

# Lebanese Blonde

## BRAZILIAN LOUNGE PROJECT

Too low to find my way  
Too high to wonder why  
I've touched this place before  
Somewhere in another timeNow I can hear the sun  
The clouds drifting through the blinds  
A half a million thoughts  
Are flowing through my mindA satellite recalled your voice  
Sent me round the world again  
All the night you dreamt away  
Sent me round my heart againOne touch upon my lips  
And all my thoughts are clear  
I feel your smoky mist  
Up to the stratosphereToo low to find my way  
Too high to wonder why  
I've touched this place before  
Somewhere in another timeNow I can hear the sun  
The clouds drifting through the blinds  
A half a million thoughts  
Are flowing through my mindToo low to find my way  
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Somewhere in another time

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