

Ane Brun, Rubber And Soul

In my mind I'm crawling on your floor
vomiting and defeated
total absence of grace
your reluctant voice saying;
you decide your own fate

but I wear rubber bands round my soul
they keep me from falling
and these rubber bands round my soul
they keep me from falling

in my repeated dreams
your stare at me with an empty gaze
you turn your back on me
and you search for more intriguing days
loathing this
controlling this
let me get a hold of this

so I wear rubber bands round my soul
they keep me from falling
and these rubber bands round my soul
they keep me from falling

so then when you are not in my dreams
and not in my mind but
we are at the same place at the same time
rubber no longer holds
the borders of my soul