

Waiting is been  
Waiting for a word  
I Never heard  
A word that lie in  
between the lines  
Of a poem that died  
Seconds before it materialized  
Like a foreign sound from  
An unknown town  
-it makes the earth go 'round and  
around

A chair in her room was a tower  
From where she was watching  
She peeled through the window  
And spinned  
Opened the door, said;  
Come inside

Do you see what you like  
Do you like what you see  
Do you see what you like  
Do you like what you see

Come walk with me for a while  
My child  
There's a word I have heard  
And it's deeply absurd  
-The rhythm among you and the  
rhythm within, have traveled 'long  
the same road while you've  
wondered where you've been.  
The seed of an old star  
Is the beat of a new  
The stones you choose to turn  
Holds the one's the karma about you earn

And if boredom is joy, you're a  
Stranger - a toy in  
the hands of the few  
Of the one's you once knew

If it's all just a game-  
Every day remains the same