

## Joan Manuel Serrat

### "Wounded"

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the rain impinges upon the earth again blissfully  
the trees sigh in the wind and sway with distilled purity  
stench of relevance permeates the talk of love  
cloudless skies of blue, anaemic now, think of you  
curve of your neck is beautiful  
shape of your face is elegant  
gaze but poignant still  
but memories stings  
second stain of consequence  
fruit is rotting and then  
the crowd turns around to go back home  
views so empty  
but sane proceeds on its way to the grave

curve of your neck is beautiful  
shape of your face is elegant  
gaze but poignant still  
but memories stings a  
second stain of consequence  
oh consequence  
this is consequence  
this is consequence  
ooh ooh ooh ooh, ooh ooh ooh ooh

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