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 sleepingThere are some screws that are coming loose
From two holes in the wall the plaster's sifting down
Resting like slee sand in my eyesThere'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 faceI 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 itThen 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 awayThere'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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