

Ellen Allien, Bubbles

Words are passing by, like trees on a road
You're talking bubbles in the air
Floating around you, away and displode
Eyes opened wide, I stare
Thoughts from out of space, drifting aside
Your words are echoes in the woods
Leaves twisting around, fall and die
Wind guides you home, but where?
Where will it be
Here or there
One day you'll find it
Here or there