
The Hungerland Band

My PUCH motorcycle got stolen
at the concert of The Hungerland Band.

For good reason since
I had bought it with the money
I had stolen by putting a piece of paper
in the exchange drop of the telephone box
in front of our house.

So I had to walk all the way home
in the middle of the night.

But I walked with my head filled
with the sound of the band's Hammond organ,
like the sound of a church filled
with heavenly music.

And through all the walks and love
of my life, that has never changed.