

A Lonely Chord

Tsunami Bomb

I never thought it mattered,
never thought it mattered so much
to me exactly where I put my feet.
I was wrong.
I drink a strong cup of coffee.
A long time ago, I had a home.
A corner where I could be alone.
So goodbye my solid ground.
I'm an engine, I won't break down.
A lonely chord without a song,
searching for an orchestration where I belong.
Where will I hang up my raincoat when this day is over?
Like a leaf without a tree,
nothing to cover over me.
I'm like a character from a story,
I don't exist.
I owe a lot to these kids who are like family.
They've helped me out with their endless generosity.