

Ephemera, Last Thing

the last thing i would do
always comes first to you
joy is a life of compromises
sometimes hard to say
sometimes, like today
truth is the daddy of surprises

'oh yes i'm doing fine'
didn't i tell you i've surely had a better time
your eyes still melt me down
like a daffodil
trampled on

is it quite okay
to turn the other way
to avoid hi-bye-conversations
i can't deny that i
sometimes tell a lie
to avoid awkward situations

when autumn comes in july
leaving me sleeping
without goodbye