

Journey to India

(Helmut Huber)

Sometimes you remembered India
Where you'd lived as a child, maybe ten years ago
But these weren't only daydreams
And it was more than to be absentminded, you know

And a bit later you had these aches
This certain dull pressure, that was in your head
But when you had these dreams about India
You were so relaxed, you smiled and you seemed to be glad

Nothing could cure her, nothing could ease her pain
Nothing could make her glad
But this kind of a journey without a return
It was the best time that she had
This kind of a journey without a return
Was the best time that she had

And these dreams she lived in India
Increased and got longer from day to day
And when she was awake again
She felt these pains and she wished to drift away

Nothing could cure her, nothing could ease her pain
Nothing could made her glad
But this kind of a journey without a return
It was the best time that she had
This kind of a journey without a return
Was the best time that she had

And someday you fell asleep peacefully
An endless dream stopped your pain
You're at the end of your journey and I think
Now you're at home, you're in India again

Nothing could cure you, nothing could ease her pain
Nothing could made her glad
But this kind of a journey without a return
It was the best time that she had
This kind of a journey without a return
Was the best time that she had

(For Bhagawhandi P. , who died of a cerebral tumour. Her „dreams“ where caused by a certain kind epilepsy of the temple lobe of the brain)