



# Plastic Chair

Conversations in a plastic chair,  
With a beer in hand, until the sun rises,  
Sleep is out of question, roaming around all day,  
And jump into the lake, we felt like gods,  
Time passes by, I wish I could hold on to it,  
Time passes by, I've said to you, I am ready, to ready, to go.

I sit in the car, look out the window,  
While the wind swirls through my hair,  
Old familiar things pass by,  
Like ghosts from the past

Nothing can be changed, seems to be set in stone,  
Only the way forward drives me on.

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Slowly I walk through the street,  
I see the old plastic chair,  
Old scenes appear to me,  
The feeling that I once had, immortality.

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