

## ***Thought-filled Head***

**Music & Lyrics by Mike Bass**



I **got** up and **walked** along the **shore** of Lake Biwa  
from my **apartment** to Zeze station **early yesterday** morning.  
**Soon** I **saw** the most beautiful **view** of the **city** embedded in mountains,  
**like** a picture, so clear I could grasp it if I **just** reached **out** enough.  
Finally, I **finished** daydreaming,  
and **went** to stand **in front of** an old **tree**,  
it **had** been weathered **through** the years, but its leaves were green.  
I **sat** down and breathed in **slowly**, and felt completely **happy**.  
I felt **away** from the **daily** busy routine, nothing **between** me and my life.  
If **people** only knew to take the time, to **wait** for the **Earth**,  
to **stop** for a moment, to screen the phone call, to feel the **love**...  
**Did** I give enough?

I **came back** after it began **raining** on my thought-filled head,  
the **food** I did not **finish** eating **last night** on the table where it had been.  
Then I thought to **call** you, my **dear**, and dialed up your phone **number**,  
"**How are you doing?**" I asked. Yes, I did what I had wanted **at last**.  
If people only knew to take the time, to **look around** for what we want to find,  
to stop for a **moment**, to know what bridge to cross, to step out of **line**...  
There's **a lot of** time,  
but what is time?

**One day** we'll **run after** love,  
clear our way through these **forest** shrubs...