

# The Push

Kashmir

The city is a trap  
In which we fling our worries  
And grasp for somebody's promise  
Of the good life  
Forever changing plans  
Restrained by envious spirits  
And wanting to want to give in  
And go for the country  
My love will always be  
Of vibrant and dense traffic music  
That fills me up when nothing is expected

The push  
And the shock  
The handshake that could be changing your direction  
The mess  
And the chaos  
The sounds of someone close to falling apart

Don't wake me from the dream  
Don't shake me from the notion  
That the day will come  
And I'll belong and not be lost  
So far away from hell  
From unpaid debts and world war  
Where my bare feet are walking on dew  
Without treading a needle  
On a needle

The push  
And the fall  
The handshake to the change of your direction  
The mess  
And the chaos  
The sounds of someone close to falling apart