

The Old Man

Metal Law

There is an old man lonely
on the bench every day
The dogs only growl low and
seldom anybody turns around to him

His glances are empty and unconcerned
His old jacket is patched
His wife is not here anymore
He didn't understand anything
He only said: "It isn't true"

The rain pelts on his face
The old man doesn't move
Many people are passing by
He thinks: "It's better to die"

A little girl comes running
Sits down beside the old man and laughs
Her mother angrily pulls her away
The old man doesn't say any word
He thinks: "It isn't true"

Die, die, die - it's better to die, lonely
Die, die, die - it's better to die, lonely

Next day he is no longer
Sitting on the old bench
His seat was left empty
Nobody minds at all

Die, die, die - it's better to die, lonely
Die, die, die - it's better to die, lonely
Die, die, die - it's better to die, lonely
Die, die, die - it's better to die, lonely