

## Ferenc Beres

### "When I Grow Up"

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When I grow up  
I want to be a forester  
Run through the moss on high heels  
That's what I'll do  
Throwing out a boomerang  
Waiting for it to come back to me

When I grow up  
I want to live near the sea  
Crab claws and bottles of rum  
That's what I'll have  
Staring at a seashell  
Waiting for it to embrace me

I put my soul into what I do  
Last night I drew a funny man  
With dog eyes and a hanging tongue  
It goes way back  
I've never liked that sad look  
From someone who wants to be loved by you

I'm very good with plants  
When my friends are away  
They let me keep the soil moist  
On the seventh day I rest  
For a minute or two  
Then back on my feet to call for you

You've got cucumbers on your eyes  
Too much time spent on nothing  
Waiting for a moment to arise  
The face in the ceiling  
And arms too long  
I'm waiting for him to catch me

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