

Poverty's No Crime "The Distant Call"

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I have seen a thousand dreams
believe me they were real
I have touched the skys in foreign lands
It seemed as if they were friends of mine
Do they belong to me ?

I made my days with hands embraced
While shadows cover the way I go
To get the choice to choose my place
Reminds me of what my father said :
"You don't belong to me"
Do I belong somewhere at all ?

How many roads how many dreams
Led into the night ?
It's getting so hard to find!
End of a mile - the start of a new
No one is immune
To the longing for other lands
It's an odyssey it's my own desire

Do I have roots to return to ?

Certain skys and secret ways
All the things we don't understand
We waste our lives and sell our dreams
but were we do belong I don't know
Do they belong to me ?

How many roads how many dreams
Led into the night ?
It's getting so hard to find!
End of a mile - the start of a new
No one is immune
To the longing for other lands
It's an odyssey it's my own desire
Tell me where I do belong ...

How many roads how many dreams
Discover the truth and bury the lies
It's not the same to be where your roots are
Or just anywhere

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