

Frida, Sista Valsen Med Dig

(B. Andersson, B. Ulvus)

We take so much for granted, he and I
We share a life in one dimension
Our problems always seem to cloud the sky
But we don't pay them much attention
And with every day
We drift apart
I can feel it in my heart
That man is not the man I used to know
And though a part of me still needs him so
there's something wrong
And I feel my love die
Slowly, slowly
No angry words and no heart-rending scenes
And we should take it as a warning
We keep on going through the old routines
Exchanging kisses in the morning
And with every day we drift apart
And the fear is in my heart
I read the signs and I should be mature
And yet a child could not be more unsure
there's something wrong
And I feel my love die
Slowly, slowly
Our passion's just a distant memory
And in its place a dull frustration
A cold indifference where there used to be
At least a frequent irritation
But a feeling still
Of tenderness
And of pity, so I guess
I'll be the woman in his arms tonight
If he should need someone to hold him tight
He's like a child
But I feel my love die
Slowly
That man is not the man I used to know
And though a part of me still needs him so
there's something wrong
And I feel my love die
Slowly, slowly
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Rafael Nogueira - .br