

Motorama

"During The Years"

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Second week in a bed
My hands are pieces of marble
I spoke to lady on a bridge
But she was singing: taridadada

Oh please leave me alone, I have plans for the future
Single lady with a wounded soul
Why are you wearing this black colored collar?

We've been sharing one saddle for several years
But I still don't know where we are going
We've been sharing one saddle for several years, my
love
But I still don't know where we are going

Back to the start of the way
It doesn't seem so unusual
Back to the start of the way
To our childhood rooms

Moon is so close to the top of the wave
Close to the roof of the lighthouse
Moon is a spectator of our weird scenes
Of our weird love

Oh please leave me alone, I have plans for the future
Single lady with a wounded soul
Why are you wearing this black colored collar?

Back to the start of the way
It doesn't seem so unusual
Back to the start of the way
To our childhood rooms

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