

Don Johnson Big Band "Jass"

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space is the place
to be
on this hot and humid summer night
lost myself where?
a slight return
mistress midsummer's eve
and I cannot conceive what it is they want from me
my lost and wandering soul
cut half from whole
which black hole can I get lost in?
and double-crossed in life
like midnight frost in my window
this flow cannot make amends
as time restlessly twists and bends
sends my indifferent hope into one corner of the
universe
while I curse another
where the noise is too much
too much violent noise in my silent corner
on my planet
where is the space in this place
and who could understand it?

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