

Oh Sherwood!

Into himo

Hungry, thirsty, a neverending ache for "la dolce vita"
But we're putting gold in thorned bags.
Oh, honey is your hair really worth more than your heart?
We were once living but now we're only alive.
We were once dancing and we were once singing,
but now we're only standing still and we don't say a word.
We're kings with diamonds, queens and crowns.
And oh how many lovers had we?
But our people are starving and our joker is crying.
Would someone bring the revolution of hearts?
The revolution of hearts, the revolution of hearts..
We've reached the top of a thousand half-loves,
but from here there's nothing to see.