

# Anja Garbarek, Shock Activities

The street's reaching up to the open window  
Too much information leaks in  
And shoots up my spine  
Lifting my head off the pillow  
And the dust rises  
When I set my feet on the floor

I breathe in and out while I try to focus  
When I feel ok I twist my mouth  
To save what little air is left

'Cause it's a question of constructing  
An imitation of conditions  
It's a question of constructing  
An imitation of conditions  
To survive, to survive, to survive  
This situation, situation, situation  
To survive, to survive, to survive  
This situation, situation, situation

I keep far away but I'm missing nothing  
My eyes are an endless panorama of blue  
There's nothing here to block my view  
And with a sideways glance  
I am shown as much as I want to see

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In full motion  
No variation  
This need for speed  
The notion of convulsion  
This seed of greed  
Shock activities  
Lack of memories  
Don't wanna be  
Cannot see  
Anything wrong with the picture

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