

Tai-Phong

"When It's The Season"

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(Jean-Jacques Goldman)

Faster! Drive it faster! Speed up if you can
Look at the time you lose when everything is a question
of time.

Louder! Speakers louder! Music in my blood!
If you can't follow me, loser, sorry! I don't wait!
Faster! Ladies faster! Shorten if you can
Look the time you lose and love's just a question of
fact.

One glass and another, hot steam in my blood!
Rather burn my life than give it up to dust.

Sixty years old, it's not old, specially in my case.
Remember how I was envied yesterday
But there's a girl who laughs, staring my jeans.
She's much too young to know me but if she had the
time.

I could have told her how loved I was when I, but she
just goes by.

It's cold tonight for the season, it's cold tonight.

I'd like to have someone here just someone to talk with.
She wanted a child but I didn't, she left.
How could I have foreseen? Where are they now?

Sometimes frightened, I listened pass the seconds of
an hour

Was it a reason to waste them? Was it a reason to
despise?

It's cold tonight, it's cold tonight, so cold well, it's the
season.

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