

The broken glass that fades
The past is a parade of countless days
Painting patterns in the sand

My motorcycle brain
Remains to be explained
It's like a summer rain
Pictures passing through a field
Blowing into the horizon

Watching the shadows on the wall
Tell me can you see my thoughts?
Watching the shadows on the wall
Have you seen it all before?

I need a friendly hand
Someone who'll understand me by the river bed
When there's nothing to be said anyway
It's all inside your head you know it.

Watching the shadows on the wall
Tell me can you see my thoughts?
Watching the shadows on the wall
Have you seen it all before?