

Kleerup, 3am

3 AM,
honey whereve you been?
cell turned off I waited here
by the phone again
just like last night
Think I can
sort of understand
what your lifes like
all new friends
all the parties and
how you win them
3 AM, now its 3AM
Will not let my sadness show
how the tension grows
miss you so and
I pretend
I can feel your hands
and arms around me
trying to fall asleep again
sleep again its 3 AM
3 AM, soon the day will break
your voice so close
your lips are so far away
and our words they
fly around across the ocean and
disappearing somewhere over New Foundland
Oh I love you
3 AM, now its 3 AM
when will you be back again
and do you think we can
keep our love for ever more?
did we let it go?
Or Is it still beautiful?
Do we care at all?
Lost again at 3 AM
3 AM