Faithfull Marianne "Comrade"

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Little months little smokes and oblivion in a wool dress in a door opens tenderly near a wall where the wind is born near the jolly garden where saints and angels are afraid of the seasons the alleys have no names they are the hours or the years I stroll leisurely dressed in a cement overcoat and a hat of black straw I don't remember if it's nice out I walk smoking and I smoke walking easily every once in a while I tell myself it's time to stop and I continue walking I tell myself I have to get some air I have to look at the clouds and breathe in a lung full I have to see the flies fly and take a little exercise I shouldn't smoke so much I tell myself also calculate I tell myself again I have a headache my life is a drop of water on my eyelid and I'm no longer twenty continue the songs are songs and the days days I no longer have one shred of respect for myself but I see no hoodlums

who smoke the same cigarettes as me and who are just as stupid as me I'm pretty content without really knowing why it doesn't suffice to speak of the sun the stars the sea and rivers blood eyes hands it is necessary quite often to speak of other things we know that there are very beautiful countries with very handsome men with no less charming women, but all that isn't really sufficient but dizzying void which rings and bays makes the head bow we look and we see again many other things which are always the same innumerable identical and over there simply someone goes by simple as hello and everything starts all over once again I read in the stars the good will of my friends in a river I love one hand I listen the flowers sing there are the goodbyes of birds a cry falls like a fruit my God my God I will be accordingly always the same my head in my hands

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and my hands in my head

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