

'57 (The Year I Was Born)

Michael Cretu

I come from where the sun rises
In a mountainous land.
To a world of surprises.
Only a grain in the sand.
Or a leaf flying high in the wind
Until it flutters to land.
Wanna stay wanna play.
Doing all my things
And spin the dice of fate.

I'm speeding into the future
I won't lose a single day.
I'm up before the rooster
There's hardly time to play.
Cos I know where I'm going in this life
And I wanna get there fast.
Don't care don't mind
What the people say
I wanna live my life
57 is the year I was born
Nothing special in the eyes of the Lord.
A good year, a bad year.
57 is the year I was born
Nothing special in the eyes of the Lord.
Music pulses in my veins
And beats right into my heart
It takes hold of my senses
Making light out of the dark.
All tonight I am playing my pain
Trying to write a new song.
Wanna stay. wanna play.
Doing all my things
And spin the dice of fate