**Tell me**

*Lyrics & Music : Veronika Sluka*

1. Tell me girl, tell me virgin, tell me mother, tell me old woman,

How many masks how many roles we have to play on our way to heaven?

How often do we see the Sun or rain,

How often do we cry and smile again?

How often do we stumble and fall?

Where do we take our hope when there’s no more?

1. After the full moon shows up may all women sit down in a circle.

Believe me sisters there’s no better place to stay to feel safer.

Get rid of all your masks for now,

Since here’s noone to judge you for a while.

Get rid of all your masks for now.

And show us who you are.

1. Everyone has a gift of flying he just sometimes loses keys.

Love is something worth trying although when it’s gonne it’s missed.

The secret’s not the aim it’s the way.

Since we don’t know how long we stay.

Let your heart win over your brain

I wish we find those old keys again.