

Gry "Rocket"

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It was a cold grey afternoon
My mission for ein bi?chen sun
I raced wkth cars, the bike and the train
Only to come cold back again
I searched the roof
Through pockets,
Under beds, in the closet,
In the fridge everywhere and over all in it

Then suddenly the stars fell down
One by one, undressed the big blue room
My oneway to escape out through
The horizontal verti-calling movements in the
Matto azul

Boom, boom rocket to the moon
Oh I wish upon a star

On a cold grey afternoon
I caught a spot of the sun of the moon
I traveled light,
Traveled time,
Traveled thoughts.
I returned from the jungle
With a glas full of stars,
IÂ've got sunshine in my pockets
Brought it back to spray the day
And a fist full of glow

Boom, boom , boom rocket to the moon

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