

Christian Kjellvander - Slow Walk In The Country

We'll take a slow walk in the country

Anywhere will do

Just as long as we're out of the city

Where the forrest turns to field

Over hills about a mile

There's a church, there's a room, there's a pastor

Who tried to map the wild

I got my mind on flourescent beech trees

Keep one eye on the bulls, the colts, the ponies

Wish I could hold time and play it in slow motion

My doubting heart just flickers on...

But sometimes I've got devotion

There's a rhyme for every season

Questioning is a tool and not a reason

I got my mind on flourescent beech trees

Keep one eye on the bulls, the fox, the ponies

Wish I could hold time and play it in slow motion

My doubting heart just flickers on...

But sometimes I've got devotion

I got my mind on flourescent beech trees

Keep one eye on the feisty little ponies

Wish I could hold time and play it in slow motion

My doubting heart just flickers on...

But sometimes I've got devotion

There ain't nothing as pretty as a lonely poppy in an overcrowded field

My body ain't what it used to be but my head is what it is