

Shimmering distances.  
The daily swinging up.  
I'm listening to many birds.  
How will I ever,  
how will I ever get there?  
How will I ever get there now?

It's something hard to explain,  
and certainly I will not get it right.  
But I'm looking out for you now.  
And probably you are just on the way,  
and getting through the streets of town  
takes a long time.

Street-wide and city-wide  
runs the longing for home.  
It is disguised as many things.  
Gulfs widen, and the great water  
comes into my room.  
How will I ever see you now?  
How will I ever see you now?

It's something hard to explain,  
and certainly I may not get it right.  
But I'm looking out for you now.  
And probably you are just on the way,  
and getting through the streets of town  
takes a long time.