Breitenhilm, Februar 1991

Broken Wings

(Helmut Huber)

You wanna fly like an eagle, oooh
Over the valleys and over the green lake
Up in the blue skies you feel your freedom
But it's so different, when you awake

You lie in a small room with white walls, oooh
Totally weakened, chained in a bed
Aches are paralysing your mood
And yet there're so many dreams in your head

But with your broken wings,
you've lost your freedom
You've had high above in the skies
Like an angel, who's fallen from heaven
Who lives in a cruel world and cries

You think, that you've ain't got no power, oooh
But you've got hope and so much fantasy
So you close your eyes to dream of the eagle
You try to escape from reality

But with broken wings,
you've lost your freedom
You've had high above in the skies
Like an angel, who's fallen from heaven
Who lives in a cruel world and cries

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(Für Karin)