

# Agata Karczewska, Dark Horse

She makes me place all my bets upon a dark horse in a race  
I never win  
She's buying flowers herself No one lights her cigarette  
And no one ever will  
I though I'm clever but she's slipping through my hands again and again  
They putting candles on the grave of a man that's nearly dead  
But clearly still alive  
Not sure if it's criminal to say  
She would leave him anyway  
No matter how he tried  
She thinks he's funny  
But her judgment wasn't fair to them at all  
She won't change she won't change but that's alright  
It's insane to demand from them  
From wild ones to belong to anyone  
Disappear without a trace  
She will find you anyway  
God only knows why  
She's carrying wonders on her shoulders  
She's not eager to compete in any wishful game  
Collecting trophies on the bookshelf near Shakespeare and handsome Jack  
But far away from Plath  
She claims her glory but a suicide doesn't seem so nice to me  
She won't change she won't change but that's alright  
It's insane to demand from them  
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