

Sondre Lerche, Wet Ground

Wet ground and the snow is still not falling
Circumstances are alarming, darling
The future is just a word, that's how I recall it
The past is much more present in our yawning

But I heard you right
Something was lost from the start
Oh babe, what should we do, what should we say?
Should we give it away?
The future looked so bright then
What happened tonight?
Now aeroplanes are crashing
Who turned out the light?
Seemingly it seems to me I'm subject to a joke
And it's not a test
It's not a test

Wet ground and the stars are still out shining
Neon lights were never oh, so blinding
Prosecute the ones who stand accused
Let the others go or leave them dying

But I heard you right
Everything was here before
We shouldn't add or put away a thing
Let nobody win

The future looked so bright then
What happened tonight?
Now aeroplanes are crashing
Who turned out the light?
Seemingly it seems to me I'm subject of a joke
And it's not a sin