

Jurga, Trouble

When I was a child,
I was singing with a bird,
I was flying with a bee,
round' n' round yellow and brown.

I had many questions
like Why? When? and How?
there were some answers surprising me till now.

One is a trouble,
Two is a couple
which often make troubles out of nothing.

People are creative
that's our native:
everybody knows rules but they foul up the game.

Two days ago
I was ready to flow
down the river with a blue and white freedom.

But then I saw
the red skies in Your sad eyes
reflecting dying flowers and burning stars I stopped.

You're asking me things
I answer You by songs,
sometimes it makes You mad but sometimes You smile.

I like when You're smiling,
so one time a week
I do something stupid like giving names to each one of Your shoes.

The red skies in Your sad eyes