

Zur Erinnerung an
Jörg Michael Weber

**26.Mai 1972
28.Mai 2004**



**And now the party must be over, I guess we'll never understand
the sense of your leaving, was it the way it was planned?
So we grace another table, and raise our glasses one more time
There's a face at the window
And I ain't never, never saying goodbye.**

**One by one
Only the good die young.
They're only flying to close to the sun**

Crying for nothing

Crying for no-one

No-one but you.