

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