

Over

Miguel Bosé

Take me to the forest of freedom
A pilgrimage toward the great mountain
Take me to a place I believe in
I call my promised land

Take me to the valley of lovers
And let me hold the newborn in my arms
Take me to the forest of freedom
To let my spirit go

But it's over, and I'm sober
Savour... the impossible...
I'm crying, feel I'm dying
Spellbound... by the nightingale...

Can you see the children of freedom
Proceed across a sunset to the sea?
Let me gather flowers of freedom
And reap the fruit for all

But it's over, and I'm sober
Savour... the impossible...
I'm crying, feel I'm dying
Spellbound... by the nightingale...

Over, and I'm sober
Savour... the impossible (impossible)
I'm crying, feel I'm dying
Spellbound... by the singing...
Over, and I'm sober
Savour... the impossible (impossible)
I'm crying, feel I'm dying
Spellbound... by the singing...
Yes, over... yes, I'm sober
Savour... the impossible (impossible)
I'm crying, feel I'm dying
Spellbound... by the singing...
Yes, it's over... yes, I'm sober
Savour... the impossible (impossible)
Yes, I'm crying, feel like I'm dying
Spellbound... by the singing...
And it's over, yes, it's over, yes, it's over...
And I'm over...
And I'm crying, then I'm dying...
Spellbound... by the singing...