

Rebecka Törnqvist

"Madrid"

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(Törnqvist)

This starry bright night when I'm doing my usual stroll
I guess all I'll get from this childish game is a cold
But your window's still lit up, I'll wait here and see
if I might catch a glimpse of that shadow that keeps
haunting me

The moon's big and bright and he's quietly watching
the scene

of the girl with her heart in her hands and he knows
what it means:

That it's springtime again, and the foolish are thriving
this is no time for reason, and probably no time for love
Give me no answer, give me no truth

Just give that the light won't go out

And I'll be quite content, and indulge in the scent
from the lilacs, who kindly are telling me not to despair
solo

Give me no answer...

This starry bright night when I realize it's time to go
home...

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