

## A Lonely Chord

Tsunami Bomb

I never thought it mattered,  
never thought it mattered so much  
to me exactly where I put my feet.  
I was wrong.  
I drink a strong cup of coffee.  
A long time ago, I had a home.  
A corner where I could be alone.  
So goodbye my solid ground.  
I'm an engine, I won't break down.  
A lonely chord without a song,  
searching for an orchestration where I belong.  
Where will I hang up my raincoat when this day is over?  
Like a leaf without a tree,  
nothing to cover over me.  
I'm like a character from a story,  
I don't exist.  
I owe a lot to these kids who are like family.  
They've helped me out with their endless generosity.