

Nightingales

Sondre Lerche

Tell me, do something true
true love, you and me
that we're too busy living through,
too busy to see.

What is it, that we do
makes us who we are?
If we sing are we nightingales?
Shine are we stars?

Who are we,
What we've got?
Are we a fireworks show,
growing pale like a star that burned out years ago?
Stranger things have been, stranger things have gone.
I find it hard right now
to name you one.
Tell me, do something true and drop the fairy tales.

If singing birds must sing with no question of choice
then living is our song.
Indeed our voice, best agree
you and me, we're probably nightingales.

God's a proud thundercloud
we are cartoon cats
we're the thing that is biblical
under our hats.

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