Robert Gawliński, Son of the blue sky (z synami E

Every time of midnight
Every time we muddle again
Hold on lovely memories

Every sound you bring out
Every time we suffer again
Holding lovely memories

Every stand of no way
Every town we muddle again
Call, I hold flash memories

Every game of no sence
Every shame we offer in game
Hold on lovely memory

Son of the blue sky
Every time of midnight
Every time we muddle again
Call and hold flash memory
Every time of midnight
Every time of midnight
Call and hold flash memory

I'd rather say
Feeding some birds lost in a cage
Kicking one's hells havings no way to go
Strolling musicians up on the way
Pulling one's leg having no way to go
Feeding some birds lost in a cage there
Beeing so free, finding the way to be
Wondering how smart it happens to be, happens to be
Son of the blue sky...