

In this waltz
of oblivion
and regrets

I step forwards
and I forget
all the lessons
I swore to remember

You step backwards
and you regret
learning so much
about me

Come

The third beat
is not here yet
we don't have to repeat
the same mistakes

spinning
against each other

Let us stand still
like that afternoon
in the pouring rain
when I warmed you
in my arms