

# My Little Airport, victor, fly me to stafford

This is the last song I write for you.

This is the last night I think of you.

Your name is Victor Ching, what do you do?

I phoned you this morning you couldn't hear me, I sent you letter you couldn't receive.

It's my favorite game, but I have changed.

It's too late to say I miss you Victor Ching, and you are on your way to Stafford in UK.

I know it's too late to say I'm fond of you.

You've got a girl from Singapore who you didn't like before.

I love you when you no longer love me.

I need you when you no longer need me.

You wanted me, but you have changed already.

It's too late to say I miss you Victor Ching