

Feeling Neglected

Rainer Maria

Five days a week
i go to sleep at dawn,
and feel alone although you're warm.
oh what way did i take to come to this place?

Halfway home
and ready to drag it out
because this slowing down
suits me.

Five days a week,
i drive you home from work
and see the way
your face is marked with fatigue.
fatigue suits me.

And i'm feeling neglected anyway.
it's the reason i'm leaving you.