

Fall Of The Leafe "Soul Bay Beat"

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This is disco, baby.
You are going where?
Do I look like a person who would know?
My tail is on fire and so is my tongue.
I dipped the latter one in a secret of some sort.
It burned a little and what did I gain?
I forgot the damned secret.
Now, what kind of crap is that?
I don't know.
Therefore, I saw locking myself into a closet for two
weeks as the only option.
What a wild experience it was.
What wild thoughts I had.
Something about parrots.
Something about a vile headache and cold sweat
pushing through.

Something about caring about something or someone.
Something that reminded me about mango fruits,
about monkeys chasing each other.
I tried desperately to write a book about this
experience.
"The closet for dummies", or something of such.
What was the question again?
Oh, I see.
Not sure, but I would dare to guide you down the street
that you see over there.
I believe that you can find the bay of souls somewhere
behind the curve, ma'am.

And so they departed.
Passed each other by and never met again.

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