

## Forest

Martin Chodúr

I spend everyday, In the woods  
In sentimental moods, Thinking about my ancient roots  
The sky is half green, And the grass is half blue  
Because of me and you, Or it's just me?  
I dont care if it's true, But my mind is dreaming  
Telling me goodbye

I fly in the sky, See all the people  
All the people I have met  
All those words that I have said  
I fly in the sun, Feel the time  
When I kissed you once again  
Now I can see how it all began  
And I see the end, What am I saying  
Just a goodbye.

And the rainbow will show you the way to my forest, to my forest  
And I hope you'll come some day to my forest, to my forest  
And a pot of gold is hidden there in my forest  
And I hope you'll come some day to my forest  
To my secret silver forest.

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