

Nostalgia

David Sylvian

Voices heard in fields of green.
Their joy, their calm, and luxury
Are lost within the wanderings of my mind.
I'm cutting branches from the trees,
Shaped by years on memories.
To exorcise their ghosts from inside of me.
The sound of waves in a pool of water.
I'm drowning in my nostalgia.
Nostaligia.
Ay, ay, ay, nostaligia.
The sound of waves in a pool of water.
I'm drowning in my nostalgia.
Nostalgia.
My nostalgia.
My nostalgia.
My nostalgia.