

They are not stars burning in the sky at night  
No, no, they're candles in astro-flight  
They are not men walking on the streets below  
What are they really nobody knows

They are not stars, we are not human  
I don't know the reason why  
A firefly is not a candle, not a flower in my eye  
And so, a rose is not a rose  
By that or any other name  
Things remain unexplained

I am a tree, dancing on the ocean floor  
The air is water on desert shores  
There is a face painted on the salty moon  
The tree singing this silent tune

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