

# Stina Nordenstam, Viewed From The Spire

Viewed from the spire  
It looks more like a coincidence to me  
Another bomb in the harbour

But you were there  
The place was all crowded but  
No one crosses the street that way

It was such a lunatic thing to do  
Broken glass was all over

I heard the sirens  
Her name on the radio  
Should have known there was no escape

They haven't found him  
They say it wasn't professional this time  
Just a bomb in the harbour

A love affair  
Her room-mate won't listen but I-  
No one crosses the street that way

She says  
No, no. How would I know  
Cause you didn't know her

I the sirens  
And just suddenly I thought  
No one's gonna say it did not take place