

Kari Bremnes, Can It Really Be Years

Living alone in a high little room
She can see to the street from her window
She likes it a lot but she just can't imagine it day after day
She's waiting to open the boxes of books and to put all the clothes where they should go
The walls may be bare, but she still can't decide if she's ready to stay
She wants to be open and ready for something to knock on her door
She's paying the rent but that doesn't keep her from hoping for more
You'd say she'd just come, but that's not the case
Can it really be years since she came to this place

Going to work on a slow-moving tram
Everyone needs to work for a living
She likes sitting here, she can plan, she can dream, and be taken away
Being a writer is what she might do if she lived in a world more forgiving
She works on a story, she works on a book or it could be a play
There's someone she knows who knows someone in publishing,
maybe she could
She'll call when she's finished the dialogue, maybe then, maybe he would
She says she will call, but at her own pace
Can it really be years since she came to this place

Waiting for signs and she knows there'll be signs
There'll be omens and so she is waiting
It may be tomorrow, it may be today, but it's happening soon
Out in the sunlight and under the streetlight and inside her room she is waiting
Watching the shift in the seasons, the wax and the wane of the moon
Watching the text on her mobile, he's asking her out for a drink
She wants to say yes but it's never that easy, she needs time to think
And summer is passed, and she still doesn't ring
Alone in her room, can it really be spring