

Analog park - 1/1

Interprété par The Gathering.

in the garden, in the park, on a bench, i sit.
a newspaper floats on the breeze of this late summer.
it is coming my way,
i patiently wait.

i see the sign, it's on the road
and i think it's crazy

in the garden, of the park, on a bench, i watch.
the sandy feet of the children.
pearls of sweat run across their beautiful faces.

you see the sign, it's on the road
but i think you're crazy

you are, you are the sign
of my unrelief

as i easily get inner contact with myself,
i notice distress grabbing for my throat.
it is time to reach out.
to find something that isn't there,

you see the signs, they're on the road
but i think it's crazy

you are, you are the sign
of my unrelief