

Pooka "Breeze"

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I've been waiting over an hour, for just five minutes of
your time

And can I ask you just one question, oh am I hard to
find

Can you see properly, in both eyes

Cause it seems to me, that, I must be transparent

Let yourself flow, theres more to be felt

So little that comes my way is real

Feel the breeze, alive, alive

Through the trees, floating, floating

No need to know the direction, of the flow, gently,
gently

No push either way

When I was not looking, someone did the dirty on me

They sprinkled something, I don't know what, and now I
am transparent...

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