

A trip to tropical islands

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I feel that somewhere far away
someone is lying on hot sand
the ocean sings a quiet song
and runs to him just like a dog

and when I focus my mind's eye
I see two women nearby
carressing gently the man's neck
motionless as if he slept - as if he slept

I see a waiter in white tails
to the lying man he sails
he slowly puts down a frosted glass
he has his trouser-legs turned up - that's right

I'm sensing
another life
I'm dreaming
when something
wakes me up
I look at
falling snow
that's nothing
I'm happy just to know

oh you can sip through coloured straws
the time so lazy hot and slow
I sense although I haven't tried
exotic tastes of cloudless skies

I'm sensing
another life
I'm dreaming
when something
wakes me up
I look at
falling snow
that's nothing
I'm happy just to know

and I can hear although I don't
the melody of someone's song
I guess It is the ocean breeze
which plays the swaying palms and sings