

Olga Matuszewska, Dear Amy

First time I heard your voice
I kept on wanting more and more
Each time you opened up your mouth
The crowd was yours

Why did you have to care so little?
Why did you have to leave, leave, leave...

Does it always have to be how story ends?
Can't a genius find some peace of mind on Earth
Each of us will die someday
But did you really have to hurry and walk away?

Does it always have to be how story goes?
You were given fame and money now you're gone
Did you have to leave this way?
Had so much faith you'll change the end...

You never hesitated to tell the truth,
Stripped down in front of us
The saddest stories of your life
You always shared and never tried to hide

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