

today I feel great, finally I've found it  
we get drunk on Martini at the Peach Pit  
and tomorrow we crush the pigeons on the place  
your spirit smiles away my melancholy face

every morning I will say:  
"I love you till my heart dies"  
and "most beautiful  
are your eyes"

today I feel so great in all I do  
a time supreme, runes I read in the yew  
we lie in the grass interpreting the clouds  
we indulge in misanthropy, laugh away the doubts

every morning I will say...

but hoping is futile  
and wishing in vain  
to you all the best  
PS: "all the stars are dead now"