

# Dirty Windshield

Ane Brun

You smiled at me  
Through a dirty windshield  
You just got back  
From where the cyclone hit  
You said you've been  
In the center of it  
Where it was all so still

Later that day  
You told me your story  
You were in a fight  
And you still survived  
You discovered a timeline without end  
And all you had was an inch to spend

When nighttime fell  
You talked about how  
You see life as a chain  
Of moments in vain  
They are stepping stones to lead you forward  
You don't look over shoulders

The morning after  
You had a dream  
Where you realized  
You had to do some sight  
Engraved right there  
We are lover's sights  
There we are like four eyes