

Tocotronic, The Boundaries Of Good Taste 2

Concerning certain borders
It is known and one must understand
That they tend to fluctuate
You said to me a drink in hand
I was lost in thought
It seemed to be the only suitable place
For such a conversation
There was no better one
Myself I was uncertain
If we'd stay at all

Our words become softer
Till they disappear like sketches
In the sand but all the same
There is no life without shame
Now that distant ships all run aground
You cannot ever live it down

It can't be any secret when
I tend to drift off now and then
It happens more and more these days
And all my nerves are worn away
It all tends toward disorder
When you can't set any borders

And concerning certain borders
It is known and one must understand
That they mostly fluctuate
You said to me a Sprite in hand
I was lost in thought
It seemed to be the only suitable place
For such a conversation
There was no better one
Myself I was uncertain
If we'd stay at all