

# Sophie Zelmani, Going Home

Not very often have we met  
But the music's been too bad  
Can only sense happiness  
if the music is sad  
So, I'm going home  
I must hurry home  
Where a life goes on  
We're too old to make a mess  
Dreams will keep me young  
Old enough to stress  
Only mirrors tell the time  
So, I'm going home  
I must hurry home  
So will my life go on  
Yes, I'm going home  
Going home alone  
And your life goes on