

## Come Sta La Luna

Can

Coming sta, la luna, coming sta,  
Coming sta, la luna, coming sta.

I am not fighting, but I'm the night,  
I am not dying and I'm not hurt.  
I am the right or the wrong, your hope,  
I am the dancer on the tender road.

I am the water and how I can flow.

I have ambition to that,  
I'm not falling you know,  
I sound like singing the flow,  
I am the dancer on the tender road.

Coming sta, la luna  
And why don't you call me sta?  
Flowing over Babaluma,  
It ain't your friend.  
You can do it alone  
And you don't have to pay  
And if you don't free your window  
There is nothing to shame.

But I don't play easy,  
It's secret, the truth,  
I was fading in water,  
There is nothing but you.  
You can look through the wall,  
You just smile it for sure,  
She comes in white flowers,  
There is no way to go.

Coming sta, la luna, coming sta,  
Coming sta, la luna, coming sta.

It's never heard,  
Speak through the voice of the water,  
Stretch the curse before  
While you can think and be different.  
The foe of your brothers,  
Be the king of the rain  
While you'll be playing  
Full from the strain pool.

Coming sta, la luna  
And why don't you call me sta?  
Flowing over Babaluma,  
It ain't your friend.  
You can do it while you run,  
Play alone in the light  
And you freeze so gently,  
There is my own of the matter.

La, la, luna, la, la, luna,  
La, la, la, luna, na, na, na,  
Flowing over Babaluma,

It ain't your friend.

Coming sta.