

# Velvet Belly, Oystercatcher

music : Velvet Belly

lyrics : Dag Olsvik

The far away calls of a seabird somewhere  
Reach me here through a desert of rooms  
Rousing memories of me

I have come here to steal all that you try to conceal  
I have come here to steal things that yearn to be real

Your pageant of hopes is displayed upon shelves  
Finds a place among trinkets and thoughts  
And emotions unemployed

I have come here to steal all that you try to conceal  
I have come here to steal things that yearn to be real

And now as I'm watching these dry bones of dreams  
Dyed with gold in the afternoon sun  
Now my fingers lose their feel

I have come here to steal all that you try to conceal  
I have come here to steal things that yearn to be real

From afar there's a sound haunting me until I hear  
Wings that leave the ground