

# Magdalena Leszczyńska, No Roots | Przesłuchania

I like digging holes and hiding things inside them  
When I'll grow old I hope I won't forget to find them  
cause I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night  
I built a home and wait for someone to rear it down  
then pack it up in boxes  
head for the next town running  
cause I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night  
and a thousand times I've seen this road  
a thousand times

I got no roots  
but my home was never on the ground  
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I like standing still, boy that's just a wistful plan  
ask me where I come from, I'll say a different land  
but I've got memories and travel like gypsies in the night  
I can't get the number, and play the guessing name  
it's just the place the changes, the rest is still the same  
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