

## A trip to tropical islands

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I feel that somewhere far away  
someone is lying on hot sand  
the ocean sings a quiet song  
and runs to him just like a dog

and when I focus my mind's eye  
I see two women nearby  
caressing gently the man's neck  
motionless as if he slept - as if he slept

I see a waiter in white tails  
to the lying man he sails  
he slowly puts down a frosted glass  
he has his trouser-legs turned up - that's right

I'm sensing  
another life  
I'm dreaming  
when something  
wakes me up  
I look at  
falling snow  
that's nothing  
I'm happy just to know

oh you can sip through coloured straws  
the time so lazy hot and slow  
I sense although I haven't tried  
exotic tastes of cloudless skies

I'm sensing  
another life  
I'm dreaming  
when something  
wakes me up  
I look at  
falling snow  
that's nothing  
I'm happy just to know

and I can hear although I don't  
the melody of someone's song  
I guess It is the ocean breeze  
which plays the swaying palms and sings