

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
From wild ones to belong to anyone
Disappear without a trace
She will find you anyway
God only knows why