

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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