

# Angra, Lisbon

Everynight I say a prayer  
Look at me: nobody cares  
Just a mirror, passing by...  
Looked inside:  
I've lost my pride...!  
Stay with me not for so long  
It's alright: no needs, no hope  
Such a miracle, looking back...  
Time gone by, and life wasn't bad...!  
Lord, light my way  
Fill these withered, careless hands...  
Oh, skies are falling down  
Skies are falling down  
Oh, skies are falling down  
Skies are falling down  
See, the birds are back...  
At the docks and everywhere  
Here in Lisbon, realized  
This whole world so strange and divine  
Lord, light my way  
Fill these withered, careless hands...  
Oh, skies are falling down  
Skies are falling down  
Oh, skies are falling down  
Skies are falling down