

My Fellow Riders

Anja Garbarek

Pleasantly removed
Into lush darkness
Into the dreamless place
I begin to sing this song Staying loud enough
To drown out any noise
In presence of strangers
I begin to sing this song It appears to be done
For the pleasure of the doing
But I'm in no better shape
Than my fellow riders Every now and then
I'm slipping back again
Empty and mortal
I begin to sing this song My mind is moving fast
Trying to make connections
Taking shortcuts
Noting events Listing all, filing away
Along with opinions
Making connections
Taking shortcuts
Noting events Listing all, filing away
Along with opinions
Making connections
Taking short-cuts
Noting events Listing all, filing away
Along with opinions
Making connections
Taking shortcuts It appears to be done
For the pleasure of the doing
But I'm in no better shape
Than my fellow riders It appears to be done
For the pleasure of the doing
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For the pleasure of the doing
But I'm in no better shape
Than my fellow riders

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