Matte Kudasai

Roberto Gatto

Still, by the window pane
Pain, like the rain that's falling
She waits in the air, Matte Kudasai
She sleeps in a chair, in her sad AmericaWhen, when was the night so long
Long, like the notes I'm sending
She waits in the air, Matte Kudasai
She sleeps in a chair, in her sad America

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