

Waited Love

You were sitting on a Sunday afternoon on a worn out ebony chair
In a dusty room covered by ghosts of past
Playing your piano, with shadowy fingers dancing across the keys
We were always front row dreamers, distanced from reality
You dreamed of me, I dreamt of you,
But we never had that moment that could last.

I always wondered what became of you,
Now that I'm far away and speaking in an alien tongue.
I still remember that behind your vary blue eyes, there was a notion,
A notion of you and me, together, looking for things to come,
Yet the roses will never grow for us
The pictures won't have our names engraved
And the streets will never get to know our story.

Sometimes I still think of you and I can hardly breathe
The rainy days on the tram, the lazy weeks in the bars
The Friday nights drifting to sleep with your strawberry taste.
Oh, how you loved listening to my heartbeat
Your gentle raven black hair softly touching my pale hands
I do miss your lovely smile, your keen wit
And seeing the world through your memorable eyes.

With the last Autumn leaves our memories will fade to grey,
But the wind will persist to whisper me your name again
On the streets I might search for you, for a glance, only in vain
As you left quietly like the last summer rain.
We were lovers only for one Spring, not long ago,
But it seems now so distant so out of place.

The roses will never grow for us
And the streets will never follow us
While the first dawn breaks, a picture of you remains
And softly I'm looking back, thinking of you
And keep on dreaming, dreaming of me and you?