

Bjork, Desired Constellation

It's tricky when
You feel someone
Has done something
On your behalf

It's slippery when
Your sense of justice
Murmurs underneath
And is asking you:

How am I going to make it right?

With a palm full of stars
I throw them like dice
Repeatedly
I shake them like dice
And throw them on the table
Repeatedly
Repeatedly
Until the desired constellation appears
And I ask myself:

How am I going to make it right?
How am I going to make it right?
How am I going to make it right?
And you hear
How am I going to make it right?