Bobo In White Wooden Houses ''Cold Turkey 353''

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I walk around in everlasting longing

I have it now and know it will be so

one day when we are not together anymore

I'll take the ship and leave the shore

You walk around blindfold

the next days in a haze

on all your ways you see only my face

the blade of hope you take you take in blackness all around

while your memories will fade away the city sound

while your memories will fade the sound

I don't know why I imagine torment all the time

like a crown of thorns 'round my neck

it pains like all your sharpest darts in my back

from a cold turkey you're worn

like from a cold turkey I am worn

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