

Song for Thrill and Tom

Ane Brun

He met her in the morning sun
He squinted his eyes 'cause the backlight was strong
This is what she does, you know, she blinds us
To hide her brilliance

She's standing with her back towards the sun
Minding her state of oblivion
This is what she does, you know, she blinds us
To save her intemperate heart

He met her in the morning sun and she remembers
Every fibre in the air
It felt like forever, touched with
Universal beauty
And all she wanted, was to disappear

He could never leave her to be gone
He told her, "Please, just lie down
And let my light run through you as easily
As sound waves from a song"

He met her in the morning sun
He laid there with her until the afternoon
"It's funny how things go", she said
"I blind you, and you lead my way instead"
He met her in the morning sun