

Last Thing

Ephemera

The last thing i would do
Always comes first to you
Joy is a life of compromises
Sometimes hard to say
Sometimes, like today
Truth is the daddy of surprises
Oh yes im doing fine
Didn't i tell you ive surely had a better time
Your eyes still melt me down
Like a daffodil
Trampled on
Is it quite okay
To turn the other way
To avoid hi-bye-conversations
I can't deny that i
Sometimes tell a lie
To avoid awkward situations
When autumn comes in july
Leaving me sleeping
Without goodbye