

## Life In Film "Carla"

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Carla, you don't say much  
About all of the pain that you feel  
Ships start, arrive late in the night-time,  
filled with all of the friends that you say that you've  
known

And on the evening of the war,  
It was not important any more  
Carla in your night as day  
Nothing changes anyway  
And I know what you would say

I'm sorry that I'm running from,  
Something that I used to love,  
When I was with you  
Call my name out of a page,  
Climb aboard another train  
Every time you do  
Well I don't know where I have been  
I don't know where I would like to be going to  
Keep your eye on the light and it would see you through

I live, in the city  
And I can't find my way out

And on the evening of the war,  
It was not important any more  
Carla in your night as day  
Nothing changes anyway  
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