

# Kari Bremnes, A Lover In Berlin

Once I had a lover in Berlin,  
Said a frail old woman from a table next to mine.  
His voice was like an ancient violin  
And he spoke to me - that voice ... that voice!  
I believe they call it falling for a man,  
But this falling made me fly, left me soaring for the sky.  
There wasn't any sense, there was no plan,  
But who would trade this passion for the safety of dry land?  
Not I.  
Not he.

And we knew we had to travel far away,  
We knew we had to disappear, where no one else could find us.  
A sailing ship would take us from the bay.  
Its sails would fill with an offshore wind to blind us.  
We gambled our security - the future for the now,  
Sailed off toward the storm, safety cast aside.  
We'd gone beyond what reason would allow,  
But who could tame the tidal wave and tell it where to go?  
Not I.  
Not you.

Reality then brought it to an end,  
Said the frail old woman, shaking underneath her hat.  
A decent set of values is no friend.  
It's reason now that blinds us, please believe!  
And passion is not willing to be steered.  
Purity alone won't fill a ship's wide sails.  
Life will sometimes bring what we most feared,  
And who could ever say when to go or when to stay?  
Not you.  
Not we.