

SEASONS III– WINTER

I have to get up, early in the morning,
while outside it's freezing and inside it's cold.
when no sun is shining, just artificial light
is crashing in my eyes.
The streets all are iced up, I just can move slowly.
My feet are wet and there is cold wind in my face.
I am trembling, I am feeling ugly.
This would be a good weather for a suicide.

Bridge:

And I can't help it, I don't like this ugly season.
It makes me feel sad, it is boring, I am freezing.

Refrain:

I feel the cold, I feel the winter,
I even see it in your eyes.
And everything I try to do
just turns out wrong.
to be the wrong thing.

Wind blows hard and breath is freezing,
this season was made for gliding out.
But you have to get up again and again,
although it might be hard to do.
When in every shop-window, there is love for sale
in form of Santa Clauses and marzipan potatoes,
but outside, they're pushing, they're all in a hurry
and nobody really likes the scene.

Bridge:

And I can't help it, I don't like this ugly season.
It makes me feel sad, it is boring, I am freezing
for it's so cold, I guess, I'm finally getting old,
for nothing really gets me up again.

Refrain:

I feel the cold, I feel the winter,
I even see it in your eyes.
And everything I try to do
just turns out to be the wrong thing.

*1985
(09.12.)*