

Simone

Friday night, spring in Oslo
Got a call from a good friend of mine
He had met a new kind of girl
Planned to leave

Simone behind
He was deaf and blind
"You're out of your mind"
I told him

When I left their apartment
all my thoughts were an empty divide
Only later I understood
that I loved

the tears she cried
somewhere deep inside
Impossible to hide, so
I told her

That was mid-1990s
Now she's falling asleep close to me
All my thoughts are whole and complete
It is out there

for all to see
It is good to be
we, not you or me
Oh, I tell you
My Simone and me
Oh, I tell you