

Zuco 103 "Madrugad"

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Nothing's left of the early morning that arrived
Bringing you with it
Neither the sound nor the light
Of the water that wet your hair
All that's left is my river dripping into a void
The lovesickness when it was over
No longer says anything to me or you
Of the kiss that was waiting in my mouth
All that's left is a cynical laugh in the void
And without moving from where you sit you've gone
away
Nothing else is left besides a dream
Nothing's left the early morning that fled taking you
with it
Neither a sound nor the light

Off it went... off it went...

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