

Chungking

"Making Music"

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All the family's in bed
Keeping safe in the night
In the papers they read
There's trouble in sight
Morning arrives and
Something has changed
They feel afraid

Feel as though
I'm falling again
And I just want to cry
So help me along
To where I belong
There I'm safe in sound

Making music

So we're packing our bags
Getting ready to hide
And I pray on the move
Looking up to the sky
Now we're losing our
Way but where can we turn
There's nowhere to stay

Feel as though
I'm falling again
And I just want to cry
So help me along
To where I belong
There I'm safe in sound

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