

Claudia

Elin Sigvardsson

I hear the clock strike
One, two, three, four, five times
Every hour's a deadline
But Claudia don't mind
She's right behind me
Circulates around me
My mouth opens
I breathe in before I speak
Too much labour for nothing
Claudia, my friend
This is for the saviour of all things
Claudia, Claudia
We watch the kids play
Harmonize with their game
Talking about old times
They linger in my chest
We long for something
Claudia starts to sing
Sunday, bloody sunday
Come and let me rest
Too much labour for nothing
Claudia, my friend
This is for the singer of all days
Claudia, Claudia
Too much playing with these two hands
Claudia, I ache
This is from the maker of mistakes
But Claudia
You're the one who understands
Claudia
You understand