

Smokey Mountain "Paraiso"

Visit "[Paraiso](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Return to a land called paraiso,
A place where a dying river ends.
No birds there fly over paraiso,
No space allows them to endure.
The smoke that screens the air,
The grass that's never there.

And if i could see a single bird, what a joy.
I try to write some words and create
A simple song to be heard
By the rest of the world.

I live in this land called paraiso,
In a house made of cardboard floors and walls.
I learned to be free in paraiso,
Free to claim anything i see.
Matching rags for my clothes,
Plastic bags for the cold.

And if empty cans were all i have, what a joy.
I never fight to take someone
Else's coins and live with fear
Like the rest of the boys.

Paraiso, help me make a stand.
Paraiso, take me by the hand
Paraiso, make the world understand
That if i could see a single bird, what a joy.
This tired and hungry land could expect
Some truth and hope and respect
From the rest of the world.

Visit [Smokey Mountain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.