

Dewdrop

Gustaf Spetz

Dry change on a rainy day
The little things you used to say
The pop of a cork and a fountain pen
Reminders of what we had then
A glance and I missed my stop
Early morning, sunbeam, dewdrop
Called in sick and didn't even pretend
I've got a wound words cannot mend
You'd better take me back if you care
You'd better take me back if you care
And as things got worse
Kept thinking of fractions and nouns
It sort of went on from there
You kept making deafening sounds

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