



Cada uno por su lado - Slow

"GUSTAR + SUBJUNTIVO"

Spanish

Últimamente, ni me miras ni me sientes,
no sé qué pasa por tu mente.
No me respondes ni me llamas,
y te siento ausente.
Sabes que me encanta que me hagas cosquillas,
y me gusta que te sientes en mis rodillas.
Me apasiona que me regales tu sonrisa,
y me fascina que me beses en la mejilla.
Ya no te interesa que te regale flores,
y te molesta que te despierte por las noches.
Ya no te fascina que te recoja en tu portal,
y te fastidia que yo quiera soñar.
No me importa que salgas con tus amigas,
ni me molesta que te despiertes por las noches.
Ya no te fascina que te recoja en tu portal,
y te fastidia que yo quiera soñar.
No me importa que salgas con tus amigas,
ni me molesta que vivas en una fantasía.
Pero el amor es cosa de dos,
y tú sólo deseas un perdedor.
Por eso estoy cansado de tanta tontería,
ya no te interesa que te dé mi valía.
Somos dos amantes sin rumbo en la vida,
con poca pasión y en una guerra perdida.
Ya no te interesa que te regale flores,
y te molesta que te despierte por las noches.
Ya no te fascina que te recoja en tu portal,
y te fastidia que yo quiera soñar.
A mí me irrita que pierdas la razón,
ya no te fascina que te dé mi corazón.
Ya no me da miedo que tú te vayas,
te deseo buena suerte en esta vida canalla.
Odio que te tengas que marchar,
y no soporto que debas abandonar.
Dices que estás harta de que yo sea calmado,
así que mejor cada uno por su lado.
Odio que te tengas que marchar,
y no soporto que debas abandonar.
Dices que estás harta de que yo sea calmado,
así que mejor cada uno por su lado.

English

Lately, you neither look at me nor feel me,
I don't know what's going on in your mind.
You don't answer me or call me back,
and I feel you're absent.
You know I love it when you tickle me,
and I like it when you sit on my lap.
I'm passionate about your gift of a smile,
and I adore it when you kiss my cheek.
You're no longer interested in me giving you flowers,
and it bothers you when I wake you up at night.
You're not excited anymore when I pick you up at your door,
and it annoys you when I want to dream.
I don't mind if you go out with your friends,
nor does it bother me if you wake up at night.
You're no longer thrilled when I pick you up at your door,
and it annoys you that I still want to dream.
I don't mind if you go out with your friends,
or if you live in a fantasy.
But love is a thing for two,
and you only seem to want a loser.
That's why I'm tired of all this nonsense.
You no longer care about my worth.
We're two lovers lost in life,
with little passion in a losing battle.
You're no longer interested in me giving you flowers,
and it bothers you when I wake you up at night.
You're not excited anymore when I pick you up at your door,
and it annoys you when I want to dream.
It irritates me that you've lost reason.
You're not fascinated anymore by my heart's devotion.
I'm no longer afraid of you leaving,
I wish you good luck in this reckless life.
I hate that you have to go,
and I can't bear that you're leaving.
You say you're tired of my calmness,
so it's better we go our separate ways.
I hate that you have to go,
and I can't bear that you're leaving.
You say you're tired of my calmness,
so it's better we go our separate ways.

