

# Two Monkeys

## Nosound

When I was young I believed  
there were two monkeys here  
Living in the trees between my house and the sea  
Someone told me once that was their home  
But that their life was sad, because they were alone  
No matter how high they were climbing up the trees  
I observed them several times from my house here  
They were never at the same place  
for their eyes to meet  
As if they'd lost the will to speak and hear  
Their eyes always looking far toward the sea  
Their mouths closed in fear of what they could see  
Their wishes to meet disappearing with years  
Someone says they just lived in fear  
Someone told me my house is not there anymore  
And the trees are now season tourist shops  
I still think about the monkeys and their trees  
I tried since then not to look far toward the sea  
And so I missed my last change to look around  
And all I'm left with is the memory of the sound  
Of the sea and their voice in the mute summer sights  
Dreaming of going up high enough,  
maybe on a kite  
No matter how high they were climbing up the trees  
I observed them several times from my house here  
They were never at the same place  
for their eyes to meet  
And then they lost the will to speak and hear  
Their eyes always looking far toward the sea  
Their mouths closed in fear  
of what they couldn't see  
The memory of them disappearing with years  
Someone says they still meet every night at the pier

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