

And a pretty girl, then, would pour me a drink
while you, so far,
no, you weren't there anymore, weren't there anymore.

And walking without looking anymore I only feel like going away from this sea.

And think and think again, time flies. While the others are calling me and I don't know what to say. And I stop back to remember that I feel like going away from this sea, and walking without looking anymore I just feel like going away from this sea.

You now tell me that you don't know well what you will do with your life.
But wherever you'll go it will never be over even if time will forget about your 20 years.
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The ships from the harbor on the water do not make a sound, $\qquad$
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If I close my eyes thinking about tomorrow
I feel like holding your hands again.
And walking without looking anymore
I just feel like going away from this sea.

