

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!")