

ROOTS

Walking beside the water, salty smell on ' lips,
a storm comes up and it is raining again.
past pictures in my head, though I don't try to remember
It's just a feeling that has caught me somehow.

Bridge:

It doesn't matter what I'll do for a minute.
It doesn't matter which direction I choose.
Seems as if I was some place that never changes.
Some hidden place in my mind.

Returning to the place where I grew up
somehow it's different, somehow everything changed.
Still as I'm right inside those big fields and forests
there is a mood inside that always remains.

Bridge

Refrain:

Memories of past days shouldn't make us feel that lonely,
be a source of misunderstanding.
Still there is a power that makes me face any new day
when I am home, where my roots are.

*1991
(26.09.)*