

# Jaromir Nohavica, Each of One of Us Is Carrying

Each of one of us is carrying a burden  
Through the summer paths towards winter.  
Each one is carrying what is his,  
As he walks through life.  
Each one of us dreams of something.  
Each one is having some troubles.  
And no one knows  
What tomorrow will reveal.  
The watchman is opening the gates.  
The wind has calmed the wounds.  
After a long night  
Morning is approaching.  
The comets are past the halfway point,  
So children can look forward to them.  
What happens on the earth  
Was written before the ages  
In the sky.  
The evil things will go with the floods  
And what you dreamt about will become true,  
All that you always wanted.  
A postman is knocking on the door.  
He says that better times are to come,  
But has forgotten where he heard it  
The watchman is opening the gates.  
The wind has calmed the wounds.  
After a long night  
Morning is approaching.  
The comets are past the halfway point,  
So children can look forward to them.  
What happens on the earth  
Was written before the ages  
In the sky