

Bobo in White Wooden Houses, Travel In My Mind

diving into the mid-air-silence
earth under your seat
the night gives birth to all the stars
a silver bird brings you back

I am travelling with you
just as a travel in my mind

a feeling like falling from these stars
struggling in the winds dance
through the wall of universe
landing in your childhood trance

do you feel it?

I am travelling with you
just as a travel in my mind

not a bird, not a leaf
so up and high
where a silver bird to berlin
will dive into a moon lit sky

I am travelling with you
just as a travel in my mind