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.Watching the shadows on the wall
Tell me can you see my thoughts?
Watching these shadows on the wall
Have you seen it all before?

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