

# Jurga, Trouble

When I was a child,  
I was singing with a bird,  
I was flying with a bee,  
round' n' round yellow and brown.

I had many questions  
like Why? When? and How?  
there were some answers surprising me till now.

One is a trouble,  
Two is a couple  
which often make troubles out of nothing.

People are creative  
that's our native:  
everybody knows rules but they foul up the game.

Two days ago  
I was ready to flow  
down the river with a blue and white freedom.

But then I saw  
the red skies in Your sad eyes  
reflecting dying flowers and borning stars I stopped.

You're asking me things  
I answer You by songs,  
sometimes it makes You mad but sometimes You smile.

I like when You're smiling,  
so one time a week  
I do something stupid like giving names to each one of Your shoes.

The red skies in Your sad eyes