

Nana Mouskouri, It Happened In Athens

The world is big
The world is small
Blind men think
There' s no world at all
But seasons come, and seasons go
Sometimes full of sunlight
Sometimes snow

The world is shallow or it is deep
Half awake the other half asleep
Full of many but meant for him
Depending in the end on what you do
The world is only what yoy dare to make of it
Just like a ache inside until you
Dreams though asleep until our dreams come true

If it could happen in Athens,Why not for you