

M3

Beatenberg

Plungin' through the night on the M3
All things in life can tempt me
A point on the curve of the M3
I go wherever it sends me

Dividing avenue
The path of least resistance
Connecting me and you
The road is wet
My mind is in a fog
So is the mutual building
Interior dialogue
Two clarinets

Late afternoon on the M3
I glide along so gently
Treetops, unreachable memories
Concrete and climbing ivy

It's easy to be hard
On yourself and on others
Visions of Fragonard
My ornamental problems

BMW, BWV
W. Mozart, K. 503
Blue gums billow from sea to salty sea
Wind over the waterfront, willow weep for me

Cruisin' on the oil-green M3
All things in life can tempt me
Oh torturous road that bends me
How could you reinvent me?