

Nuborn "Olympic"

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He woke up late at night
To a nightingalish song
Sounding from his neighbor's site
He has always slept alone

Cloaked in darkness he gets up
From the pitcher to the mug
The remains trench hot but thin
No taste was left for him

What a day to be denied
What a noon for being tall
Heavy clouds dim the light
But the sun it shines for all

What a day to have the start
What a day to watch them win
For the most important thing
Is to have taken part

Tell me, what shall he do
He's again right after you
Like a shadow clothed in gray. don't you
Think he's loosing the day?
But he's not, he's ok

And the audience has gone
With the hero of the game
The forgotten is left alone
To consider whom to blame

It's not easy to sustain
Disappointment, rage and shame
But the last shall be the first
If he hasn't died on thirst

And the thoughts inside his brain
They've never been the same
Of this wealth he's not aware
Everyone's a millionaire

What a day to lose a fight

And that fight was really hard
He deserves to rest all night
For he has taken part

Tell me, what shall he do?
He's again right after you
Like a shadow out of sight. don't you
Think he's loosing the night?
But he's not, he's all right

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