

BORED

I'm bored of stumbling around,
being neither lost nor being found,
no real perspective, no real ups and downs.
Still I don't know, how to change,
how to rearrange days of my life.
It seems I'm unable to.

Bridge:

I could go out for a walk
or search for someone to talk,
maybe just smoke or just drink
or sit down to think.
But I need more than just that
to please my heart and my head.
Still the question is
what is it, I miss.

I get up every day,
try to find me a way
through the masses
of peoples' lives surrounding me.
I'm bored of stumbling around,
being neither lost nor being found,
no real perspective,
no real ups and downs.

*1987
(23.12.)*