

“New Skies Above” song lyrics

© 2018: Xavier Albano, Djamiww, Naomi Sunderland, Vanessa Garrido, Fouad Ibrahim, Rosa Rantanen, Ahmed Zaidan, Nora Al Zubaidi, Raad Obaid Al Zubaidi, Kristina Jacobsen, Klisala Harrison

Recorded by Naomi Sunderland in Turku, Finland

Mixed and mastered by Phil Graham at Electric Monk Music, Sunshine Coast, Australia

Produced by Klisala Harrison, Naomi Sunderland, Kristina Jacobsen and Rosa Rantanen

Verse 1 – spoken word

Life, life, life, it's what you make it
Everyday everyday everyday it's a struggle
Everyday everyday is a new day
OK December 4, I will never forget
My sister and I outside of a police station
All my life I hated the police
But here I am praying to see a police car
It's 4 degrees out here, cold as hell
I feel pain in my legs, my hands about to freeze
I can barely move oh I wish I could have a coffee now
Bad memories come to my head
Will somebody come to rescue us?
I don't know
Can you relate?
A big word but it feels like an empty space
It's like a theatre when everyone is anxious to clap

Chorus 1 – sung

Clap hands
Suddenly this is my everyday
Clap hands
Go to a meeting and beg to stay
She's mad
no answer there when I call her phone
So sad
tired of fighting I buy a rose
[spoken word]
That's it, I'm going to take the first bus and disappear outta here
Oh no, the bus doesn't work
It's like the universe is saying to me...
Stay

Verse 2 – spoken word

Hey yah wah the best day of my life
Me and my sister got the best news today
I'm breathing a different air now
I meet my father
We've been living separate lives
He gives me a hug
I watch my baby boy
This is the moment I always dreamed of when I was a boy
Hey yah wah the whole night is a festival
And now I have a reason to smile

Bridge – sung

It's the smell of the coffee
It's your cinnamon smile
It's a feeling of freedom
I haven't felt for a while
A long walk to the ocean
To make new stars above
My baby Suma is rising
Our generation of love

Chorus 2 – sung

Clap hands
I can't wait for the sun again
Clap hands
The smell of the coffee and cinnamon
Clap hands the noon is dark and the night is light
Clap hands
I walked all the way to see this sight
Clap hands
Here is the place we call our home
Clap hands

[spoken]

Now, we have a reason to smile