

# Miguel Bose, Over

Take me to the forest of freedom  
A pilgrimage toward the great mountain  
Take me to a place I believe in  
I call my promised land

Take me to the valley of lovers  
And let me hold the newborn in my arms  
Take me to the forest of freedom  
To let my spirit go

"(Chorus)"

But it's over, and I'm sober  
Savour... the impossible...  
I'm crying, feel I'm dying  
Spellbound... by the nightingale...

Can you see the children of freedom  
Proceed across a sunset to the sea?  
Let me gather flowers of freedom  
And reap the fruit for all

"(Repeat chorus)"

But it's over, and I'm sober  
Savour... the impossible...  
I'm crying, feel I'm dying  
Spellbound... by the nightingale...

"(Final choruses)"

Over, and I'm sober  
Savour... the impossible (impossible)  
I'm crying, feel I'm dying  
Spellbound... by the singing...  
Over, and I'm sober  
Savour... the impossible (impossible)  
I'm crying, feel I'm dying  
Spellbound... by the singing...  
Yes, over... yes, I'm sober  
Savour... the impossible (impossible)  
I'm crying, feel I'm dying  
Spellbound... by the singing...  
Yes, it's over... yes, I'm sober  
Savour... the impossible (impossible)  
Yes, I'm crying, feel like I'm dying  
Spellbound... by the singing...  
And it's over, yes, it's over, yes, it's over...  
And I'm over...  
And I'm crying, then I'm dying...  
Spellbound... by the singing...