

Fatima Spar und die Freedom Fries

"W"

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i worked in a small cafe
serving shisha and tea
there i liked everybody
and everyone liked me

one day after a long long night
i came late to work
what i found instead of my loved one
i can't describe with words

hours i spent crying
lord why must this be
while my tears were drying
i went to the sea

i jump into the ocean
swim past italy
and close to marocco
a whale fish waits for me

we fill the air with laughter
as we cross the sea
and when we meet sailors
they do wave at me

as i reach the continent
i kiss my friend goodbye
i must admit i am impressed
by the buildings that meet my eyes

my journey it goes way north
straight to washington d.c.
there the first door i do knock
is the pentagon.

Submitter's comments:Â

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