

# FljÃ³tavÃ-k

## Sigur RÃ³s

We look over the rudder  
Cut off the sea  
We sail by the mast  
Stretch the sails  
We steer towards the bridge

We sail ashore  
Up on the large rocks and the sand  
We wade ashore  
What a mess  
Fuckin' yeah!

There I found myself  
Endlessly thanking  
Sheltered in a makeshift house  
And we slept  
As the storm died down

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