

Treasure - 1/1

Interprété par Erasure.

I'm coming in, got the wood stove on
At the end of a treasured day
Take off my hat and shoes
And I lay me down
Lives been lost and fortunes won
A test of the will to survive
See where the shadow falls
And you stake your claim

I dream of trees and roads
I roam across the hills
The sky is big of deepest blue
The clouds like smoky trains

News coming in goes nationwide
Not a grain of truth to be heard
Lie to an ancient tribe, in their mother tongue
Wreaking havoc and wrecking lives
Like a ball and chain to the skull
Rise see the eagle fly
Spirit can't be broken

I dream of trees and roads
I roam across the hills
The sky is big of deepest blue
The clouds like smoky trains

I dream of trees and roads
I roam across the hills
The sky is big of deepest blue
The clouds like smoky trains

I dream of trees and roads
I ride across the plains
The sky is big of deepest blue
The clouds like smoky trains

I dream of trees and roads
I roam across the hills

1997 - ERASURE (Vince Clarke / Andy Bell)