

Bobo In White Wooden Houses "Hole In Heaven"

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Illusions of memories
Were blending with the fragrance of jasmin
From the patio
Like a wind out of yesterday
Which she felt pass by
That had nothing to do with her life
With her life
Thunder of riotous music
Which was floating by from the patio
A siesta in darkend bedroom
Later she asks why
Does it keep out the burning air from the sky?
From the sky
Like a breeze
In the house under the furious sun
Coolest house under the sun
I'm the coolest house under the sun
Coolest house under the sun
Let me stay here, let me stay here
What she'd seen that day
And what she felt pass by
Like a wind out of yesterday
That had nothing to do with her life
Makes her sad
Makes her sad for a while
Like a breeze
In the house under the furious sun
Coolest house under the sun
I'm the coolest house under the sun
Coolest house under the sun
Darkend sun
Darkend sun

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