

**Michael Johnson****"Music"**

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When I was a young boy I had no aim,  
Neither experience - it wasn't a shame.  
Most of the time it satisfied me,  
But some day I realized - music is like a rising sun.  
Times are now changing and memory fades,  
I gaze at the photos, a look in the haze.  
You cannot imagine how many friends I've lost,  
It's much too late for calling them back.

Music is like sunrise for me,  
It's joyful like a trip in a time machine.  
Music is like sunrise for me - it's like coming home.

I was always insecure, sometimes I still am,  
But I made up my mind now - and look here I stand.  
I ask myself sometimes: "Is it all worth it?"  
To fly over mountains - makes you fall down again

But music is like sunrise for me,  
It's joyful like a trip in a time machine.  
Music is like sunrise for me - it's like coming home.

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