

# 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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And put in your cupboard for sometime  
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