

Ian Kelly**"Triste"**

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I came here, we're over
I smiled and acted happy as I wondered
You seemed glad, I changed color
Where were you forever
You've always said never
I love you
Je n'y peux rien si tu es triste
Je ne peux acheter la joie
Mais ne sois pas si pessimiste
Ne sois pas comme moi
I feel lost, I'm tired
You wanted to breathe but I came here to squeeze you
I'm sour
A circle, the same friends
It's getting normal but still a bit awkward, it depends
It's an old show where everyone is laying low and you
hold your breath and
A cigarette, a cigarette and a Stinger shot and the
rattle and shine of your bracelets
A light touch, an old flame
Don't talk much, we're the same.

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