

# Janove Ottesen, Francis' Lonely Nights

Francis left for the countryside  
He'd been living in the city for years  
And to him it didn't matter where  
As long as there was no one there  
And the woman that he left in tears  
is no longer his  
Then, he got himself a brand new life  
Got all he needed from the grocery store  
Knew all the names of the newspaper boys  
Thought he would never be needing more  
And there was no one,  
who could bring him home  
He was forever gone  
He had lonely days, he had lonely nights  
All he wanted was to put out his lights  
And I know he was afraid of heights  
And I know he knew, it wasn't right  
But he remembered to pack his gun  
Now the job is done  
And I am Francis' son  
his only one