

FLY AWAY

We hardly remember the time
When it began to be boring and sad
Somewhere inside we felt no more desired
Little by little things turned to mad
Hard times – come up
Hard times – that's what you say

You told us that it is all over now
Silly to rely on that shabby tale
No sign of nothing, we are through with you
We even do not know your name (anymore)
Hard times – no way
We do you that favour no way

Spread your, spread your wings
And fly away
Spread your, spread your wings
That's your way