

Slut

"Postcard nr. 17"

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Some ordinary swimming suit
And an extra one for you and me
Some helpless lines night by night
And a postcard nr.17
Some say whatever waiting for
It's the one that wasn't meant for me
Sometimes as well as sometimes not
But at least I'm sure
This couldn't be the same
Some salty pages nicky-named
With a post-script telling not to cry
Some cheering girls tricky-blamed
And a choir spelling slowly
Say goodbye

Dressing up to go
My jacket for the show 17 below
Oh
I hope you'll never know

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