

Mathilde Santing

"Tempted"

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I bought a toothbrush, some toothpaste
A flannel for my face
Pyjamas, a hairbrush
New shoes and a case
I said to my reflection
'Let's get out of this place'
Passed the church and the steeple
The laundry on the hill
The billboards and the buildings
The memories of it still
Keep calling and calling
But forget it all I know I will

Tempted by the fruit of another
Tempted but the truth is discovered
What's been going on
Since you have gone
There's no other
Tempted by the fruit of another
Tempted but the truth is discovered

I'm at the carpark, the airport
The baggage carousel
The people keep on prying
And wishing I was well
I said it's no occasion
It's no story I can tell
At my bedside empty pockets
A foot without a sock
Your body gets much closer
I fumble for the clock
Alarmed by the seduction
Oh I wish that it would stop

I bought a novel, some perfume
A fortune all for you
But it's not my conscience
That hates to be untrue
I ask my reflection
Tell me what is there to do

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