

Ballad In Paris

Alvik

I'm sitting in the station and I'm waiting for the last train to call
and I can't stand it anymore cuz I've been waiting here so long
check the clock again
it seems the hands don't spin...

Little boy's shaking in the corner and he's clapping his hands
to the beat
In the luminescent shine of the fresh waxed floor
he can see his little tapping feet
And maybe for a coin or two he'll sing your favorite song for you
With the soul of a man and a little tin pan
he sings the only lullabye he can

and it goes
Lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu
bye bye...

Woke up this morning half an hour late with my
pants tucked into my shoes
I tried so hard to make an impression
But my gut was angry from the frustration of an unsuccessful breakfast
and all my bones tried to fill in the rest

Little glitter falling from the fingers of the boy in the shadows.
He spins around the tracks and the travelers.
Like some ancient doll spinning tales and stories
With the soul of a man and a little tin pan he sings the only lullabye he can

Little boy is dangling from the bars of the loftbed again
He's got my neck entangled in his skinny legs and spinning...