

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