

# Zito

## Urban

Somehow I turn around and see  
My nerves break down inside  
Maybe you might know much more than me  
So tell me what is right to say  
Down the weakness of my soul  
Lie the secrets, and I know  
There's something pushing back  
Wish my hands could turn to gold  
And my heart would break the cold  
To give my thoughts some sense  
The turn is close, new century  
Still people think they're kings  
Now you've got your voice,  
Your own speech  
Don't wait 'till someone else agrees  
Swimming naked of beliefs  
And responsibilities  
Just feel the sea of bliss  
Mother nature brings to me  
In fantastic purity  
Everything I need  
Like a teenager discovery  
What's more delightful than this?  
Try to remember how good it was  
Feeling the life as it is  
To believe!  
New world was born out of man's dreams  
Now we walk on our own  
The angels cried, you've heard them weep  
But now it's time to make them sing!

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