

Von: Evita

"Another suitcase in another hall"

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I don't expect my love affairs to last for long, never fool myself that my dreams will come true. Being used to trouble I anticipate it... But all the same- I hate it. Wouldn't you?

Ref.: So what happens now? (another suitcase in another hall) What happens now? (Take your pictures from another wall) Where am I going to? Where am I going to?

Time and time again I've said that I don't care, that I'm immune to gloom, that I'm hard through and through. But everytime, it mattes, all my words desert me, so anyone can hurt me... and they do!

Ref.: So what happens now? (another suitcase in another hall) What happens now? (Take your pictures from another wall) Where am I going to? Where am I going to?

Call in three months time and I'll be fine, I know. Well, maybe not that fine, but I'll survive anyhow. I won't recall the names and places of each sad occasion, but that's no consolation here and now.

Ref.: So what happens now? (another suitcase in another hall) What happens now? (Take your pictures from another wall) Where am I going to? Where am I going to? (Don't ask anymore!)

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