

Deine Lakaien, Fr

I dreamed of a beautiful garden
of flowers and meadows in may
when days passed like the golden sun
and troubles seemed far away

But when I awoke there was no sun
and the wind blew cold and strong
I felt sick and felt alone
I saw flowers painted on stone

Tried to warm up on a winter-day
and closed my eyes again
Yet spring and flowers have faded away
all my searching was in vain

You're laughing about the foolish dreamer
who saw flowers in winter...
I dreamed of the days of love and hope
when I looked into your eyes
when we sat silent side by side
when I saw you smile
But when I awoke...

Tried to warm up...

When will I be back in a better land
when will I hold your hand...