

Paps'n'skar, Strasera la luna

Stasera la luna
ci porter fortuna, la luna
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ci porter.....
It's raining again, this morning
the end of the seaside
Nobody can change
with a strength
the way of the river of life
Every day, every night
we talked about the same old stories
Every day, every time
we put it in the hand of glory
Stasera la luna
ci porter fortuna, la luna (x 4)
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