

# Edith

( Helmut Huber )

Every morning in the bus  
You just sit there and stare outside  
The sweetest brown eyes, I've ever seen  
Try to fix the passing countryside  
But your face seems to be frozen  
Or are you only tired ?  
I've often asked me for the reason  
Why you are so quiet

Maybe in your fantasy  
You finish sweet dreams, you've had last night  
Maybe you won't be allone  
And you need somebody to hold you tight  
Maybe you need some help  
But a real friend ... you don't know  
Perhaps you're at a loss  
And suicide is the last way you've got to go

I know only your name  
But you are fascinating me  
I don't think that you're shy  
In cause of your taciturnity  
Have you got some troubles at work ?  
Have you got some troubles at home ?  
Do you have any problems  
You cannot solve alone ?

Maybe in your fantasy ...

(Improvisation)

Maybe in your fantasy ...

Your friend has left you  
To work in the United States  
You missed him so much  
This summer you wanted to emigrate  
But recently he sent you a letter  
He wrote, that you need not come  
Now he has got another girlfriend  
And his love for you is gone

Maybe in your fantasy ...