

Falling

Rebeka

I thought I knew you
because I've read so many books
even T. Mann's 'Buddenbrooks'
you gave me that thrilling look
I'm scared that
usually I'm kind of blue
and you're only twenty two
you need to know about me too
when I feel so alive
and I know that I'm fine
something's falling apart
but I hope you'll be mine
I'll keep singing my life
we will get through this part
I tried to hold back
walking through my city streets
thinking about a cheeky, sweet
girl that I have just kissed
I know that
I should never be alone
my tenderness turns into snow
everything is white and flows