

Tocotronic, Beyond The Canal

The paths we go along
Are empty now
That is unmistakable

You can turn it all around
All you want
So I thought as I threw something on the grill
Time stood still

Beyond the canal
Was the wide blue sky
An intricate sound
Like a bicycle bell
Sounded in the distance
In the humid air
I stood alone in my garden
Everything looked frozen
Waiting for the last summer days of this year
And to me it was anything but strange