

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

