

Back In History

Badlands

Well I sat down by this old man who told me heroic stories of m
ermaids and old pirates
tales of failure, faith and glory
once rumours were spread across the land of bravery
So protected, far away, like a treasure in the sea

Tales full of glory told by scarred countrymen
They grew up in this old town where it all began
Shake their hands and just listen carefully
Forget time and go back in history

Sunday afternoon the bar is filled with local heroes ,
Smoke is drifting through the place,
In the dim lights there are shadows
Well outside a storm is raging and the rain is falling down,
And a stranger's in for shelter,
Friendly people all around

While other places bow to profit and modernisation
They hold to old traditions against all contamination
It's a place of miracles, their way of life is not for sale
Visit this old which captured beauty of a fairytale