

Załącznik 2

Next to Normal

I Miss The Mountains

There was a time when I flew higher,

Was a time the wild running free

Would be me.

Now I see her the fire,

Now I know she needs me

There to

I'm

All these blank and tranquil

Seems they've dried up all my tears.

And while she runs free and fast,

..... my wild days are past.

But I miss the mountains.

I miss the heights.

All the manic, magic days,

And the, depressing nights.

I miss the mountains,

I miss the highs and,

All the, all the falling,

All the while the wild wind blows,

Stinging you with

And soaking you with rain

I miss the mountains,

I miss the

Mountains make you

Here it's and sound.

My mind is somewhere hazy

My are on the ground.

Everything is here

And on an even keel.

Everything is



Nothing's real...

Nothing's real.

And I miss the mountains.

I, I miss the lonely climb.

Wand'ring through the wilderness.

And all my time

Where the air is

And cuts you like a

I miss the mountains...

I miss the mountains...

I miss my life.

I miss my life.

say Babel