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We will walk on a hill
Red hats and blue coats, and everything still.
Snow will cover until
We can't tell the sky from the ground.
Where are the buildings, the old wounds of mine?
Did I ever once cry?
Waiting for you to arrive,
Where does the time go?
Friends have moved away,
One tree has come down, another one flowers and sways.
Miri was lost for five days.
From upstate at school one friend writes,
Everything is changing while the day sky stays blue.
Changing around him, and me without you.
Waiting for you to arrive,
Where does the time go?
Balconies and flights
Of wooden stairs down to the water at low tide.
I'll carry you and we will walk in the light.
Waiting for you to arrive.
Where does the time go?
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