

Set in motion my imagination's miles  
A million lights expose those magic cities on the Nile and my  
Young trials lead me sailing down this stream  
Of hidden songs and steam and my  
- Piano it floats and echoes  
A moonbeam through the kite she sent  
Read 'Is your wooden boat in sight?'  
And while I replied 'it's not'  
It was in fact not far from right outside  
I would surprise her wake her up and rise her  
Go swimming in the night's horizon then dry her  
Offer the familiar passage of my outstretched hand

'Say when you staying home' she said  
'Why not come on my boat instead?'  
'Cos I'm tired of all your currents and your tides  
Your moods creating whirlpools  
And you're in love with the ride and I  
Want - some - peace and quiet!'

So we fought a while caught our breath a while  
I told her how the purple flowers glow along the river side  
She told me all she wanted was me home with some time  
I showed her how the sky was only water inclined  
I told her about the huts the kind of music we played  
She reminded me that 'Flashes past a house is well made'  
I told her about the spot where all the oceans collide  
She said that 'You could have that with me every night' and so  
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'So when you coming home' she said  
'Why not come on my boat instead?'  
'Cos I'm tired of all your currents and your tides  
Your moods creating whirlpools  
And you're in love with the ride and I