

The Knife "Parade"

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In the middle of nowhere when we're looking for
something

Then we raise our heads for the color red
I am too a spirit and a wonderer
And I welcomed the dew as much as you did

When we're looking for brushwood
In the nearest neighbourhood
Then we follow the sky with the eye
We search vegetation and surprised by the rain
We're stumbling, tripping home again

In the middle of nowhere when we're looking for
something
Then we raise our heads for the color red
I am too a spirit and a walker
And I welcomed the dew as much as you did

We found the little man and his aeroplane
But we never located the animal
Examined the dirty ground
Like it never been done modern exploring of 1991

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