

No One There

Martha and The Vandellas

The axe, the bottle, and the rope
The feeling there really is no more hope
The thought of the great unknown
And facing it alone
The dark, the silent, and the cold
The feeling I have come to the end of my road
Yes these are the things I spend my remaining moments with
When the wind blows through my heart
Shivers me one last time
As I now reach out in the dark
No one there
Why did it have to be so hard
For us to live our lives
Again I reach out in the dark in despair
The desperation and the snow
The feeling of finally coming back home
The melancholy and the hole in the soil so hard and cold
When the wind blows through my heart
Shivers me one last time
As I now reach out in the dark
No one there
Your love for me, my love for you
Things we somehow managed to lose
Now there's only the ruthless wind
To blow right through
If freezes my heart, my desperate heart
To think we both will die alone
When the wind blows through my heart
Shivers me one last time
As I now reach out in the dark
No one there

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