

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.