

Edith Backlund

"Close Behind"

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Trough Paris, untouched yet by summer,
we ran from the rain
Two lucky sparrows intrigued by
adventurous flame
Trough cities and seasons and all kinds
of weather we stand
Together still, my friend

So come love and illusion, come fear
of conclusion, we'll conquer them all
When everything fails, falls and bends,
or unsuitably breaks
Trough major and minor problems
and mere inconvenience
We walk hand in hand, my friend

If ever you sink I'm close behind
And if you should fall
I'll cover the ground beneath you
If you lose touch, just tell me when
cause I'll come running wherever I am

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