

NO MORE PLACE

There's a man with a gun in a hobby day
Sitting down, looking down until the stag appears

There's a stag running down the river's shore
Scared he knows he'll soon be shot, he runs

There's no place for the stag to go

And the man with a gun in hobby day
Is trying to find where the sudden noise came from

And the stag, by the time who didn't realized
Saw the man for a while, it was his last glance

No more place for the stag to go

I made a dream, a silly dream, where
I was a gangster for a while
Purchased all the night in a big town
I understood

Bad looser, bad player, bad temper, you're a liar
Be a spider, you'll never be more

Bad lover, bad singer, feel yourself
It's the only way to be called somewhere

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