

Room Eleven

"Greenest Grass"

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My shoe lace is tied to yours
Connects me to your endless shore
Sea of me drinks your land
My heart beats your rhythm
I am in your hand
Counting your moles
No need to look for goals
As my destination is you
And reading your life review

I remember running around in the greenest grass
Chasing each other laughing in a late summer light
With every step I had the feeling that life had just
begun

The palace with the white walls
With the shades of daylight
Where I was a burglar of my own happiness
Where I felt like an oversized partydress

Oh you know that raising my voice
Wouldn't be my choice
My words won't beat you up, no
They'll only describe the whipped cream on top

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