

# Ballad of D.

*Tekst og musik : Jette Torp*

It was a warm, sweaty holiday  
Such a real family time  
With ice-cream balls - swim pets in line

And she was busy like a buzzing bee  
Making things right  
Answering their never ending asking for the things they couldn't find  
The things they could not find

And then like out of a no man's thought  
Wrapt in her towel she left  
But no one seemed - even to notice it

She booked a ticket for a nowhere place  
And grabbed her bag  
And she knew she'd go away, but one fine day she might be coming back

Cause she was tired of being lonely  
And tired of being "some"  
And tired of all the things she knew she had ignored and left undone  
Now she was heading for inspiration  
And heading for good times  
And even though her heart sure cried  
She was doing fine  
So fine

She got off by the terminal  
Another average town  
With nice pruned trees and dog mess on the ground

She read a note in the local rag  
And held her breath  
And soon she had a fine new dress, a minimum wage and a place to go to bed

Cause she was

She was doing so fine  
She was doing so fine  
She was doing so fine  
She was fine even though her heart sure cried

One day came a letter asking: why?  
And she replied: the only way I might come back is to stay here for a while

Cause she was  
She was doing so fine  
She was doing so fine  
She was doing so fine  
She was fine even though her heart sure cried