

# 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