

Opel

Die Toten Hosen

On a distant shore, miles from land
Stands the ebony totem in ebony sand
A dream in a mist of gray
On a far distant shore The pebble that stood alone
And driftwood lies half buried
Warm shallow waters sweep shells
So the cockles shine A bare winding carcass, stark
Shimmers as flies scoop up meat
An empty way, dry tears Crisp flax squeaks tall reeds
Make a circle of gray
In a summer way, around man
Stood on ground I'm trying
I'm trying
To find you
To find you I'm living, I'm giving
To find you, to find you
I'm living, I'm living
I'm trying, I'm giving

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