

Get Your Bags

Words and Music: Sebastian Sylla

From Canada to Mexico and southwards to Cape Horn
From New York City to the L.A. Coast and further on
All the way from Norway to the south of Africa
Through occident and orient to far-off Australia
We're going
Up, up, down, down, we'll never walk alone
And we're singing songs of hope to raise our mind

Come on, Baby, get your bags, we're riding
Come on, Baby, lace your boots, we're striding
Come, shoulder your sack, we're a big family pack,
And we're going to bring music to the world

People live in deserts and people dwell in caves;
People build big boxes and dig each others graves;
People don't like trouble; they like to live in peace;
They all listen to music to get their hearts released;
We're going
Up, up, down, down, we'll never walk alone
And we're singing songs of love to raise our heart

Come on...

This is quite a journey; it takes more than eighty days;
All around the world there are, oh, so many ways;
If there'd be an end where we can rest or maybe stay
I think I'd mount my horse again and get on with the play
We're going
Up, up, down, down, we'll never walk alone
And we're singing songs of faith to raise our heart

Come on...