

## Parade

### The Knife

In the middle of nowhere when we're looking for something  
Then we raise our heads for the color red  
I am too a spirit and a wonderer  
And I welcomed the dew as much as you did

When we're looking for brushwood  
In the nearest neighbourhood  
Then we follow the sky with the eye  
We search vegetation and surprised by the rain  
We're stumbling, tripping home again

In the middle of nowhere when we're looking for something  
Then we raise our heads for the color red  
I am too a spirit and a walker  
And I welcomed the dew as much as you did

We found the little man and his aeroplane  
But we never located the animal  
Examined the dirty ground  
Like it never been done modern exploring of 1991