

Les Wiggles

"Life's Longing Moments"

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When black deep eyes keep lowered softly,
And pick up a part of the world's misteries.
A wild wave calls love back and the source of that love
Makes it to respect.

Passion means the responsibility of this forceful times
Which going by, burn themselves as we entangle with
them.
When you look at the world with it's garbage, from a
fast carriage,
You wonder which home is. Home? Maybe those lights
in the distance
That as a child I traced in the air with a finger, creating
the form
Of the naive fantasy.

... Life's longing moments...

It's between mind and hair that I try to taste the honey
Which is in them, and for this reason I feel I'll from
passion.

In these moments I'd give a caress to everything but
My hands are too small.
Is the violent cruelty of words and thoughts which sits
In nice small hands when my heart's without virtue.
I realize that this is not a real cruelty but an imprudent
passion.

... Life's longing moments...

... Life's longing moments...

The poetry is sea and sad eyes in half-light which see
birds
Soaring from the sea to the city...

And those eyes fly with them away from the death bed.
Moments deep of passion, small love weaves
Who is alone of fool, who has no word, who doesn't see
and hear the
World, who has neither legs to walk nor wings to fly

from the city to the sea.

... Life's longing moments...

The carriage ends its journey on a dead-end
platform,

There are a lot of reasons to come down or to stay
there.

Even if on the coin we may find two sides, there's just
one value

And in that moment you understand that on a dead-
end platform

Nothing leaves and nothing arrives.

... Life's longing moments...

With my small hands, I'm gonna cherish one thing at a
time.

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