

# Tocotronic, Beyond The Canal

The paths we go along  
Are empty now  
That is unmistakable

You can turn it all around  
All you want  
So I thought as I threw something on the grill  
Time stood still

Beyond the canal  
Was the wide blue sky  
An intricate sound  
Like a bicycle bell  
Sounded in the distance  
In the humid air  
I stood alone in my garden  
Everything looked frozen  
Waiting for the last summer days of this year  
And to me it was anything but strange