

Magdalena Berus, Green meadows

Other life lose
Really, really blue today
In the middle of the pas
I'm still standing

That's it
Making us out of mood
out of mood
Our fairytale are reminds
Keep telling
Over again

Over and Over again
Over and Over again

On the same, same, same, sam
Play-role into the meadow
Hopeless, speechless time we're spending
In our kitchen
Looking at the wall so damn rigid
The only sort of any kind of optimism
Hide in the vein

Hands, could hold your hand
Unexpected
We both know how this place scared of this cruel sentences
And yet we still participate with this dancing

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