

To see Sunrise over Bishops Avenue

Sunrise over Bishops Avenue.