

Erlend Oye, Sheltered Life

Brave girl replies
when you come back, I'll be gone.
Read off her rules,
when in control I move on.
Thoughtful or sad,
no need to ask.
You in her eyes a sister someone
who's been where.
She's roaming now.
Flashes of home
and people there.
Pressured caught up she feels,
measured all up revealed.
I still haven't walked my distance.
I'm not ready to return.
Independent on my way to become I.
Sunday no sign,
why did I meke you meet me here?
No cause for doubt,
but feeling sustains
when mix up clears.
Easy and loose,
unsure confused.
It doesn't take much to knock me.
I've been living a sheltered life