

Ane Brun, Temporary Dive

I fell down in that hole again
I am a lump of jelly
I am a dead fish

I look up at the blue sky
Aand I know that it's just
A temporary dive

Sometimes we tip toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sun
Sometimes we tip toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sun

Sitting on the cold dirt floor
I want to finish the counting of days on the walls
I build a ladder from broken wish bones
And square-shaped stones
That my friends threw down in the hole

Sometimes we tip toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sun
Sometimes we tip toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sun

And even though I read maps to avoid them
They change location every day
And somehow all of my traces they vanish
But shall one stay put
Shall one lay low
Shall one not go
Just to avoid this hole

Sometimes we tip toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sun
Sometimes we tip toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sun