

## Tuesday Morning

Motorpsycho

The swans are arriving  
the moon is on the rise  
warm winds are blowing  
the bite from winters white lies  
the nights smell of blossoms  
making me forget the decay  
I swear almost choked me  
this tuesday in May

show me your nightmares  
I'll give your dreams  
«nothing» is always  
a lot more than it seems.....