

Black, Leaving Song

Not for nothing at all,
not for nothing did I call,
reason is: you're often appalled.
Hold on now John, you never seemed cold!
I thought you were in love,
then I guess that you're not,
ah, but then the first thing you wrote
was: Hold on now John,
hold on now John,
hold on now John.
And now you don't answer when I call,
you don't answer then.
You don't answer when I call,
leave yourself alone,
leave yourself alone.
Cabbages and kings in your dreams,
these are your dreams.
Maybe they're not quite what they seem.
Hold on now John,
the blame is undone.
Wash up the air,
don't drive that car,
never learn to play the guitar,
and leave yourself alone,
leave yourself alone,
leave yourself alone,
and leave yourself alone.
You don't answer when I call,
you don't answer then.
You don't answer when I call,
leave yourself alone,
leave yourself alone.
You don't answer when I call,
you don't answer then.
You don't answer when I call,
leave yourself alone,
leave yourself alone.
Sweeping up the ashes of rock,
sweeping up the ashes of roll,
years begin to take up their toll.
Though not for some
you've never seemed cold.
You don't answer when I call,
you don't answer then.
You don't answer when I call,
hold on now John,
hold on now John.
You don't answer when I call,
you don't answer then.
You don't answer when I call,
leave yourself alone,
leave yourself alone.
--->> Enrique Morano <<---