

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