

Knife, The "Parade"

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In the middle of nowhere
when we're looking for something
then we raise our heads for the colour red
I am too a spirit and a wonderer
and I welcomed the dew as much as you did

When we're looking for brushwood
in the nearest neighbourhood
then we follow the sky with the eye
we search vegetation
and surprised by the rain
we're stumbling, tripping home again

In the middle of nowhere
when we're looking for something
then we raise our heads for the colour red
I am too a spirit and a walker
and I welcomed the dew as much as you did

We found the little man
and his aeroplane
but we never located the animal
Examined the dirty ground
like it never been done
Modern exploring of 1991

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