

Refugee

"Credo"

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Patrick Moraz/Lee Jackson)

I believe

The life you live you leave

Can't conceive

An extra mortal sleeve

>From near times far

We come and here we are, we stay

To play a while upon this earthly stage and leave

To half-remembered tales

And half-forgotten lies

To sing a while

A song in praising style

And then forget the words

I believe in midnight madness

And ships that pass in the night

And I believe in love

Like a child in Santa Claus

The king who wore no clothes

Wasn't the only one exposed

The queue forms beside me

As I sing my credo to a lost cause

I believe in constant pauses
Like a Roman holiday
And I often stop for air
As I climb the Spanish stairs
And the king whose touch was gold
Was surprised as he grew old
The queue forms up behind him
As he sang his credo to a lost cause
I believe, and you believe, and we believe we're free
And the air don't cost a thing
To a bird with a broken wing
The wisest king of all
Left his wisdom on the wall
The queue forms beside me
As I sing my credo to a lost cause
I believe, and you believe, and we believe we're free
And the air don't cost a thing
But then, that's only to a bird with a broken wing
Yet the wisest king of all
Had to leave his wisdom on the wall
The queue forms up beside me
As I sing my credo to a lost cause
I believe
The life you live you leave
Can't conceive

The extra mortal weave

>From near the stars

You are seen from here, they're yours

To gaze awhile

Down to the universe and smile

As we down here

We chase the wind and jump the moon

And play a while

The game in echoed style

And disregard the rules

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