

Travelling down a dirty road
Covered with moss
And see the grey stones
Green as luscious fields in sight
A dark moonlight night
When the past flashes by
Coming down from heaven like a falling star
That you wish upon

Isn't it a struggle
To find a good friend?
Isn't it a struggle
To have to defend?
Isn't it a struggle
You have to take that chance to lend a hand
Well I'm travelling down a dirty road
Clearing up all that's known

A misty occurrence happens all the time
Around every corner a brighter day lies
Loads of mercy, beauty beholds
An eye for a partner as good, as good as gold
Green as luscious fields in sight
A dark moonlight night
When the past flashes by
Coming down from heaven like a falling star
That you wish upon