

All the years of the world, all inside of me,
I feel the History in my hands;
the sun on my skin, the power of the sea,
big and white rocks in my old brain.

I need to know my life well,
because this is the key...
I need to know the secret worlds,
so, like a free child.

YOU'RE THE SUN OF MY DAYS,
THE WATER OF MY MIND,
I'M FEELING YOUR LOVE,
THE END OF MY DEEP PAIN.
AND YOU'RE THE MOON OF MY NIGHTS,
THE WATER FOR MY HEART,
I'M TASTING YOUR LOVE,
THE END OF MY DEEP PAIN.

A little experience with my son,
now I know, this is my new book;
and without a saint, without a saint,
I can live, I can live again.