

Cybele's Reverie

Stereolab

But silence means nothing, or it's just for the rhyme. Childhood is very nice
Childhood brings magic What to do when one has done everything?
Read everything, drunk everything, eaten everything?
Given everything in truth and in detail,
When one has cried on all the rooftops,
Wept and laughed in the towns and in the country? Childhood is the most real
The garden of new visions The house, the house, of other times
The house, the house that we have left And the silence
That penetrates me

Songwriters

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