



IMPOSSIBLE TREES

Watching candles against the sky
Circles of light
The haze of night
There's close laughter
The sound of voices
Was one of them yours?

Beyond the hills, the dark hills
Are other people
They're a mystery
And I'm falling
Staring upward
For shooting stars
Was one of them yours?

She's a whirlwind
Beautiful whirlwind
And Lisbon is full

She's a whirlwind
Beautiful whirlwind
And Lisbon is full
Of impossible trees.

Who's that knocking at my door?
Under a full moon what was happening?
There were voices under my window
Was one of them yours?

She's a girl with a camera
Suddenly free and freedom suits her
Travels the world looking for magic
But the magic is hers.

Looking for magic...

She's a girl with a camera
Suddenly free and freedom suits her
Travels the world looking for magic
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under that knocking at my door - under a full moon - when man has
These were voices - under my window - was one of them years
She's a girl with a camera - suddenly free and freedom seeker
Travels the world looking for magic but the magic is here

She's a whirlwind beautiful whirlwind and Lisbon is full of

1. Impossible Trees 3:57
2. Impossible Trees (Instrumental) 3:57

Written, arranged, performed and produced by Tobias Zaldua
Piano recording engineered by Zach Zaldua.
Vocals recorded at The Premises London by Curtis Elvidge.
The line "Lisbon is full of impossible trees" courtesy of Emma Gahan.

Mixed by Andy McKim.

Design T. Zaldua.
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