

# Emiliana Torrini, Fisherman's Woman

I'm pretending to be a good fisherman's woman  
Just like Anna Inga's mom  
The gladiator of all fisherman's wives  
Makes it a lot easier thinking of you  
On the sea where you have to be a month at a time  
Working hard in the day  
Your hands cracking from the cold and the salt  
In the night when you go to bed  
You try to sleep by listening to the boat breathing  
The boat breathing  
And the only thing  
The only thing you can think of is me  
Waiting for you by the window  
With the brightest red lipstick on my lips  
Just like Anna waits for her man  
How will I learn  
I'll wait