

Hoffsten Louise, When The Blue Is Gone

(L. Hoffsten)

The burning cigarette guarded
your mouth from me kissing you
With your hands in your pocket declaring
that it's all over and through
The coldness in your eyes says
I should have left long ago
When the blue is gone
When the blue is gone
I'll go to places unknown
The one thing I'll always remember
is your back I wanted to hold
I know every scare, every birthmark
the only language it spoke
All dressed up in an armoured suit
I know I'll never get through
When the blue is gone
When the blue is gone
I'll bury the memories
kiss them goodbye
and give it another try