

Bring with you, a photograph machine  
One for Anabel and one for me  
We're having troubles remembering things  
So one for Anabel and one for me

We walked down to see the crowd  
That gathered there on times square  
A big parade, the flutes got paid  
I'm glad they made a dragon stage

The families nest, the bakers test  
The children a mess and babies rest  
And the rain is cruel and it's washing away  
The things there in my head