Lebanese Blonde

KÃ©rastase

Too low to find my way
Too high to wonder why
I've touched this place before
Somewhere in another timeNow I can hear the sun
The clouds drifting through the blinds
A half a million thoughts
Are flowing through my mindA satellite recalled your voice
Sent me round the world again
All the night you dreamt away
Sent me round my heart againOne touch upon my lips
And all my thoughts are clear
I feel your smoky mist
Up to the stratosphereToo low to find my way
Too high to wonder why
I've touched this place before
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