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Myslovitz "Postcard From An Airport"

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Rain in New York now Laugh in London town Fuck it all, fuck it all, fuck it all When you are gone

Yeah, I brought no shots Of those beauty spots And whenever I roam I feel I must go home Fuck it all, fuck it all, fuck it all When you are gone I feel like I'm asleep, I'm lost a bit Disolved in mist

Yeah, I have no more fun When I'm in this strange state of mind State of mind

See, I've recall that here am I Sitting all alone, all alone You're all gone

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