Bandits, Another Sad Song

Well I'm sitting alone
with my guitar slidly out of tune
and it's a lovely night in June.
And I try to write a song
With a happy slomo melody
like I have tried so many times before
But I can't really tell you, what is wrong
but all that comes out is another sad song
maybe it's because I slept too long
and nobody called me on my phone.

Maybe I should hit town, have some fun do small-talk and drink till the morning sun maybe I should buy a brandnew dress or learn up a useful game like chess.

No I can't really tell you, what is wrong but all that comes out is another sad song maybe it's because I slept too long and nobody called me on my phone

Maybe I should hit town have some fun do small-talk and drink till the morning sun maybe I should buy a brandnew dress or learn up a useful game like chess.

Another lonely night, turns to day with another hair of mine, turning grey No I can't really tell you just what is wrong, my dear, but still what comes out is another sad song.

(Jasmin Tabatabai: "sentimentaler Scheiss!")