

Viktor Lazlo, Stories

Stories - VIKTOR LAZLO, 1986

I remember quite clearly now when this story happened.
The autumn leaves were floating and measured down to the ground.
Recovering the lake where we use to swim like children
On the sun would dare to shine. That time, we used to be happy
Well, I thought we were, But the truth was that
you had been longing to leave me, Not daring to tell me
On that precious night watching the lake vaguely conscious
You said: Our story was ending. Now I'm standing here
No one to wipe away my tears, No one to keep me warm
And no one to walk along with, No one to make me feel
No one to make me while, OH! What am I to do?
I'm standing here alone, It doesn't seem so clear to me
What am I supposed to do about this burning, heart of mine
OH! What am I to do? Or how should I react? OH! Tell me please!
The rain was killing the last days of Summer
You had been killing my last breath of love
Since a long time ago
I still don't think I am gonna make it through another love story
You took it all away from me
And there I stand, I knew I was gonna be the
The one left behind.
But still I'm watching the lake vaguely conscious
And I know---My life is ending.