

Bobo in White Wooden Houses, Remote

how much I would like
to take care of you
but nothing has been found
to make it possible
you've been so close
for so long
no way to return
to go on

while you are so remote
and nothing feels like home
while you are counting backwards
I am still yours

how much I would like
to trade with you
yet everything I've got was
unpredictable
far cry from here
we will grow
why don't you file away the darkness
and you'll know

while you are so remote
nothing feels like home
while you are counting backwards
I am still yours

you are so remote