

Mystery feeling
Keeping me dreaming
Stake for a sapling
Tailwind for crossing
It's all poetry to me

Memory fleeting
Evaporating
Wish I could hold you
Cling to your meaning
But it's all poetry to me

Little by little you'll understand
Little by little they'll come to your hand
And little by little
You are becoming sunshine

It's all poetry to me
Stone-cold poetry

Little by little you'll understand
Little by little they'll come to your hand
And little by little
You are becoming sunshine

You are becoming
Little by little
Little by

Mystery feeling
Keeping me dreaming
Made me a moth wing
Waving and leaping

It's all poetry to me