

Written in Lisbon, thinking back on a beautiful summer while the autumn rain is making everyone cold and miserable.

River and rain one

It's raining in Lisbon
Making the cobble stones shiver
Drops not falling down
But dripping up from the river

Water and air become one
Cold floating with the tide
Walking through the cleansed streets
Deep thoughts, a slow stride

It's hard to laugh, it's hard to dance
It's hard to leave stories untold
It's hard to take my
clothes off in this cold

I'm swimming through the streets
Looking for a place to take some air
I smell you here, my love
The memory of your loving care

I swim past the warm memories of summer
When people presented a firm mind
Blowing crisp notes and blue kisses
Floating on a dance down the night

Now I rest in the water
Of the Tejo, here with me on land
And listen to its wisdom
For me to me understand

Its water I recognized as sadness
As it lacks happiness's warmth
But it just cools the heat of my heart
To allow reflection, it wishes no harm

I'm digging myself a large comfortable hole
With pine needles from my camping grounds and Rome
Hang up my hammock of Santiago
And spread out my travel relics in my new home

Here I'll be resting
Listening to my body and soul
Returning to my birth
To come out once again whole

