

Venke Knutson, Tables Turn

All the voices she's been hearing
All the songs that she has sung - in her head
All the hours she's been waiting
For someone to come around - just like they said
So why does she still make up reasons to cry
When she's down

When tables turn
when tide is high
when all you learn - is a lie
When every word
Of every song - is goodbye
Then how can this be
That you can't love me
Making me feel it's ok
When I'm just being me

Every street belonged to someone
She had never even seen - nor ever heard
No one stopped to grab her hand
To take her somewhere she could stand
No not a word
So why does she still keep on trying to cry
When she's down

When tables turn
When tide is high
when all you learn - is a lie
When every word
Of every song - is goodbye
Then how can this be
That you can't love me
Making me feel it's ok
When I'm just being me

She strives to look on every face
She wants to be like someone else
You put her down each time you pass
If tables turn - will love still last
She wants to be someone you know
You won't admit you told her so
You put her down each time you pass
If tables turn - will love still last?

So why does she still keep on trying to cry
When she's down

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Being me

