**Enea Marius: The place to be in love**

Cluj-Napoca 2004

Oh Missisipi river,

Some time your color it’s becoming green,

But doesn’t mater any way,

My life it’s grey to the begin…

Oh Missisipi river,

I like so much to see you swimming,

In to the sun shine rise,

And smell your wet skin,

Keep you on my needs.

Oh Missisipi river,

I like so much to have our break-fast,

To the Tavern,

Tween on the deck for me,

And biskits with Orange for you.

Oh Missisipi river,

It’s only one place in the world,

Where I have the right to be in love,

I promise to my self before,

Never to be talking about it,

Oh Missisipi river,

Some time your color it’s becoming green,

But doesn’t mater any way,

My life it’s grey to begin…

**That’s my style**

Like a blow in the wind,

I’m remember the time,

When I was coming back,

By College University at home,

Waiting me in same place,

On the corner of my street,

Same handsome which I was liked.

It was a time like a teenage Queen in love,

To be waiting to dance all the night,

In the morning to say I am needing to be your love.

I’m need to go again in Carolina,

When Mamie is cooking a great grill,

With big salad and chili with tomatoes,

If I’ll be coming Mamie, I becoming ill.

**The Everton Charlie blue**

A Everton, a Everton,

Its such a lovely Charliston,

If I am blue but white at all,

Do you remember Liverpool?

A Everton, a Everton,

Its such a lovely Charliston,

If I am blue but white at all,

Do you remember Rolls at home?

If you are Celsie mine at all,

I’m Charlie E from Everton,

If you are Celsie Blue to mine,

I’m Charlie E from Casino.

If I will love you Celsie Blue,

Its true I’m Charlie from Everton,

But in the evening We will be,

My Princes Celsie Blue and me,

Sir Charlie E from Everton indeed.

**A blue paste in love**

For your love…,

I will be coming back again,

With all my love which I am capable to have,

And if you please…,

You are becoming once again,

A paste of shade on the wall of our room,

I will be cover you in blue,

Keeping you into my arms,

Becoming one again,

A blue paste of shade in love.

**The tower of the silence**

Before a queen it was a fight,

Running against the chance was loosing,

Before a throne it was a crown,

And now it’s duty.

Fight may I please for every body,

The queen is dead,

God slave the queen!

Try to be strong, don’t loose the crown,

What for a kingdom

Like no one land?

The tower of the silence,

It is becoming like a shadow,

To no body says that’s meaning,

It’s needing a new king!

God slave the queen,

I hope so it will be,

We don’t need a tower,

Try to be strong for every body,

What for a leader that’s can do

A country like a rocky dome,

A blowing in the wind just dust

With our enemy that are lost

The chance to keeping us

Into a tower of the silence…