

## Back In History

### Badlands

Well I sat down by this old man who told me heroic stories of mermaids 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