

# Anna Rogowska, Anyone | Przesłuchania w ciem

I tried to talk to my piano  
I tried to talk to my guitar  
talked to my imagination  
confided into alcohol  
I tried and tried and tried some more  
told secrets 'til my voice was sore  
tried of empty conversation  
cayuse no one hears me anymore

a hundred millions stories  
and a hundred million songs  
I feel stupid when I sing  
nobody's listen to me  
nobody's listen  
I talk to shooting stars  
but they always get it wrong  
I feel stupid when I pray  
so, why am I praying anyway  
if nobody's listening?

anyone, please send me anyone  
lord. is there anyone\*  
i need someone  
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I used to crave the world's attention  
I think I cried too many times  
I just need some more affection  
anything to get my by

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