

Pooh, The Suite Case

I see your suitcase standing near the doorway
the same one that you had the night you came here
and i remember how i ran down seven flights of stairs to take it
and how i chuckled like a child
so happy that you could make it.

With you around my life became exciting
and every day was like a new adventure
all the things i did before, much more when we were together
i even let myself believe that this could last forever.

But when i opened up the door this evening
i had a premonition of a disaster
there was a silence in the whole apartment
it shook my hands and made my heart beat faster.

I called your name but only heard my echo
and then I saw the note beside the suitcase
a single scribbled line i read in sorrow:

"i'm leaving. I'll pick the suitcase up tomorrow".
tried to sleep but realized it's hopeless
my mind is filled with questions i can't answer.

Did I make you go away? Was loving too much my undoing?
Was it restlessness in you a wonder lust you kept pursuing?

It's almost dawn, the streets are gray and lonely
our world outside is waiting for the sunlight
but the memory of you that lingers in the room like madness
all it promises is a day that's darkened by despair and sadness.

An hour to go I know before you get here
to make you think that I don't mind you're leaving
to even leave your bag outside the doorway
but if i do who will i be deceiving

i know i have to stay around to see you
what good is bright if I must live without you
if I must beg, i'll even beg to keep you.

Please don't go, I love you so, I need you.

Please don't go, I love you so, I need you.

Please don't go, I love you so, I need you.