

One little buoy

Music & Words by Claas Fischer

1.

A prince from the desert crosses the sea.
He returns from a journey into the land of his dreams;
One of his biggest as it seems.
Look, he carries a crown that shines and beams!
- But where ever he goes nobody can see.

2.

The dream is over he knows and just follows the stream.
In a world of wrapping he can't find no place
To open his heart, to share his core,
To give his gift and lead his ship to the shore.
He's lost his love, he's lost his soul,
Without a dream there is no goal
Anymore.
And he runs aground within a maze of stoney schemes.

3.

The prince in the maze
Wanders through the haze
Oh, he was brave and kind,
Now becomes lonely and blind.

But look, there's a crack in the wall!
And listen, don't you hear the call?
And smell, in the crack there grows a flower!
And feel, can you sense that power?

Chorus:

One little buoy is marking his way.
One inner voice keeps barking when he turns away.
One steering star is sparkling when he goes astray.
A little flower needs water anyway.

4.

These tiny petals pale as snow
Have the power to burst his tower at a single blow!
At once, someone's knocking on the door
He'd passed many times but never seen before.
He opens ill at ease to see a woman in tears.
She says: help me please, I'm all alone!
Behind his smile he is fighting his fears,
Not knowing she's a princess who fell off her throne.

5.

Her garment is grey and torn,
A scarf against the cold
Covers her hair but cannot withhold
A streak of gold.

And by some herald in her eyes he is told
Magic is involved and willing to be born.
It's all right, he says, you must not mourn.
But I gave all, there's nothing left for you.
He does not dare to dream anew.
But she says: hey, your halo looks dim today!
And she takes his hand and leads him away.

Chorus:

One little bouy is marking their way.
One inner voice keeps barking when they turn away.
One steering star is sparkling when they go astray.
One little flower brings joy anyway.

6.

The flower starts growing, it knows what's begun
As it watches them running toward the sun.
The air becomes light and as they float along,
With hands held tight they start singing a song.
Bodies become music, hearts give the beat.
That night, the sky's their blanket and the clouds make their sheet.