

The Journey

City it leaves without traces
Blind sparrow's carry me.
Resting my head on a rainbow
High in a tree.

Laughing at me.
Crying at me.
Seeing through me.

In mirrors of tears I'm reflected
White naked figures twist the key.
Turning my thoughts into shadows.
Playing on the walls of me.

Laughing at me.
Crying at me.
Seeing through me.

The Pretty Things