

# Luka – Suzanne Vega

My name is Luka  
I live on the second floor  
I live upstairs from you  
Yes, I think you've seen me before

If you hear something late at night  
Some kind of trouble, some kind of fight  
Just don't ask me what it was  
Just don't ask me what it was  
Just don't ask me what it was

I think it's 'cause I'm clumsy  
I try not to talk too loud  
Maybe it's because I'm crazy  
I try not to act too proud

They only hit until you cry  
And after that you don't ask why  
You just don't argue anymore  
You just don't argue anymore  
You just don't argue anymore

Yes I think I'm okay  
I walked into the door again  
If you ask that's what I'll say  
It's not your business anyway

I guess I'd like to be alone  
With nothing broken, nothing thrown  
Just don't ask me how I am  
Just don't ask me how I am  
Just don't ask me how I am

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych