

Floating

Anette Olzon

Little birds are singing from the trees
Walking slowly on my two bare feet
Gentle grass under me as I sweep
On and on and on, on and on I'm

Floating - Floating

Someone's calling me from underneath
Putting down my ear to hear the beat
From the voices far within the deep
On and on and on, on and on I'm

Flowing - Flowing - Swaying - Floating
Flowing - Flowing - Swaying - Floating

Magic wonders in the golden breeze
Changing daily and surrounding me
In the eyeglass I can see them freeze
On and on and on, on and on I'm

Floating - Falling - Floating - Flying
Falling - Falling - Floating - Flying

On and on... Falling - Falling - Floating - Flying