

Emiliana Torrini, Fisherman's Woman

I'm pretending to be a good fisherman's woman
Just like Anna Inga's mom
The gladiator of all fisherman's wives
Makes it a lot easier thinking of you
On the sea where you have to be a month at a time
Working hard in the day
Your hands cracking from the cold and the salt
In the night when you go to bed
You try to sleep by listening to the boat breathing
The boat breathing
And the only thing
The only thing you can think of is me
Waiting for you by the window
With the brightest red lipstick on my lips
Just like Anna waits for her man
How will I learn
I'll wait