

Howard Carpendale, Wie Frei Willst Du Sein

There was a time when there was nothing at all
Nothing at all
just a distant hum.

There was a being and he lived on his own
He had no one to talk to and nothing to do.
He drew up the plans
learnt to work with his hands
A million years passed by and his work was done.

And his words were these:
Hope you find it in everything
Everything that you see
Hope you find it in everything
Everything that you see
Hope you find it
hope you find it
Hope you find me in you.

So she had built her
Elaborate home with its ups and
its downs
its rain and its sun.