

# Stanisław Soyka, Avalon

Now the party's over, I'm so tired  
Then I see you coming out of nowhere  
Much communication in a motion  
Without conversation or a notion  
Avalon

Where the samba takes you out of nowhere  
And the background's fading out of focus  
Yes the picture's changing every moment  
and your destination you don't know it  
Avalon

When you bossa nova there's no holding  
Would you have me dancing out of nowhere  
Avalon