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