

## Greenest Grass

Room Eleven

My shoe lace is tied to yours  
Connects me to your endless shore  
Sea of me drinks your land  
My heart beats your rhythm  
I am in your hand  
Counting your moles  
No need to look for goals  
As my destination is you  
And reading your life review

I remember running around in the greenest grass  
Chasing each other laughing in a late summer light  
With every step I had the feeling that life had just  
begun

The palace with the white walls  
With the shades of daylight  
Where I was a burglar of my own happiness  
Where I felt like an oversized partydress

Oh you know that raising my voice  
Wouldnt be my choice  
My words won't beat you up, no  
They'll only describe the whipped cream on top