

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Everything Flows

Last time when I was standing here
It was summer 1991
I had flowers in my long blond hair
And two sparks dancing in my eyes
I was crazy about this gorgeous boy
He looked like James Dean on his motorbike
We thought that love was just holding hands
And watching the Moon at night
Then the Autumn came
And all the colours changed
What I'd seen in him
I couldn't see again
Cause everything flows
And nothing stands still
Everything flows
And always will
Last time I was walking down this street
I felt the burning rage against this world
I had stones in my pockets, I was ready to fight
In the name of broken souls
I didn't eat meat, I fed homeless cats
I was deeply in touch with The Holy Ghost
I believed everything depended on me
When I sang my protest songs
The day I realized
I couldn't save the Earth
I went to the nearest bar
And had a big fat steak
Today I just smile when I look at my past
By now I've learnt to take life as it comes
I have no expectations, I dream carefully
Under this starless city skies
I've lost my illusions along the way
And now I'm far too smart to trust my eyes
Cause what I see might not be real
I know my instinct can lie
I live from day to day
Grateful for what I've got
Happily reconciled
To the saddest fact
Ref
Oh! Time, Time, Time
You're the greatest thief
How come you always get away with things?
People blame people
For each change and every loss
When it's all your fault!
Ref