

From Africa To Malaga

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It's too easy to cry
When everything eventually dies
If not today than maybe tomorrow

Don't let that thought slip away,
Let it come out and play.
It takes you down
At the speed of sound
When you're underground
You never think you'll get out.

Up and around
Then it goes down
The thought that you found
Takes you to town
Smashes your face, burns at your heart,
Then you go home and turn it in to art.

It's not easy to die
No matter how dumb you are you eventually rise
If not today then maybe tomorrow.
Don't let that soul get away,
Let it fly till your dying day.
This is the chance
For one last glance at why.

Don't cry for the time you lost in your life.
Kiss them goodbye and see what's left.
I know it's you, I know it's you.
I'm blistering to winds coming in from Africa to Málaga.