

Spagna

"March 10 1959"

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Walkin' out where my soul is called
where even stones are so mysterious
walkin' out where the pain is borne
where the chinese thorn wounds the soul of the world
where people close to the end
can believe in love again

Walkin' out through the ancient walls
children's eyes so sweet so serious
watchin' out for a sign of love
victims of insane and destructive games
guilty of being borne when dreams are coming to an
end

The dream of the people of a magic land
just to be free to love to live again
the dream of the people of a mystic land
who, who believe in love again

Leave it out in the name of love
tortures can't keep them quiet as you want
crying out on the ancient wall
prayers will fly high you can't keep them quiet
bad wolf with a billion heads their faith is not dead

The dream of the people of a magic land
just to be free to love to live again
the dream of the people of a mystic land
who, who believe in love again

Work it out
Gotta work it out

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