

Nina Nastasia, In The Evening

In the evening, nothing is a bother
Everyone is partying
Many glowing faces
And no ones mind's on leaving

When sooner
The two of us forsaking
Had long discussed the matter
And made an end in breaking

I'd moved into this house alone
My jacket like an awning
Oh, and it was hailing

But this evening, nothing here reminds me
There the coat is hanging
We're talking and we're laughing

After we darken up our home
You see my hands are trembling from an uneasy knowing

Maybe a moth can live this way
A false light always facing
And cannot turn away