

# Wojciech Kwiatkowski, Far Far Away | Przysłuchania

I've seen the yellow lights go down the Mississippi  
I've seen the bridges of the world and they're for real;  
I've had a red light of the wrist without me even gettin' kissed  
It still seems so unreal.

I've seen the morning in the mountains of Alaska  
I've seen the sunset in the east and in the west;  
I've sang the glory that was Rome,  
And passed the hound dog singer's home;  
It still seems for the best.

And I'm far, far away  
with my head up in the clouds  
And I'm far, far away  
with my feet down in the crowds  
Lettin' loose around the world  
But the call of home is loud still as loud

I've seen the Paris lights from high upon Montmartre  
And felt the silence hanging low in no mans land;  
And all those Spanish nights were fine,  
It wasn't only from the wine;  
It still seems all in hand.

I've seen the yellow lights go down the Mississippi  
The grand Bahama island stories carry on;  
And all those arigato smiles  
Stay in your memory for a while;  
There still seems more to come.

And I'm far, far away  
with my head up in the clouds  
And I'm far, far away  
with my feet down in the crowds  
And I'm far, far away  
But the sound of home is loud still as loud.