

What is the view? Does it belong to you?  
Do you see the same blue as I think I do?  
What will it be? The forest or the tree?  
One or many? I see people come and go

I keep myself close to you  
You say that was not what was  
But the memory feels true

We came from home  
We came from the same place  
Circumstances made the necessary space  
These years of work have only gone to waste

You won't find me, I believe you do know me  
But you are still some other thing  
They remind me, they remind  
To walk soft, beauty it is frightening

I believe you, I believe you do know me  
But you are still some other thing  
They remind me, they remind  
To walk soft, beauty it is frightening  
Take it with you, take it with me