

Ira Losco "Shoulders Of Giants"

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Standing on the shoulders of giants
I need to believe that I'm here for a reason
I can see so much further
And I breathe the clearer air inhaling what's left of it.
It's funny now I search without caution
In a solitary space, no colours, only a lonely sound.
Now here I am only a soldier
You know I fear the beating of my drum is louder than
anyone's

I'm bleeding just to be somebody
I'm tearing up inside
I'm hiding all uncertainties
I'll be at the front line

Ooh when the growing pains are gone
Ooh when you have to please no one
Ooh are we playing with our guns now?
Ooh I can hear rebellion

People settle down
You people learn to be someone
People settle down
You people learn to be someone

Ooh when the growing pains are gone
Ooh when you have to please no one
Ooh are we playing with our guns now?
Ooh I can hear rebellion

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