

Chinese Trees

Lake Malawi

Hello hello my baby wants to be a seagull,
swimming in the ocean like before.
And then she tells me how she used to be a shadow,
like it didn't matter anymore.

No one really knows me, so,
this is only between us.

If you can't go back to where we'll leave it at,
where we'll leave it at, don't!
From Chinese trees to empty seas of black,
empty seas of black, coal.
I need you here, my lonely heart attacks,
my lonely heart attacks, my soul.

She shows me how to reach the great maroccan skyline
and my mind was open like the door.
And then she tells me that she's never been to China
like it didn't matter anymore.

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this is only between us.

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where we'll leave it at, don't!
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