

BIRDS OF PARADIS

Musik und Text: Peter Reber & Rolf Zuckowski

Who are you? Who am I?
Is it real, do we touch the sky?
Nothing's real, all disguise
said the Birds of Paradise.

I'm afraid, can't you see,
tell me where do you carry me?
You will soon realise
said the Birds of Paradise

Flying home, flying home
to the land that you once have known,
to the peace that once was true
for a little girl like you.
Flying home, flying home
from a world that is made of stone.
Till your heart is light and free,
like it once was ment to be.

How can I go ahead?
When my eyes are becoming wet?
Save your tears, dry your eyes
said the Birds of Paradise.

But the time's passing by,
say how long do we have to fly?
Moon will set, sun will rise
said the Birds of Paradise.

Flying home, flying home ...

Hear the sound, see the light,
now I know that our way was right.
Morning sun can make you wise
said the Birds of Paradise.