

Stina Nordenstam, Circus

Tomorrow I will stretch out
Like an acrobat
And make my way to
What's there
I will get dressed
Again, in spite of all
With a laziness
Of a circus
Before or after the performance
As I'm walking down the many stairs
Remembering my stunts all over
Remembering I'm sick and like to die
I will be
The only not mad woman in the park
I will be
What's left of longing on this earth
It took two weeks to lead up to this agony
The time without you is so slow
And thirty years to spot the enemy
I was not prepared to let you go
I will be
The only not mad woman in the park
I will be
What's left of longing on this earth