

Knife, The

"The Height Of Summer"

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In the morning I went down to the beach
And gazed out to the sea
Suddenly I was only a leaf
And you were an ancient flower

When I'm away do you think of me
Or is it only when I'm present
On the cliff I lay my head down
Now where the sun is

How is Charles
I haven't heard from him for a long long time
A thousand years seem to pass
So quickly

We wash our hands in water
And we rub them with the cloth
I have an idea what comes after
What will happen when I'm gone

Along the coastline we sow some seeds
It is lemon it is mint
Then the buzzing cicadas
Rock us to sleep

How is Charles
I haven't heard from him for a long long time
A thousand years seem to pass
So quickly

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