

Ane Brun, Linger With Pleasure

I'll rent a house somewhere, I'll listen to Biosphere
And all I see there a straight line in the atmosphere
Every hour will be longer and I'll linger with pleasure
The only visitor I will invite is the whispering wind or the sunlight
I'll leave all disturbants at home, the evening papers and the telephone
But I'll bring my memories, despite everything I hope life will miss me

Maybe this is wishful thinking and maybe I'll just keep on sinking
But sometimes it's enough to know
That there is a place where everything is on hold
Where the hours will be longer and I'll linger with pleasure