

## **When We Parked Your New Car**

On the side of the street, we got out of your car that we parked underneath an old tree.

You said something like "moving" and you whispered a song and it seemed, this would be our last day.

But you turned on your radio and pushed in a tape, it was one of the songs we always played.

And your car was so new and so I felt for you, but the clouds didn't leave us alone.

And your voice like a melody and like all the promises that came and broke through my head.

All the sorrows, all the troubles, all the memories here around, all the dreams and pretty moments, they are gone.

No one moved, no one spoke, no one listened to the song from the radio in your car under the tree.

All surrounding information, all constructive resignation, all the meaningful excitements couldn't help.

Look around, look at this tree and the branches and the leaves and you'll see, there could be something more.

So that was our last day, just before you did say that nothing can last very long.

And I do, yes I do, I remember the day, when we parked your new car under the tree.