

# Bjork, Pneumonia

Get over the sorrow, girl  
The world is always going to be made of this

You can trust in it  
Unless you breathe in  
Bravely

I adore how you simply surrender to high

And your lungs  
They're mourning  
Teepee-style

All the still-born love that could've happened  
All the moments you should have embraced  
All the moments you should have not locked up

Understand  
So clearly  
To shut yourself up  
Is the hugest crime of them all  
You're just crying after all  
To not want them humans around  
Anymore

Get over the sorrow, girl