

# Rainer Maria, Lost, Dropped, And Cancelled

expect me like one waits for mail,  
all lost dropped and cancelled.  
like foreign post, i leave twice a day  
but take a week to get there.

expect me like one waits for rain,  
or sleet or hail or snowfall.  
like foreign post, i'm lost on the way  
and take a week to get there.

i want to be delivered  
'til i'm gone gone gone.

the way it's sealed in my heart, i  
t's guaranteed that i'm  
in your hands

by morning, when you're ready  
to read between the lines  
and the paper isn't telling you anything.

if you miss me, drop me a line  
in care of fin de siecle,  
mit luftwaffe.

it's the end of the end of the end.