

Blof

"Zeeuwse Kust (english)"

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The salty sea takes a deep brackish sigh
The hot air trembles quietly above the land
Hey! Sometimes someone unexpectedly flees
Alarmfase two is hardly infamous here
But people are ignorant and stay silent about what they
hear and see

Here at the shore, the Zeeuwse shore (Zeeland is a
province in Holland)
Where the people unconsciously get in the mood for a
mussel feast
And don't speak of eating when they are full and
content
Then calmly go to sleep again

Here at the shore, the Zeeuwse shore
Where everyone unconsciously
gets spoken to in German
Where the chain has been broken
And every ship had been burned
But there is nothing wrong

Vlissingen (town in Zeeland) breaths heavily and
cheerlessly tonight
The harbor is abandoned, because there is only one
ship
And that one has to be brought out of the harbor in the
dark
Commemorating the good times of purity and
strength
But people are ignorant
And are quiet about what they hear and see

Here at the shore, the Zeeuwse shore
Where the summer unconsciously
is being enjoyed with fast pace
And where everybody can wildly and
persistently do as they please
Untill they are full and content

Here at the shore, the Zeeuwse shore
Where the love will lose of the

lust every time again
Because she just can't choose
between good and not so bad
But that's just how things go
Here at the shore

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