

## Passing By

Shalom

Like water flowing down the street  
on any rainy day.  
The stream of faces, which you meet  
and pass by on the way.  
Perhaps you give each face a thought  
before the end of the day.  
Because some memories, before they fade  
away they linger

It seems we only met bowed heads  
on our daily rounds.  
But no! There is a body,  
sad and wet and looking down.  
Awakening into windblown morning skies  
in my eyes.  
Your lips are cold and still  
while every whisper dies.

I know, I'll pick you out,  
when you'll be passing by.  
I stand and tremble in front of you  
I don't know why.  
For one short moment I was sure  
I caught you dreaming  
My disappointment, I was wrong,  
I go on waiting

I know, I'll pick you out,  
when you'll be passing by.  
I stand and tremble in front of you  
I don't know why.  
Laughing at him, laughing at me,  
at our shame so mockingly  
Yes, it's your way

I know, I'll pick you out,  
when you'll be passing by.  
I stand and tremble in front of you  
I don't know why.  
How we all, great and small,  
waste our time passing by,  
day, day by day, day by day

I can feel you drift away