

# Angra - Lisbon

Tom: C

Everynight I say a prayer  
 Look at me: nobody cares  
 Just a mirror, passing by...  
 Looked inside:  
 I've lost my pride!  
 Stay with me not for so long  
 It's alright: no needs, no hope  
 Such a miracle,  
 looking back...  
 Times gone by,  
 and life wasn't bad...!  
 Lord, light my way  
 Fill these withered,  
 careless hands...  
 Skies are falling down (3x)

Oh, skies are falling down  
 Skies are falling down  
 Oh, skies are falling down  
 Skies are falling down  
 See, the birds are back...  
 At the docks and everywhere  
 Here in Lisbon, realized  
 This whole world  
 so strange and divine  
 Lord, light my way  
 Fill these withered,  
 careless hands...  
 Oh, skies are falling down  
 Skies are falling down  
 Oh, skies are falling down  
 Skies are falling down (3x)

## Acordes

