

Silke Bischoff, Hold Me

A lot of trouble the hole nigt through,a lot of tears for me and you.
We fight like mad dogs.
You throw glasses at the wall,
I say words I shouldn't say and you run away.
A few days later you're on the phone,
you spend the nights with a friend of mine
and you're yearning for me.
"It's too late, you've made your choice",
I say with tears in my eyes.
" So don't call me again."

Hold me.

When I'm coming home at night,an ambulance is in the street.
I'm going up the stairs.
The door is open, you're on the floor.
A man is coming out to me, saying:
"Too late, she took an overdose."
I run to you, I kiss your face,
look into your broken eyes
and you wisper in my ear:

"Hold me."

And you died in my arms.