

Making space

Gen Rosso

Little by little I am disappearing
I like those church bells I'm hearing
It's getting harder to see my face
Because I'm stepping down and I'm making space.

It's been too long I'm singing to myself
I'm like the morning sun sitting on the kitchen shelf
Open the window come and set me free
My room may be dark but now I can see.

Making space for love
Making space for love
Making space for love.

I'm a drop of rain lost in the ocean blue
I'm falling deep inside I'm falling in for you
I'm seeing further than I ever have before
You said I lost it all I couldn't ask for more.

I'm a cool breeze like the wind I fly
Pushed by my God I pushed away the pride
On to other lands so quickly we must run
Across the desert sky to the burning sun.

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