

Bis

"Adieu Sweet Bahnhof"

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I have been waiting for hours in this train
And I'm riding through Brussels in the rain
Back to Paris more or less confused
By the shadows of tractors on the land
By the changes in my life I pretend
There's a new life waiting there for me
I asked myself what sort of books I'd read
In a train if I ever felt the need
I bought "My life with Picasso"
I think of so many things I like to do
I will go to the Centre Pompidou
There's a still-life part of my life too
Adieu, adieu sweet bahnhof

My train of thoughts is leaving tonight
Now like an arrow we're aimed at Gare du Nord
Between backs of the houses streets like fjords
And the night falls over Paris
So I've come back to the Hotel d'Angleterre
I lay down on a double bed and stare
At the ceiling what a feeling (to be back)
Adieu, adieu sweet bahnhof
My train of thoughts is leaving
Tonight

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