

## End On A High Note

The Flower Kings

The world is open  
The world is alive  
It's technicolor and the sun is slowly rising  
The morning sun  
Can almost set the hills on fire  
All along the coastline  
You can hear the seagulls cries

Is it me that paints a picture  
Is it me that directs the day?  
Am I one amongst the millions  
That will see the world this way?  
Is it part of the illusion  
All the overwhelming scenes?  
Is it love that found it's way in here  
To lift my beating heart away?

Oh, oh...

I can see the beauty  
In a thousand different faces  
I can hear the small talk  
In the far and distant market places  
Everybody is special  
It's the highlight of their story  
New life is in the meeting  
Of the glowing morning glory

Oh, oh...

The world is even, yes the world is alright  
We all just float about like sleepy satelites  
Watching the cycles, see the seasons change  
From thunderous rivers to the sunny lanes

The world is grooving to a brand new beat  
The ground is swaying below our feet  
All we ask for is a bit of happiness  
And a smile upon our children's faces