текста е наличен благодарение на <u>Tekstove.bg</u>

Stay ... Stay ... Stay still until they find it out Stay ... Slow ... Slow ... Slow ... Slow ... Slow down the sunrise and keep the tone

Put the cold in my bones Watch as the fear is flown And your mind is beautiful child Stay still until they find it out

The smell of wood is in the air The 19th century atmosphere My hair is up, my feet are bare The 19th century atmosphere

The smell of wood is in the air The 19th century atmosphere My hair is up, my feet are bare The 19th century atmosphere

Stay ...

- Stay ...
- Stay ...
- Stay ...
- Stay ...
- Stay ...
- Stay ...
- Stay ...

The smell of wood The smell of wood The smell of wood The 19th century The smell of wood The smell of wood The 19th century The smell of wood