

1. No cloud, a sleepy calm
Sunbaked earth that's cooled by gentle breeze, and trees
With rustling leaves, only endless days without a care
Nothing must be done
2. Silent, as a day can be
Far off sounds of others on their chosen run
As they do, all those things they feel give a life some meaning
Even if they're dull

It's time to stop this dreaming, must rejoin the real world
As revealed by orange lights and a smoky atmosphere
- R: The trees and I are shaken by, the same winds but whereas
The trees will lose their withered leaves
I just can't seem to let them loose
And they can't refresh me, those hot winds of the south
Oh I feel like an alien, a stranger in an alien place
3. Now the light is fading fast,
chances slip away a time will come
to pass, when there'll be none then addicted to a perfumed poison,
betrayed by its aftertaste

Oh we shall lose the wonder and find nothing in return
Many are the substitutes but they're powerless on their own
- *: Beware the fisherman who's casting out his line
Into a dried up river bed
But don't try to tell him cos he won't believe you
Throw some bread to the ducks instead, it's easier that way
I feel like an alien, a stranger in an alien place
- R: The trees...
...
I feel like an alien, a stranger in an alien place