Nostalgia

David Sylvian

Voices heard in fields of green
Their joy their calm and luxury
Are lost within the wanderings of my mindI'm cutting branches from the trees
Shaped by years of memories
To exorcise their ghosts from inside of meThe sound of waves in a pool of water
I'm drowning in my nostalgia, nostalgia, my nostalgiaThe sound of waves in a pool of water
I'm drowning in my nostalgia, nostalgiaMy nostalgia, my nostalgia, my nostalgia

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