

# Floating

**Anette Olzon**

Little birds are singing from the trees  
Walking slowly on my two bare feet  
Gentle grass under me as I sweep  
On and on and on, on and on I'm

Floating - Floating

Someone's calling me from underneath  
Putting down my ear to hear the beat  
From the voices far within the deep  
On and on and on, on and on I'm

Flowing - Flowing - Swaying - Floating  
Flowing - Flowing - Swaying - Floating

Magic wonders in the golden breeze  
Changing daily and surrounding me  
In the eyeglass I can see them freeze  
On and on and on, on and on I'm

Floating - Falling - Floating - Flying  
Falling - Falling - Floating - Flying

On and on... Falling - Falling - Floating - Flying