

Too Late

Pati Yang

I miss you
every single minute
now i don't know if i say it
just because i'm stoned
or that's a fucking nonsense
as if i would be talking to one of my
inner voices
i feel too empty to create
a regular love letter
or maybe it's too late for this
still the pain last
and ain't getting better
and now i know
it's gonna just take some time
to let you go off my mind

pink butterfly
lost her fingertips
would you help her searching
we live only three days
and i am just about to loose my wings
help...

still your lick, your touch, your breath, your sight
makes me trembling
and suddenly i've realized
that it's been too adicting
and i should be going
once my tears would get dry
now a slow, slow song
the time and life around
so i won't keep in hanging in one point
like a lost coin

your eyes follow me
your shade spies me
i won't let you make love to me
ever again
'cause it hurts too much
and looking deeply into your eyes
i cruelly say
that i would rather be a butterfly
than one who lets your hand
touch one's neck