

Kings Of Convenience, Cayman Islands

Through the alleyways to cool off in the shadows
Then into the street following the water
There's a bearded man paddling in his canoe
Looks as if he has come all the way from the Cayman Islands

These canals, it seems, they all go in circles
Places look the same, and we're the only difference
The wind is in your hair, it's covering my view
I'm holding on to you, on a bike we've hired until tomorrow

If only they could see, if only they had been here
They would understand, how someone could have chosen
To go the length I've gone, to spend just one day riding
Holding on to you, I never thought it would be this clear