

Michael Kiske

"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.
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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