

# The Cabinet

Anja Garbarek

I'm lying as far out towards the edge as possible  
So far out that I'm almost tripping over  
You lie behind me, your breath is heavy, you're sleeping  
There are some screws that are coming loose  
From two holes in the wall the plaster's sifting down  
Resting like sleep sand in my eyes  
There's a cabinet  
(Hanging over my bed)  
Filled with all my secret things  
(Filled with all my secret things)  
Every night I lie  
(Staring at it)  
I'm so afraid that it will fall down  
Onto my face  
I know what is keeping my cabinet from falling down  
It's very a small bird made of ceramics  
Fastened by a thread to the bottom of the cabinet  
When you're awake, you play around with it  
Then I get so scared that  
The thread won't be strong enough  
I'm hiding my head under the pillow  
Hoping that the bird won't fly away  
There's a cabinet  
(Hanging above my bed)  
Filled with all my secrets things  
(Filled with secret things)  
Every night I lie  
(Staring up at it)  
I'm so afraid that it will fall down  
'Cause what if the cabinet  
(Were to fall down)  
And what if it hit my face  
(Would you get frightened by)  
The things that you would see  
(The things that you would see)  
Or would try to mend it  
(Would you even try)  
There's a cabinet hanging above my bed  
Filled with secret things

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