

Thunderbolt

Björk

Stirring at water's edge
Cold froth on my twig
My mind in whirls
Wanders around desire

May I, can I, or have I too often?
Craving miracles
May I, can I, or have I too often now?
Craving miracles
Craving miracles

No one imagines the light shock I need
And I'll never know
From whose hands, deeply humble
Dangerous gifts as such to mine come

May I, should I, or have I too often?
Craving miracles
May I, can I, or have I too often?
Craving miracles
Craving miracles

My romantic gene is dominant
And it hungers for union
Universal intimacy
All embracing

May I, should I or have I too often
Craved miracles?
May I, can I or have I too often
Craved miracles?
Craved

Waves irregularly striking
Wind stern in my face
Thunderstorm, come
Scrape those barnacles of me!

May I, may I or should I too often
Craved miracles?
May I or should I or have I too often

All my body parts are one
As lightning hits my spine
Sparkling
Prime runs through me
Revive my wish
I am inviolable

May I, can I, or have I too often?
Craving miracles
May I, can I, should I, or have I too often?
Craving miracles