

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