

Around The World

Die Happy

Sunny day
And I can hear them call
Will they ever come back home
On my way
To watch and catch them all
The most precious things I can't control

Nights and days
Ready to be born
I paint their silhouette
The melody
Of my favorite teenage song
I heard thousand times and can't forget

Searching all around the world
I was gone for a long time
I have seen them rise and fall
Between whiskey and wine

Burning like gasoline
Sounding like a violin
I was never too late

What a blast - to feel your head explode
What a sound - a new idea was born
Without them - we would be empty
and alone

Summer day
Whispers in my ear
The old stories about the men
Who would sit and sway
Make history with faith
From their cradle to their grave