

# Kings Of Convenience, Sorry or Please

Five weeks in a prison, I made no friends  
There's more time to be done, but I've got a week to spend  
I didn't pay much attention first time around  
But now you're hard not to notice, right here in my town  
Where the stage of my old life meets the cast of the new  
Tonights actors: Me and You

Each day is taking us closer  
While drawing the curtains to close  
This far, or further, I need to know  
Your increasingly long embraces  
Are they saying sorry or please?  
I don't know what's happening, help me

Through the streets, on the corners, there's a scent in the air  
I ask you out and I lead you, I know my way around here  
There's a bench I remember, and on the way there I find  
That the movements you're making, are mirrored in mine  
And your hand is held open, intentionally  
Or just what I want to see?

Your increasingly long embraces  
Are they saying sorry or please?  
I don't know what's happening, help me  
I don't normally beg for assistance  
I rely on my own eyes to see  
But right now they make no sense to me  
Right now you make no sense to me