

Bandana

"Blinded"

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Well I'm sitting alone
With my guitar slidly out of tune
And it's a lovely night in June.
And I try to write a song
With a happy slomo melody
Like I have tried so many times before
But I can't really tell you, what is wrong
But all that comes out is another sad song
Maybe it's because I slept too long
And nobody called me on the phone.
Maybe I should hit town, have some fun
To smalltalking drink to the morning sun
Maybe I should buy a brandnew dress
Or learn up a usefull game like chess.
No I can't really tell you,
What is wrong
But all that comes out is another sad song
Maybe it's because I slept too long
And nobody called me at the phone
Maybe I should hit town have some fun
To smalltalking drink to the morning sun
Maybe I should buy a brandnew dress
Or learn up a usefull game like chess.
Another lonely night, turns to day
With another hair of mine, turning grey
No I can't really tell you
Just what is wrong, my dear,
But still what comes out is
Another sad song.

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