

Machiavel

"Roaming With Ghosts"

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Roaming with ghosts by Machiavel
No time to do it., with the wind she's gone
I even got no time to feel my own life, roaming with
ghosts

No time feel it., with the wind I'll go
And each word she signs burns my whole life

All alone, I won't stay; I just need her on my way,
tonight!

No time to do it, many people around
I just listen to the roses, in my mind

I'm alone, on my way; I'll erase all my days, tonight!

Solo

No time to do it.,
With the wind I'll go
After all, no time to feel, my whole life! I'm roaming
with ghosts

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