

Sandra Nasic, Big City

The big city mm
The big city mm

The stars moving on our side
It's another city we arrive
far away from where it all began
Once children of the sun
And now that we're on the run
It's up to us to build a new fairy tale

The big city puts glossy tails over my head
I wanna let you go, no
We found a moon and they say that we'll never come back
I wanna let you go

Blue apples on a tree
Milky water underneath
The cat looks a bit familiar, you never know
Once children of the sun
And now that we're on the run
It's up to us to build a new fantasy

The big city puts glossy tails over my head
I wanna let you go, no
We found a moon and they say that we'll never come back
I wanna let you go

The big city puts glossy tails over my head