

Euronoise

Heideroosjes

In ieder land, in elke stad, de scene die groeit actief
Als je ziek bent van de disco, dan is hier 't alternatief
Hard, wij gaan hard, dit komt rechtstreeks uit het hart
Het vuurt dat brandt, de motor draait, ja de race die is gestart
(Archi)

Hier geht's um Ideale, um leidenschaft und Wut
Was wir fñhlen ist grenzenlos aber Ami-punk ist auch ganz gut
(Olly)

Se sei stanco di barriere, puoi contare su di noi
Se vuoi vivere una scena, per convincerti che puoi
Euronoise is all we wanna play
Spread it out from Spain to Greece up to the UK!

Euronoise is all we wanna play
Save the bullshit for tomorrow, unite tonight, we say
Ik brul, ik roep, ik schreeuw, de longen uit m'n lijf
Ik spring, ik dans, ik feest, ga als een kogel richting schijf
(Pierre)

C'est le mñme message, message d'humanitñ©
Sans chichis sans filet, sans damages ni intñ©rñsts
(Ingo)

Wir brauchen keine Grenzen, komm, reiss die Mauern ein
Wir brauchen deinen Mittelfinger, es geht nicht allein!
(NWO)

En el Este, en el Oeste, Al Norte y al Sur
Toda Europa estñ cantando, sñlo faltas tñ°
Euronoise is all we wanna play
Spread it out from Spain to Greece up to the UK!

Euronoise is all we wanna play
Save the bullshit for tomorrow, unite tonight, we say
Euronoise is all we wanna play
Spread it out from Spain to Greece up to the UK!

Euronoise is all we wanna play
Save the bullshit for tomorrow, unite tonight, we say
Euronoise is all we wanna play
We speak a different language but our spirit is the same

Euronoise is all we wanna play
Spread it out from Spain to Greece up to the UK! A bag full of stories
A bag full of stories

It's all I have got
But I'm not unhappy oh no I'm not
I live out of a suitcase but I like it a lot
A bag full of stories, it's all I have got
17. A bag full of stories (Bonus Track)
It's all I can give

I travel to sing 'cause that's how I live
Maybe we'll make it, maybe we won't
But as long as I play, I don't care if we don't
A bag full of stories
Tales of my life
Imprisoned in music, my way to survive
You may take my money, yes, take it all
But you can't get my spirit, my music and soul
She gave me back the key to my front door
Another girl said goodbye, not the last one, for sure
I never bought her presents, I know that's bad
A fun-on-the-road-report was all she could get
From Sydney to Rome
My mind's all alone
I'm waiting, I'm waiting
From LA to Cologne
My mind's all alone
I'm waiting, I'm waiting
To catch the bus home
A bag full of stories
It's all I have got
But I'm not unhappy, oh no I'm not
I live out of a suitcase but I like it a lot
A bag full of stories, it's all I have got
My social life sucks and I am to blame
I'm married to music, some say that's a shame
But it takes me to places no tourist will find
And even if I don't earn a dime, I'll forever remind
From Sydney to Rome
My mind's all alone
I'm waiting, I'm waiting
From LA to Cologne
My mind's all alone
I'm waiting, I'm waiting
To catch the bus home

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