

Hold Me

Silke Bischoff

A lot of trouble the hole nigt through, a lot of tears for me and you.

We fight like mad dogs.

You throw glasses at the wall,

I say words I shouldn't say and you run away.

A few days later you're on the phone,

you spend the nights with a friend of mine

and you're yearning for me.

"It's too late, you've made your choice",

I say with tears in my eyes.

" So don't call me again."

Hold me.

When I'm coming home at night, an ambulance is in the street.

I'm going up the stairs.

The door is open, you're on the floor.

A man is coming out to me, saying:

"Too late, she took an overdose."

I run to you, I kiss your face,

look into your broken eyes

and you wisper in my ear:

"Hold me."

And you died in my arms.