

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