

Angeli Eve

"The World Is Stone"

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(Michel Berger/Luc Plamondon) adaptation anglaise
Tim Rice

Stone, the world is stone.
It's no trick of the light, it's hard on the soul.

Stone, the world is stone, cold to the touch and hard on
the soul.
In the grey of the streets, in the neon unknown
I look for a sign that I'm not on my own, that I'm not
here alone.

As the still of the night and the choke of the air
And the winners' delight, and the losers' despair
Closes in left and right, I would love not to care.

Stone, the world is stone, from a faraway look without
stars in my eyes
Through the halls of the rich and the flats of the poor
Wherever I go, there's no warmth anymore, there's no
love anymore.
There's no love anymore.

So I turn on my heels, I'm declining the fall.
I've had all I can take with my back to the wall.
Tell the world I'm not in, I'm not taking the call.

Stone, the world is stone but I saw it once with the stars
in my eyes.
When each colour rang out in a thunderous chrome
It's no trick of the light, I can't find my way home in a
world of stone.
Ooh ooh oh, in a world of stone, I can't find, I can't find.
I can't find my way home, ooh ooh oh, in a world of
stone.
Ooh ooh, of stone, in a world of stone, oh, the world is
stone.

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