

# Pani Galewska, He Wrote Me One Day

He wrote me one day four six and four nine

I stared at it long, even doubt in my sight  
Next day little digits where just when I left them  
Shimmering lightly and shining a bit  
Zero eight four and a zero an odd way for hello  
I got used to it quickly and my own words forgot

We talked for a month  
or so  
I got lost with the time and thought about it no more  
When he asked me one day  
Just completely by chance  
Tell me how do you feel  
Point five nine  
Point five nine  
Were the best words to sound