## Wilki, Son of the blue sky

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...