

1999

Michael Schulte

Ooh, ooh

I hear the sound of the whistle blowing out
Going back to old times, I'm coming home
I've been around in this crazy part of town
I need to get away

I want to rest in the fields behind the shed
Feel a little peace now deep inside my chest
And time has passed but this place is gonna last
Oh we keep coming home

And so we dance
Like in '99
Like in '99
And so we dance
Like in '99
Like in '99

We're going back in time
To 1999
We're going back in time
To 1999

Inside these rooms of our mother's sailing home
We're ruling kings of castles made of stick and stone
And in the streets we are playing hide and seek
Oh this is where we're home

Oh, until the dawn we were lying on the ground
When my brother showed me how to read the clouds
So we are tied between the past and now
Between the past and now

And so we dance
Like in '99
Like in '99
And so we dance
Like in '99
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To 1999
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Just like in '99