

Mathilde Santing

"Sweet Nothings"

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We never say much
Am I afraid to uncover
What was buried long ago
The distance
The sadness
Then suddenly you're close again

You don't have to sign
No questions asked
I've had enough of that
It's a game I hate to play
The darkness
The silence
Then suddenly a siren's voice

Young love is bitter love
Of that I'm sure
But this time it's sweet nothings
I offer you

You don't have to sign
And there'll be no questions asked
Is it so hard to choose
Between sweet nothings
Sweet sweet nothings
And the blues

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