

Anna Ternheim, Black Sunday Afternoon

On the black Sunday afternoon sun is pale like the moon
When you look to the sky, holy, holy why
All fades into blue on the black Sunday afternoon
No good time to walk alone on a bike riding home
When you look to the sky, holy, holy why
All fades into blue on the black Sunday afternoon
Bad luck comes or just a car on the right side, hears a call
And sees a blackbird flying low, above her head no mistletoe
Nothing really moves on black Sunday afternoons
You wake up in a water bed and on the back of your head
A lump but just a tiny hole, almost no light at all in here
When you call you can't hear your own voice at all
They gather up, something's wrong
They ask around, no one knows
Well, have you been where the rivers cross by the water in the moss?
Nothing really moves on black Sunday afternoons
Sun is pale like the moon
When you look to the sky, holy, holy, holy, holy why
All fades into blue on black Sunday afternoons