

Beirut, Un Dernier Verre (Pour La Route)

Come, sit at the table under October's able skies,

Once we'd seen eye to eye,
I'd known that I'd pass you by, and I tried.

The bell's chime seven times
Completed at nine
The world moves on, I find,

No, but I,
Learned of time by your hands.

And in shallow waters, then,
I learned not to swim but to lie,
I await for none, ten or twenty to burn out
I insist on doubts,
We're already laying on the glass, the glass...