

# Novalis Deux, Passing By

Butterflies around her eyes fairies fly  
Passing by passing by  
Friendly voices from the trees birds in the sky  
Passing by passing by

Down by the riverside, down by the boats  
Passing by passing by  
Dying fish on the hooks, and the bloody knife  
A fisherman smiles, the fisherman smiles

You're crying, you're crying

Sad absentminded, she walks her way  
Passing by passing by  
Where have the fairies gone, no butterflies  
Passing by passing by

She walks her way, she's walking home, she walks alone  
A day has gone by, this day has gone by  
Down by the riverside, down by the boats  
She never passed by, never passed by

You're crying, you're crying