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Zuco 103

In the middle of the street,
I'm late; cars come but don't go
People's eyes are lost or glassy
Looking in the same direction

And if I ask you what's going on nobody
Says yes or no
The busses go by, full,
all in the same direction

I'm trying to find my way home

Nobody makes a mistake
Nobody sees anybody
It even seems
That nobody can feel anything any more
I'm looking for the way home
I'm looking for the way home

I just arrived
Full of longing
Ah, Tim Maia
I'm going to call
To ask William to come get me