Quad Libet

I like the flowers

I like the dafodils

I like the mountains

I like the green hills

I like the firestones

I like to walk alone

So doe-waka-doe-waka doe

Blue moon

You saw me standing alone

Without a dream in my hart

Without a love of my own

Always look on the bright site of live

(fluiten)

Always look on the bright site of live

(fluiten)

Always look on the bright site of live

(fluiten)