

# Armenia

## Mojo3Pin

I have thought this one around, junketed it all through  
and it's all beauty green, on this hill, we'll walk away  
become harder still, on the door leave a note, letting go of the hope, let them come take your home  
our love tears it all and sets you free, tell me ,son, do you dream to be so happy like your father taught you  
mother Armenia has chosen you to carry her torch for everyone  
trace through the meadow, where your tribe will gather up and lift you  
days went by in the gorge like a memory,  
kids played on the tops like a song to be  
that'll stay in your heart, let them come take your home

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