

Private Suit

Bettie Serveert

Little works of wonder in a nostalgic mood.
Let no man pull this under,
this is a private suit.
descending, softly, down the hillside,
they say,
kill the lights, it's better not to see things,
relying on the free things,
like a favorite tune.
And of course I had my feet in the absurd
when I tried to fit my life into a word
and it still turns out the same.
we're half seas over, in a nostalgic mood.
My arms wrapped around your shoulder
just like a private suit.

Dim the lights, it's better not to see things,
relying on the free things,
like a favorite tune.
but on top of everything, it sounds absurd,
that I tried to fit my life into a word
and it still turned out the same.
Hey, but don't worry about me,
I'll be sitting by the seashore,
laughing at the lifeforms,
whistling down the breeze.
So don't worry about me,
'cause you can't please everyone.
And I'm thinking to myself,
and I'm not the only one,
we all gotta learn
to give some in return,
like little works of wonder.