

# 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  
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Rafael Nogueira - .br