Yoko Kanno, Strangers

We've found a kind of paradise
In a flowers bloom.
We've seen the end of a mystic land
So close it meets the parting sun.
We've shared the thoughts that two could share,
We feel the truth, magic that we send...
Searching for something new
Isle of Gold in flowers' bloom...
We've heard a kind of paradise
Beyond the desert's dunes.
We've walked the earth in solitude,
So cold we need the warmth of sun.
We've lived the life that we could live,
We see the truth, magic that begins...
Searching for something new
Isle of Gold in flowers' bloom...
We've found a kind of paradise,
Below a sky so new.
We've weaved a web of mystery so wide,
We need the light of day.
We've worn the cloak of secret lives,
We've seen the truth, magic that we send...
Searching for something new
Isle of Gold in flowers' bloom.....
So when will it end?
So when, when will we meet, my friend?