

Bobo in White Wooden Houses, Cold Turkey (3:5

I walk around in everlasting longing
I have it now and know it will be so
one day when we are not together anymore
I'll take the ship and leave the shore
You walk around blindfold
the next days in a haze
on all your ways you see only my face
the blade of hope you take you take in blackness all around
while your memories will fade away the city sound
while your memories will fade the sound
I don't know why I imagine torment all the time
like a crown of thorns 'round my neck
it pains like all your sharpest darts in my back
from a cold turkey you're worn
like from a cold turkey I am worn