

It was the first he had a decaf'
It was the first he had a decaf'
And she had seen it with her own eyes you know

The road was still long, long with no ending
It was the last time she heard him laugh
And she would only believe what she saw

She heard voices pounding in her head
She heard voices pounding in her head
She heard voices in her head and all around

When they arrived they crossed the cemetery
The snow was deep, it made them shiver
Like the trees over the Neckar river

An epitaph was written on a grave
Right above the initials of his name
And she was dead before the age of forty

Soft moss and leaves felt like an unmade bed
Soft moss and leaves felt like an unmade bed
He could not remember when and why he was dead

Centuries of green towered above their heads
Centuries of green towered above their heads
My father lay somewhere below this earth

She heard voices pounding in her head
She heard voices pounding in her head
Hear the voices, I hear the voices

Hear the voices pounding in her head
Hear the voices pounding in her head
Hear the voices pounding in her head
Hear the voices pounding in her head

Hear the voices, I hear the voices
Hear the voices