

Ania Dąbrowska, Szestnastka

Every morning, when he awakes
Rubs eyes and already knows that the day will be the same as always
So he goes out on the street, forget, he must forget
After all nobody want call loud him, ever
And nobody's voice he want find, this what he is waiting for all his life,
But to everybody who he's passes, looks deeply into eyes and cannot read answers of impression
if everybody knows that he's lonely, lonely.
Can he ask himself
Can he ask himself
why? why?
Can he ask himself
Can he ask himself
why? why?