

Elin Sigvardsson, A Person Called She

She tries to reach him in the morning,
But he just took off without warning.
She'd like a laid-back conversation,
Instead she's filled up with hesitation.
And it's the same part, same game,
Same procedure as every day
And she's cold, so cold.

She's alone again and she's trying to see an end.
She's dying to have a friend.
She's alone again.
She's alone again with all his hollow words.
She suffers a reverse.
She's alone again.

A weak attempt of make-believe
Is all she manages to achieve,
When she draws a breath and counts to ten,
But as she exhales it's gone again.
And she feels like a crazy fool
When she goes lalala and longs to be.
But it helps it makes her float away,
To another place where she can stay.
And it's the same part, same game,
Same procedure as every day
And she's cold, so cold.

She's alone again and she's trying to see an end.
She's dying to have a friend.
She's alone again.
She's alone again with all his hollow words.
She suffers a reverse.
She's alone again.

It's funny how all this goes by.
I blame it all on her, this person called she,
But I guess it shows, it's all about me.

I'm alone again and i'm trying to see an end.
I'm dying to have a friend.
I'm alone again.
I'm alone again with all his hollow words.
I suffer a reverse.
I'm alone again.