

Minutes

SONOIO

Come in. Make yourself at home.
Sit down. Let me grab your coat.
Can I offer you something
To drink? Maybe just a glass
Of this liberating thought
That's been living here with me.
Slow down. Maybe just a sip.
Does it taste? Does it feel?

For a minute,
For a moment,
You will know that
Every moment
Every minute
Counts
And the soul is surely going to waste.
Doesn't really matter
In the end anyway
For a minute,
For a moment.
You know,
Every moment
Every minute
Represents all this story we conversate
Doesn't really matter
Cause we can't anyway

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