

Rainer Maria, Feeling Neglected?

Halfway home
and ready to turn around
but i can't turn around my dream
(five days a week
i go to sleep at dawn,
and feel alone although you're warm.)

halfway home
and ready to drag it out
because this slowing down
suits me.
(oh what way did i take to come to this place?
Oh what way did i take to get here?)

Halfway home
and ready to turn around
but i can't turn around my dreams
(five days a week,
i drive you home from work
and see the way
your face is marked with fatigue.
fatigue suits me.)

I can't turn around and this slowing down suits me

and i'm feeling neglected anyway.
it's the reason i'm leaving you.