

17 Hours

Ewelina Flinta

The sun is setting and the air is so wet
We're getting on a silver bus
Leaving the city I love where Louis was born
where music sounds on every corner

Mr bus driver from Alabama
speaks that Southern drawl i don't understand
and behind our back women sitting with kids
searching for a better life 10.000 miles away from home

We are people who laugh, people who cry
I see no difference
no race and no class

Your blood is red just like mine
I know love is a gift
let's spread it and shine

The night is long and the feeling is wrong
someone's staring at me in the dark
Imagination goes crazy and I know it won't be a lazy
ride we're rolling on to the city of hope

Childrem crying and mothers are trying
to calm them down with sweetest luulabies
My friend is near and one thought is clear
I've become more human over these
seventeen long hours

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