

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