

It's A Passion

Luka Bloom

He is standing by the ocean
Happy as can be
Aimless in the city
Wild and angry
Watching every gesture
Remembering every move
He captures his own pictures
To sing about for you

Don't ask me for a reason
Don't ask me what it means
It's a passion to me
It's a passion to me

He tells stories on cold evenings
Simple struggling lives
Lovers flying to the moon
Children searching for some dream
Lovers private feuds
Different points of views

It's a passion to me
It's a passion
It's a passion
It's a passion