

Edyta Bartosiewicz, Take My Soul With You

Water's dripping from the trees
I'm waiting in my car
I'm biding all my time in memories
I see a man passing by
He smokes a big cigar
Probably there's something
He needs to tell me

Oh take my soul with you
I'm going away
Take my soul with you

Oh I think I've already heard his voice
Oh I know I've seen his face someplace before
There is something going on
His face all deadly pale
And wrinkled shows some kind of fear
He seems not to be asking
But demanding

Oh take my soul with you
I'm going away
Take my soul with you

I feel he's got the saddest thing to say
The saddest thing to say
The old musician - he won't play again
The old musician - no piano playing
I feel there's something going on
I'm hearing bells all around me

Oh take my soul with you
I'm going away
Take my soul with you