

# Piotr Lato, Sicario

This storm had a name  
I went down the field  
Saw a traveling band  
And a man dancing in the rain

Feeling old rhythms he sang

The man spoke to me  
"I believe, I believe  
This past's for fools  
Walking in again and again  
You give up the colors in your life  
You can't live it, black and white"

Feeling old rhythms he sang to me  
His hands, you could see high

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