

Table Turning

(Helmut Huber - 1984)

Babe, wait a minute
I feel that there is something wrong
My brains tell me
It's you to whom I belong
But I know
Of course it is your decision too
You've said we never hit it off
But that's your point of view

For your brown and mild eyes
For your certain smile
For your sweet voice and intelligence
You are worthwhile
I know you didn't want it
But you hurt me deep inside
With some nice but true words
And not with your pride

I remember the days of the table turning
It wrote on the paper that I'll always stay alone
It seems to be the truth but I cannot believe it
My hope isn't already gone

Sometimes I wish I don't know
What I mean to you
To beware a sweet dream
That might come true
She was a melody
Roaming in my head
But sometimes melodies dissolve
And drive you mad

I remember the days of the table turning
It wrote on the paper that I'll always stay alone
It seems to be the truth, but I cannot believe it
My hope isn't already gone