

# Janove Ottesen, Tickets

Yours' is over,  
and I'm not the one who caught the bouquet  
I am nowhere,  
but some might say that this is somewhere  
Showed up by coincidence,  
left no trace, no evidence at all  
Denial is my preference  
It's better if my conscience doesn't know  
Run away, and stay away for quite some time  
You'll find me walking on the other side  
I have a completely different ticket to ride  
I'm skin and bone, waiting on a train  
I travel alone  
Will we fall in love again? Time will show  
No one knows  
I'm thinking about the day,  
when I'll see you in a subway hall  
Will you recognize me,  
and will you remember anything at all  
And I know it's gonna rain that day  
I pray for stormy weather  
So I can see you wearing my favourite sweater  
And there's a seat right  
next to me, and it's still not taken  
So, come on in, let's talk about it,  
and start over again