

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 your 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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