

Paroles du titre : Flying Carpet

10 - 2017

"Flying Carpet"

J'ai rencontré Homard il avait 18 ans.
Il faisait la plongée au fond d'un restaurant.
Alors qu'il n'avait que 15 ans, il est parti de chez lui du Mali.
Il a traversé de nombreux pays pour être là avec nous aujourd'hui .
Il fait désormais partie de ses gens que les médias appellent des migrants.

No more fairy tales
"fairy tales no more"
No more hide and seek
"hide and seek no more"
No more slavery
"slavery no more"

Hear me people
Hear me people

All that I need is a flying carpet to ride
Memories are everything, no shelter to hide
Shutting my eyes, brings all my friends back to me
once more, kissing my father's hand - I'm on my knees

I ran away from my country without a doubt
Sad to see how the north rubbed the south
Now I realize all my dreams are made of sand
I so badly miss the smell of my mother's bread.

No more fairy tales
"fairy tales on more"
No more hide and seek
"hide and seek no more"
No more slavery
"slavery on more "

Hear me people
Hear me people

All that I want is a flying carpet to ride
High in the sky i will even Forget my pride
To get close to my family and dry my tears
Being forgotten by them is my highest fear

I am proud of the culture, to which I belong.
In this brand new world, I feel I did something wrong
I'm just kid I don't wanna hurt anyone
I just wanna share my story with everyone

"Hear me!"

ZANTA ZANTA