

# Oslo

## KORNSTAD

Nothing, I thought nothing of you  
Just another young man  
Running up the mountain  
There are many like you Mistaken, it's not meant to be this  
It's not meant to be love  
Crossing path and that is all  
And that was all Turning me  
And handle me  
Come through me  
And close to me Turning me  
And handle me  
Come through me  
And close to me I wish we had one long night  
Stain each other  
We won't see one another  
Will you always remember? Turning me  
And handle me  
Come through me  
And close to me Turning me  
And handle me  
Come through me  
And close to me

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