

Que sera

Polska Biesiada

There's a feathered cloud in an open sky
And the pale-tailed moon goes sailing by
This old engine housing's streaked with rain
And we're pushing down on them chains again

Friend we're like the wind that blows

Like the sea we come and go
And I'm not trying to tell you
How I think that it should be
I know deep down inside
We are yearning to be free

And you're only gonna think of no 1

So what am I to say

No matter what you do
We're always hurting anyway
Forever our hearts will be
Always running for what we see
By the strings of this old guitar

I swear, que sera

And you're rolling down old runway ten
And the present becomes the past and then

Rotating through the driving rain

And you're way above those clouds again

And I'm not trying to tell you

How I think that it should be

I know deep down inside

We are yearning to be free

And you're only gonna think of no 1

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No matter what you do

We're always hurting anyway

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