

# aerial

## Kinya

The dawn has come  
And the wine will run  
And the song must be sung  
And the flowers are melting  
In the sun I feel I want to be up on the roof  
I feel I gotta get up on the roof  
Up, up on the roof  
Up, up on the roof Oh the dawn has come  
And the song must be sung  
And the flowers are melting  
What kind of language is this? What kind of language is this?  
I can't hear a word you're saying  
Tell me what are you singing  
In the sun All of the birds are laughing  
All of the birds are laughing  
Come on let's all join in  
Come on let's all join in I want to be up on the roof  
I've gotta be up on the roof  
Up, up high on the roof  
Up, up on the roof  
In the sun

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