

# Plastic, Long Way Home

Somewhere, follow the road,  
Dead leaves falling down,  
One fine day the season of gold  
The longing's begun

Why your eyes full of the dark as the sea in the storm  
Make the sunrise seem bathing in blue?  
Why the pretty sad songs join us when we start a long way home?

On the bridge, in shape of worn stones, any place and any time,  
(Maybe right now)  
By the rain, by the trite poems,  
Don't you think about return?  
(Maybe next time)

Why your eyes full of the dark as the sea in the storm  
Make the sunrise seem bathing in blue?  
Why the pretty sad songs join us when we start a long way home?