

Sunday

Jarle Bernhoft

This tiny flat is too big without her
I've got no life in here when she's not around anymore
It's Sunday evening and the rain is pouring
I talk to the streets but they tell me nothing tonight
Tonight
She just had to leave
And she could not tell me why
Something 'bout a place she had to go on her own
She just had to leave
And I'm no one to tell her how
To live her life with ghosts I don't believe in
Oh I'm worried sick, can't even think of sleepin'
I gotta head out to find where she's hidin'
She could be anywhere, this whole city's her home
I pray this town loves her just as much as I do
Oh, and then a fear hits me, she might be all alone
in the cold or even worse; being with someone she don't know
Tonight
She just had to leave
And she could not tell me why
Something 'bout a place she had to go on her own
To live her live with ghosts I don't believe in
And if I find her I don't even know what I'll see
She's never let me in on that
Her very self's so connected with the places she's in
It changes so much with time and space
She just had to leave
And she could not tell me why
Something 'bout the place she had to go on her own
She just had to leave
And there's no one to tell her how
To stand up straight to the things that are wrong
In a right way 'cause they are breakin' her down
Hope she's ok
Dance with coincidence, ignore that she's on
Smile, and let her go
You got to stand up straight
Pray for her later, let's hope she's ok
Dance with coincidence, ignore that she's on

Smile, and let her go
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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