Home

Sean Lennon

The broken glass that fades
The past is a parade of countless days
Painting patterns in the sandMy motorcycle brain
Remains to be explained
It's like a summer rain
Pictures passing through a field
Blowing into the horizonWatching the shadows on the wall
Tell me can you see my thoughts?
Watching the shadows on the wall
Have you seen it all before?I need a friendly hand
Someone who'll understand me by the river bed
When there's nothing to be said anyways
It's all inside your head you know it.

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