

Nicolette, Sly

I try to believe what i feel these days
It makes life much easier for me
It's hard to decide what is real these days
When things look so dizzy to me

I already know my children's children's faces
Voices that i've heard before
There's always more
There's always more

Wandering leaving the sea behind
To my home which everybody owns
Wandering, wandering
Where we can do what we please
Wandering

I feel like a thousand years have passed
I'm younger than i used to be
I feel like the world is my home at last
I know everyone that i meet

Somewhere in the music i can hear the bells
I heard a thousand years before
There's always more
There's always more

Wandering is this there all there is
Since i was since I began to be
Wandering, wandering
Where we can do what we please
Wandering