

Bachdenkel, The Slightest Distance

And we are young
In a world where people never change
And if they grow apart
Then pride is the distance of their age
And if I'd spoken out of turn
And watched you walk away
I'd see the same faces I've seen before
But I'd see them in a different way
Without speaking, without a word
I watched you grow away
And move amongst the faces I've seen before
But now I see them every day

How far you can go
(.....)
The people you saw there
The words that they say
They all sound the same

You go out on your own
You try to look for a friend
So far from the people
They watch you walk by
They don't even know you
They won't even try

Try, try, try
The closer you are
The less you can see
The further you go
The less you will know
The more you must (feel?)

Try, try, try
To go out on your own
Try to look for a friend
So far from the people
You watch me walk by
You don't even know me
You won't even try
Try

Look for someone
Someone friendly, anyone at all
All these people
Are they really everyone the same?

Well, well, well
Fancy meeting you here
Is there nowhere else to go?