Temporary Dive

Ane Brun

I fell down in that hole again
I am a lump of jelly, I am a dead fish
I look up at the blue sky
And I know that it's just a temporary diveSometimes we tip-toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sunSometimes we tip-toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sunSitting on the cold dirt floor
I want to finish the counting of days on the walls
I build a ladder from broken wish bones and square shaped stones
That my friends threw it down in the holeSometimes we tip-toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sunSometimes we tip-toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sunAnd even though I read maps to avoid them
They change location every day
And somehow all of my traces, they vanish
But shall one stay put, shall one stay low
Shall one not go just to avoid this holeSometimes we tip-toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sunSometimes we tip-toe
Sometimes we run
Sometimes we wander while
Looking at the sun

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