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