

MY DAYDREAM

The music is my daydream,
the notes my tiny luggage
I'm feeling like an air-stream
that flows into a new age

With her I'm going crazy
the thrill can always touch me
and suddenly so easy
well I find out the right beat

This is my energy
This is my life
This is my factory
So much I like.
This is my energy
This is my life
This is my victory
This is my strike.

The orchestra is binding me
like an octopus in love
and then she is showing me
every color she knows
when the holidays children
playing at the infinity
an unexpected refrain
and an indefinite riff.

Notes, sounds and rhythms
are turning around me
they're coming down and in
and I joint them inside a limb
like mountains and rivers
running towards the seaside
they create chord shivers
I just would eternize

The melody is ranging
and then is flying so high
my voice's satisfying
of sing and disenchantments

It reaches sublime targets
involves at sweetest sources
It travels without borders
creating brand new bridges.

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