

Where Will I Be

Ane Brun

All the streets are cracked
And there's glass everywhere
And a baby stares out
With motherless eyes
Under long-gone beauty
On fields of war
Trapped in lament
To the poet's core

Oh where oh where where will I be
Oh where when that trumpets sounds?

Met an Indian boy in Ottawa
He laid me down on a bed of straw
He said, "Don't waste your breath
Don't waste your heart
Don't blister your heels
Running in the dark."

Oh where oh where where will I be
Oh where when that trumpets sounds?

Yeah I like the heat
Of your body laying under me
May your wild lip get you where you're going
With your inventions, your intentions, your laughter, your forever ye
arning

Oh where oh where where will I be
Oh where when that trumpets sounds?

I walked to the river
I walked to the rim
I walked through the teeth of the reaper's grin
I walked to you
Rolled up in wire
To the other side of desire

Oh where oh where where will I be
Oh where when that trumpets sounds?

Oh where oh where oh where when that trumpet sounds?

Well the heart opens wide like it's never seen love
And addiction stays on tight like a glove
Oh where oh where where will I be?