

Young As The Morning, Old As The Sea

Passenger

I wanna lay by a lake in Norway, I
I wanna walk through Swedish fields of green
I wanna see the forests of Finland, I
I wanna sail on a boat on the Baltic sea I wanna feel the Russian winter, I
I wanna go to my Polish grandmother's home
I wanna see Hungarian lanterns, I
I wanna walk on the road that leads to Rome I wanna be free as the winds that blow past me
Clear as the air that I breath
To be young as the morning
And old as the sea I wanna lose myself in the Scottish highlands, the
West coast of Ireland, the
Cornish breeze I wanna rest my bones in the Spanish sunshine, the
Italian coastline is calling me
To be free as the birds that fly past me
Light as the fish in the sea
To be wise as the mountains
And tall as the trees And I wanna be sunny and bright as a sunrise
Happy and full as the moon
I'm fleeting like fireworks fading too soon

Songwriters

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