

Like mist or a daydream
made of substance
can you feel it?
buildings brown of a gray downtown
in the twilight
can you see it?
photographs
typographs
in the papers did you read it?
stop and blink
just what would you think
in the meantime does it matter much at all?
Denmark came and Denmark marked my soul

Songs for a real crowd in a cafe
full of listeners
know your tongue
and they know your man
in the crowd now did ya see her
airplanes
window panes
misting up the viewpoint
stop and blink
as I stop to think
I wonder would I miss her much at all
Denmark came and Denmark marked my soul

Muse for damp heart
in a country living softly
countless walks on a timeless way
in a body
filled with coffee
poetry
irony
of the moment
can you hear it?
stop and blink
as I stop to think
I wonder will I miss this much at all?
la la la la la la la la (fading out)