

# Stina Nordenstam, Now That You're Leaving

I'm turning out the light  
Now that you're leaving  
To see things black and white  
Now that you're leaving  
To kill you in the dark  
To give my last remark  
I'll stay up tonight  
Now that you're leaving  
I'm running backwards on a train  
All is coming back to me again  
A crowd of people in my way  
And everyone has got your face  
Between what I was  
And what I will be  
I'm held back by your ghost  
And what I couldn't be