

Anja Garbarek, My Fellow Riders

Pleasantly removed
Into lush darkness
Into the dreamless place
I begin to sing this song

Staying loud enough
To drown out any noise
In presence of strangers
I begin to sing this song

It appears to be done
For the pleasure of the doing
But I'm no better shape
Than my fellow riders

Every now and then
I'm slipping back again
Empty and mortal
I begin to sing this song

My mind is moving fast
Trying to make connections
Taking short-cuts
Noting events

Listing all
Filing away
Along with opinions
Making connections
Taking short-cuts
Noting events

Listing all
Filing away
Along with opinions
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Noting events...

It appears to be done
For the pleasure of the doing
But I'm no better shape
Than my fellow riders...