

Cibo Matto, Moonchild

Moonchild still lives in my heart.

Can I ask you something?

Is your life better now?

Sometimes I feel you're sitting next to me and listening to my stories

Time always shows me it's hard to understand how to be myself

Moonlight dries your tears, moonlight hides your fears

Sometimes I feel you're smiling at me and telling me your memories

Tide always moves fast

Can you tell me how to find words inside a shell?