

Forest

Martin Chodúr

I spend everyday, In the woods
In sentimental moods, Thinking about my ancient roots
The sky is half green, And the grass is half blue
Because of me and you, Or it's just me?
I dont care if it's true, But my mind is dreaming
Telling me goodbye

I fly in the sky, See all the people
All the people I have met
All those words that I have said
I fly in the sun, Feel the time
When I kissed you once again
Now I can see how it all began
And I see the end, What am I saying
Just a goodbye.

And the rainbow will show you the way to my forest, to my forest
And I hope you'll come some day to my forest, to my forest
And a pot of gold is hidden there in my forest
And I hope you'll come some day to my forest
To my secret silver forest.

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