

Marit Bergman

"Julia"

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The clock says 3 A.M. I'm looking
Through the window listen to the wind
Blow
Left just like that again well what the
Hell do I know maybe this is my fault

I worry to much you are somewhere
Celebrating like to keep me waiting
I was stupid too and I'm tired and I'm
Jaded tired of debating
Please come back I miss you much

Oh, Julia
I wish that we could work it out
It's late you should be home by now
I've finally come to realize
You're someone I can't live without
I promise I won't scream or shout
If you could just come home right
Now
I wish that you were here sweet Julia

We're always smashing doors we're
Always throwing china it's a state of
Mind and
I wish that we could see what we
Mean to each other you know that I'd
Rather
Drop dead let you live instead
Oh Julia...

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