

THE NUMBER

There was a bird on the floor, who had come through the open window,
the nurse threw out, though nobody told her to.
The old man was sad, 'cause he couldn't leave the bed and run away.
He was alive, but he was almost gone.
He had never known why, but now he knew, what for.
To see the sun and to hear somebody's voice
shouting out something unimportant.

Refrain:

But he was going to die, he didn't know why,
There were too many questions, he never asked.
There was nobody to care, there was nobody to share
his loneliness and fear to close the eyes.

He couldn't run, 'cause he wouldn't get too far*
He wasn't young, but there was much too much he never saw.
He couldn't run, he couldn't get up any more,
he couldn't turn away and go.

One day he'd die and then they would wipe out his number.
Nobody would cry, and there would be nobody to wonder,
Who else should fill the place, following the trace, the old man left.

*1984
(3.09)*