

# Bobo in White Wooden Houses, Passing Strange

Passing stranger  
you don't know how longingly I looked upon you  
you must be he I was seeking  
or she I was seeking  
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you  
All is recalled as we flit by each other  
fluid, affectionate, chaste, matured  
you grew up with me, were a boy with me  
or a girl with me  
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you  
You give me pleasure in your eyes  
face, flesh as we pass  
you take off my face, flesh  
and hands in return  
I am to wait I do not doubt  
I am to wait I do not doubt  
I am to wait I do not doubt  
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you  
with you  
with you