

Standing so tall / The ground behind
No trespassers / On every floor
A garden swing / And another door
She makes it clear / That everything is hers

A place of abode
Not far from here
Ms. Van de Veer

All that belongs to / No-one sees
Curtains that waver / When evening falls
Inclosed by fences / Smothered by wood
Who stands behind / The shadows of the trees

A place of abode
Not far from here
Ms. Van de Veer

Standing so tall / But no-one sees
No trespassers / When evening falls
A garden swing / Smothered by wood
She makes it clear / The shadows of the trees