

Summer Thoughts In A Field Of Weed

Q65

Here I'm lying in a field of weed
the great blue sky is all surrounding me
the rest it gives me is a marvel thing
I see a bird who's cleaning his two wings

fly fly away from all the lawyers
the screaming children playing with their toys
people always running after me
to tell me what to have
what to be

I look upon the landscape and I see
In the distance there stands an old gum tree
I close my eyes and slowly sink away
in this field where I always wanna stay

oh I sleep
yes I sleep
in this field
in this field
in this field

I'm losing my sense for the time
the occupative world is there behind
I wish I could always separate
myself like this but now
it's just too late