

# Trnqvist Rebecka, Madrid

(Trnqvist)

This starry bright night when I'm doing my usual stroll  
I guess all I'll get from this childish game is a cold  
But your window's still lit up, I'll wait here and see  
if I might catch a glimpse of that shadow that keeps haunting me  
The moon's big and bright and he's quietly watching the scene  
of the girl with her heart in her hands and he knows what it means:  
That it's springtime again, and the foolish are thriving  
this is no time for reason, and probably no time for love  
Give me no answer, give me no truth  
Just give that the light won't go out  
And I'll be quite content, and indulge in the scent  
from the lilacs, who kindly are telling me not to despair  
solo  
Give me no answer...  
This starry bright night when I realize it's time to go home...