

Mikomo

"Those Old Western Films"

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My lonely one
I'll scorch forever more under your sun
I sing to you
Mirrors of my mind way overdue

Tomorrow turns to yesterday
I still recall those times in May
You spoke to me in a language I could feel

Our senses sang in unison
I couldn't fight the itch for long
I ended up with my head over my heels

Sometimes we long to forget, but still remember it all
Please blow my mind
Tremor turns into quake; we stumble and fall
Far and further behind

The day your eyes met mine
Felt so fine, sent shivers down my spine
Your hair formed a frame
An outlook for a soul, more wild than tame

It's a radiation, deviation
Downhearted love sensation
Harboured in the corner of an eye

The act of movement sets me free
Some distance between you and me
Listen, as I mourn my last goodbye;

Do you remember our day in the rain
Under the beech wood tree
It felt like time had just begun
You were soul glue for me

Can you recall our strolls in the park
Birds and trains down the lane
We communed until it got dark
In a feverish flame

We love those old western films
With The Man with No Name
And sought the sounds of the sea
You were the Catcher in my Rye
A living lifeline to me

Mon ami

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