

End On A High Note

The Flower Kings

The world is open
The world is alive
It's technicolor and the sun is slowly rising
The morning sun
Can almost set the hills on fire
All along the coastline
You can hear the seagulls cries

Is it me that paints a picture
Is it me that directs the day?
Am I one amongst the millions
That will see the world this way?
Is it part of the illusion
All the overwhelming scenes?
Is it love that found it's way in here
To lift my beating heart away?

Oh, oh...

I can see the beauty
In a thousand different faces
I can hear the small talk
In the far and distant market places
Everybody is special
It's the highlight of their story
New life is in the meeting
Of the glowing morning glory

Oh, oh...

The world is even, yes the world is alright
We all just float about like sleepy satelites
Watching the cycles, see the seasons change
From thunderous rivers to the sunny lanes

The world is grooving to a brand new beat
The ground is swaying below our feet
All we ask for is a bit of happiness
And a smile upon our children's faces