

Xavier Naidoo, This Is Not America

A little piece of you
The little peace in me
Will die for this is not america
Blossom falls to bloom
This season
Promise not to stare
Too long for this is not a miracle
there was a time a storm that blew so pure
For this could be the biggest sky
And I could have the faintest ideas now man melting
From the inside Falcon spirals
To the ground
So bloody red
Tomorrows clouds a little peace of you
The little peace in me
Will die for this is not america
there was a time
A wind that blew so young
For this could be the biggest sky
And I could have the faintest idea
this could be the biggest sky
This could be a miracle
This could be ect.