

Cibo Matto, Sugar Water

The velocity of time turns her voice into sugar water
I'm on a concrete way
The wind is blowing to the north-northwest
It smells like sands of the southern island
When a black cat crosses my path
A woman in the moon is singing to the earth
A woman in the moon is singing to the earth
La la la, la la la la la
La la la, la la la la la
La la la, la la la la la
La la la, la la la la la
I'm riding on a camel that has big eyes
The buildings are changing into coconut trees
Little by little
When a black cat crosses my path
A woman in the moon is singing to the earth
A woman in the moon is singing to the earth
La la la, la la la la la
La la la, la la la la la
La la la, la la la la la
La la la, la la la la la
La la la, la la la la la
La la la, la la la la la
La la la, la la la la la
La la la, la la la la la
We are taking sugar water shower
Shower