

This Year

This was the year I would finish a book, I was going to live a bohemian life in Berlin
This was the year I was redecorating my kitchen, my bedroom, my bathroom and everything inside

This was the year my life would change
And all of the chaos would fall into place

This was the year I would start on a diet and eat very healthy, while reading the magazines thorough
This was the year I would write a whole book about life how I see it, and they would all think I was smart
This was the year I would play on TV; I would talk to the host about life and the hard times last year
This was the year I would tour in the States; I would live in New York, buy new clothes and drink wine everyday

This was the year I would make it
But this became the year I was faking it
Everything stays the same

Live life at the limit
I want to move to Paris and spend hours a day with my lover, my lover, my loved one
Beloved, beloved one
I want to tell him I love him
I want to ride on a horse in a sunset
With my beloved...

This was the year I would marry, have kids, buy a house with a garden
This was the year I would cook everyday, I would travel the world, talk to strangers and friends.
Be a lover a wife and a mother a friend, and everything would turn out perfect in the end. In the end. In the end.

Oh
I thought I had changed
But nothing has changed
Everything stays the same