

# Bjork, My Juvenile

Down the corridor  
I send warmth  
I send warmth

Down the staircase  
I send warmth  
I send warmth

Thank you for, again  
To get to be able  
To send warmth  
To send warmth

Perhaps I set you too free  
Too fast  
Too young

But the intentions were pure  
But the intentions were pure

My juvenile [x3]  
I truly say  
You are my biggest love

I clumsily try to free you from me  
One last embrace to tie a sacred ribbon

This is an offer to better the last let-go [x3]

The intentions were pure

My juvenile