

# Morning Gloria (Ritornell Rework)

Douglas Greed

ghost are flying in the air  
in the air  
in the air  
spreading snow  
all over the world  
you are standing there  
grabing it in hands  
and the fog reach the earth  
when the snow meltsand the little creatures  
crawling out the sea  
looking well today  
they don`t laying in the sand  
they just stand  
and stare at youclicking, poring, falling down  
falling down  
falling down  
splashing on the rocks  
soaking it the breathand you stand there  
your hair is wet  
and you stand there  
i can see you

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