

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 shoreThe pebble that stood alone
And driftwood lies half buried
Warm shallow waters sweep shells

So the cockles shineA bare winding carcass, stark
Shimmers as flies scoop up meat

An empty way, dry tearsCrisp flax squeaks tall reeds
Make a circle of gray

In a summer way, around man
Stood on groundI'm trying
I'm trying
To find you

To find youI'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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