

Marcos Valle, Reality

Sometimes I feel like leaving
For another time and space
Sometimes I feel like dreaming
Of another human race
Sometimes I stop believing
In everything that has been said
Sometimes I lose the meaning
Of what's good and bad

Everytime that I will stop to tight
And look around
Everytime I see the children
Sleeping on the ground

Sometimes I feel like losing
The hope I carry in my heart
Sometimes I feel I'm moving
But always end up in the start