

## Sunday Drive

Ásgeir

Sunday drive like we always used to do  
Parked the car in the panoramic view  
I stayed inside while you photographed the lake  
Pretending to drive I pulled the parking brake

Felt like time was standing still  
The sun was pouring on the hill  
And I'm weightless in the air  
Floating far away from here

The tires turn and slowly crush the ground  
I still hear the terrifying sound  
I search for help and meet my mother's eyes  
And she stares back completely paralysed

Felt like time was standing still  
The sun was pouring on the hill  
And I'm weightless in the air  
Floating far away from here

Suddenly the wreck is lying flat  
Pull myself through the shattered window glass  
An avalanche is running through my head  
Body bruised, and my clothes are painted red

Felt like time was standing still  
The sun was pouring on the hill  
And I'm weightless in the air  
Floating far away from here