

Madita, Ceylon

I'd like to stay
But I'm feeling very sorry for you
Life is too strange
I will not reply
Your easy flowing letter
Never ask why
You didn't catch the matter

I tint your old tie and put in your cupboard for sometime
I brew you some caj
I should not forget to drink mine
I darn your old tights
In case of some lonely cold nights
Don't show any tries
Just wanted to make myself satisfied

Maybe one day
We will talk about the weather
All rainy days passed by
Growing again
The touch of your hand above my
Heart and the kissing is tearing us apart

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