

Lionsong

Björk

Maybe he will come out this
Maybe he won't
Somehow I'm not too bothered either way Maybe he will come out of this loving me
Maybe he will come out of this
I smell declarations of solitude
Maybe he will come out of this Vietnam vet comes after the war
Lands in my house
This wild lion doesn't fit in this chair Maybe he will come out of this loving me
Maybe he won't
I'm not taming no animal
Maybe he will come out of this Once it was simple, one feeling at a time
It reached this peak then transformed
This abstract complex feeling
I just don't know how to handle when
Should I throw oil on one of these wounds
But which one?
The joy peak
Humor peak
Frustration peak
Anything peak for clarity Maybe he will come out of this loving me
Maybe he won't
I'm not taming no animal
Maybe he will come out of this Maybe he will come out of this
Maybe he won't
Somehow I'm not too bothered either way I refuse, it's a sign of maturity
To be stuck in complexity
I demand all clarity Maybe he will come out of this
Or he will feel so solitaire
Somehow I'm not too bothered
I'd just like to know

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