

When I was a young boy  
I had no aim  
Neither experience  
It wasn't a shame  
Most of the time  
It satisfied me  
But one day I realised  
Music is like a rising sun

Time are changing now  
And memory fades  
I gaze at the photos  
A look in the haze  
You cannot imagine  
How many friends I've lost  
It's much too late  
For calling them back

Music is like a sunrise for me  
It's joyful like a trip in a time machine  
Music is like a sunrise for me  
It's like coming home

I was always insecure  
Sometimes I still am  
But I made up my mind now  
And look here I stand  
I ask myself sometimes:

Is it all worth it?  
To fly over mountains  
Makes you fall down again

But music is like a sunrise for me  
It's joyful like a trip in a time machine  
Music is like a sunrise for me  
It's like coming home