

Nouvelle Vague, O Pamela

This a page from my diary
The fifteen day of November
This a page from my diary
What happened that day
I don't remember

But I do remember when
I wrote these words and then
And then reread them
Slowly to myself
Without emotion

And although the feelings changed
The words still sound the same
O Pamela
Tell everyone
Hang my head in shame
Take your name in vain
O Pamela
O Pamela

I have no soul
I'm as cold as December
Maybe twice as cold
And I'm as white as the snow
Because of my age
But my hand was shaking
As I wrote this page

And although the feelings changed
The words still sound the same
O Pamela
Tell everyone
Hang my head in shame
Take your name in vain
O Pamela
O Pamela you have everything
Everything you bargained for
Everything you worked for
Everything you would have killed for
Take everything

Open the door
I'll let the rain pour in
And first thing in the morning
The telephone rings
Pamela says
'Oh look at the time'
Believe me, that's the last thing on my mind
Will you take a walk with me in the sunshine
O Pamela, before it's too late
Will you take a walk with me by the ocean
O Pamela, before it's too late