

Stanisław Soyka, One Hundred Years

I've never seen a man
Like I was going to be
But now I'm doing time
And time is killing me

But somehow here tonight
I cross the bridges of my mind
To see beside that soft old moments
That I left behind

My lonely world is filled
With silences that play
With strangers, or my friends
With intimate eyes that stair

But somehow hear it rains
I swim the rivers of her tears
To tell her that I only be here
For one hundred years

One hundred years
One hundred years
One hundred years
One hundred years