

Serenading in the trenches

Sondre Lerche

Thought I saw you at the finish line and you were burning a flag
and you were biding your time
Thought I saw you at the finish line and you were biding your time
and you were biding your time and you were biding your time
Tripped on my compass as I fled on foot
Shed all my luggage, all your fuck-me-boots
Cute as a button on a wounded high horse
Sink into the quicksand of desire and remorse
Pissed off and juiced up, with my back to the wall
Blindfolded, eager to give into the fall
Stripped of the structures that boggled my mind
Sink into the quicksand, making up for lost time

Serenading in the trenches
Do you wanna pretend we're dead
Serenading in the trenches
Do you wanna make love in stead
Cute-ass casualties, clueless come-ons
Our aborted mission, our self-indulgence
Bled out from paper cuts all over the news
Softened the bruises with a one-sided truce

Stripped of our passions, in a lukewarm embrace
Sink into the quicksand of stale dignity and grace
Keep it up, keep on, try keeping up with myself
Old ideas, splinters, put that shit on the shelf
Slumbering limbo, laurels resting on me
Sink into the quicksand of a ruthless memory

Serenading in the trenches
Do you wanna pretend we're dead
Serenading in the trenches
Do you wanna make love in stead
Cute-ass casualties, uh, clueless come-ons
Our aborted mission, our self-indulgence

Oh what a beautiful boy child
Oh boy, the man of my dreams
Oh what a big boy, what a boy child
Oh man, oh boy, what a dream
Oh boy, you're preaching to the wrong choir I know what's up, my time is up
I know what's up, my time is up