FljÃ³tavÃ-k

Sigur Ros

We look over the rudder
Cut off the sea
We sail by the mast
Stretch the sails
We steer towards the bridge

We sail ashore
Up on the large rocks and the sand
We wade ashore
What a mess
Fuckin' yeah!

There I found myself
Endlessly thanking
Sheltered in a makeshift house
And we slept
As the storm died down

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