



I Can't Go On

Words & Music: Inga Rumpf
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When I wake up there's talking around
Some people in my flat discuss the newest sound
I wanna sleep and be on my own
But then I hear the phone
It's my fast-talking aunt

When I get up this talking goes on
I wanna drink my coffee all alone
But then the doorbell rings
It's bringing more friends
To smoke a little own homegrown

I can't go on like this no more
I wanna have it like it was before
I wanna wake up with my baby in my arms
And hold him till I get sore

Some friends are trying to get me on their hooks
They bring the obscurest astrology books
They say "You can't get together
He's light like a feather"
But I think that they are all crooks

When I wake up then I'm all alone
But there is always someone on the phone
And when the doorbell rings
It's bringing more friends
But my sweet love won't come back home