

Buddhuza, Fish

I'm a fish and I wanna be a bird,
I'm a fish and I wanna be a bird,
And I'm looking for a hook,
Looking for a hook to fly away.

In her previous life she was a pretty tree,
In her previous life she was a pretty tree,
And the choppers cut her down,
The choppers cut her down to set her free.

When you've gone through the door, looking back you'll see,
When you've gone through the door, looking back you'll see,
That there is no door at all,
There is no door at all,
There is no door and you've always rambled here.

I remember how I met you in million lives
And you were all the same,
The one I wanna, kinda shiner.

You're the one who has this inner lore
And understands the game,
Beginner, sinner, inner winner.

I've never lived this day before
And I don't wanna use the frame.

I'm a searcher, not a follower,
I'm a searcher, not a follower,
And I like it all my way (all my mistakes),
And I like it all my way (all my mistakes),
And I like it all my way (all my mistakes),
And I like it all my way (all my mistakes).
Looking for a hook (to fly away),
Looking for a hook (to fly away),
Looking for a hook (to fly away),
Looking for a hook (to fly away).