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*Är vi verkligen den vi tror att vi är?*

### **Simple**

Is It you that I see in the end of the hall?

Why can't I recognize, and see who you are?

Your hair is so tangeld, your clothing a mess.

If you been running, it must have been far.

As I'm getting closer, I can see your distress.

Nervous and trembling, I am not too impressed.

The closer i get, ofcourse, more I can see.

Sorrows and sadness and anxiety,

Flickering eyes and a cute narrow nose.

Insecure posture and the cheeks of rose.

I can not recognize, and see who you are.

Though my walk in the hall, it felt pretty far.

Touching your hand, look in to your eyes.

all of a sudden I realize.

The girl that I saw at the end of the hall,

Simply it was, a mirror hanging on the wall.

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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