

## Ballad In Paris

Alvik

I'm sitting in the station and I'm waiting for the last train to  
call  
and I can't stand it anymore cuz I've been waiting here so long  
check the clock again  
it seems the hands don't spin...

Little boy's shaking in the corner and he's clapping his hands  
to the beat  
In the luminescent shine of the fresh waxed floor  
he can see his little tapping feet  
And maybe for a coin or two he'll sing your favorite song for you  
With the soul of a man and a little tin pan  
he sings the only lullabye he can

and it goes  
Lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu  
bye bye...

Woke up this morning half an hour late with my  
pants tucked into my shoes  
I tried so hard to make an impression  
But my gut was angry from the frustration of an unsuccessful breakfast  
and all my bones tried to fill in the rest

Little glitter falling from the fingers of the boy in the shadows.  
He spins around the tracks and the travelers.  
Like some ancient doll spinning tales and stories  
With the soul of a man and a little tin pan he sings the only lullabye he can

Little boy is dangling from the bars of the loftbed again  
He's got my neck entangled in his skinny legs and spinning...