

# Svavar Knútur & Markéta Irglová, Baby, would you

Out in the forest  
under a tree, lies a dream  
that you once told to me.  
Out in the desert,  
under a stone, lies a poem,  
that you once wrote to me.

Baby, would you marry me  
under an apple tree  
or the bottom of the sea  
or maybe on a train to Spain  
or some nice place like that?

And, baby, would you marry me  
on a mountain top or a traffic stop  
or maybe on a boat that floats  
into the great unknown?

That would be a day to remember our love by.

Out in the ocean,  
under a fish, lies a kiss  
that you once blew to me.  
And up in the sky,  
under a shroud made of clouds  
is all you mean to me.