

Silje Nergaard, Now And Then

Now and then behind the rows
Of pearly teeth and fashion clothes
She sees them in the mirror-tiles
Trying on their latest smiles
Light and warmth from spotlight beams
Convincing them their nightmare is a dream

Now and then when they're at rest
Flocked in sleep in cuckoos' nests
Feeling safe no need to hide
She opens doors and windows wide
And poised upon her painted claws
She stretches out her gaudy wings and soars

Far away
Borne by the wind
She roams the sky
No one to say ... too low ... to high
Or count the lonely miles that she has flown
This world is hers alone

But then again behind the rows
She feels the piercing looks of those
Who watch her every move in case
She happens to forget her place
Who sum her up ... deny her flight
Aim their words and shoot her down on sight

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(guitar solo)

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Far away, far away