

## **Cocoanut Groove**

### **"Hummin'"**

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The wind is in the birches  
On an empty afternoon  
And it feels as if I'm fading  
Into the colours of the room  
That is gray and dull and sleepy  
And soon another day is done  
You're always humming to yourself, son  
Where are the words that match your song?

And the streets are strangely quiet  
See the students heading home  
And soon the voices from the nursery  
Will fill the autumn air with song  
But this is not how I remember  
Having nothing on my mind  
And though the kitchen clock's not working  
You feel you're running out of time

And just like in a movie  
We'll end with the town from a birds view  
The smoke rising from the factory  
The bells are ringin' at the school  
But I'm still by the kitchen table  
By the flicker of a pale sun  
You're always humming to yourself, son  
Where are the words that match your song?

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