

La Vie Currieux

Gedichte einer Lebenden

Von Yu_B_Su

Kapitel 6: Waiting

2. Hi, dieses Gedicht ist eigentlich ein Songtext zum Song von Nothern Lite. Ich liebe dieses Lied und ich liebe es auch, Texte umzudichten und dabei irgendein Motiv des Songs anderes zu interpretieren. Inhaltlich beschreibt es das Gefühl, wenn man den Bus sieht, aber nicht weiß, ob es sich lohnt zu ihm zu rennen oder ob er wegfährt und man keuchend dasteht und nix gewonnen hat.

Viel Spaß beim Lesen!

Waiting (nach Nothern Lite „Please“)

I am going, with some shopping bags
out of the mall, and I'm very stressed.
I just want to, take the yellow bus
that is coming, right now very fast

Are you waiting, are you driving,
let the people in or riding?

I keep walking,
will you keep waiting?
It would be glad if you could tell me –

PLEASE
you're killing me
PLEASE
you're killing me with all your waiting

I am thinking, of all the many times
the bus didn't come, or not on time.
Or the driver just started driving on, oh!

Are you waiting, are you driving,
let the people in or riding?

I keep walking,
will you keep waiting?
It would be glad if you could tell me –

PLEASE
you're killing me
PLEASE
you're killing me with all your waiting!

I keep walking, running to the bus,
I am coughing, at his arse I touch.
I am dieing, but that doesn't matter.

Are you waiting, are you driving,
let the people in or riding?

I keep walking,
will you keep waiting?
It would be glad if you could tell me –

PLEASE
you're killing me
PLEASE
you're killing me with all your waiting!