

Spells

Jenny Hval

You are your own disco ball
Hovering above you like
A comforting reminder that not even you belong to you
So you put your jazz hands in the air
And they get tangled in your hair
But you'll always stand the victors
Exercising everything by tapping into nothing

There's another field
Your distances are vast
Hey, you, I know who you are
Open up to me so I can pull them out

You will not be awake for long
You won't have to wait for long
You will not be awake for long
We'll meet in the smallest great unknown
We will not be awake for long
We will not be awake for long
We'll meet in the smallest great unknown

You, I know that feeling (Baby, baby)
I'm waiting for you and the silences between things
I'm not saying, "Hey, jazz hands, dancing is futile
It can not hold you like I can."
I wanna hold you, wanna hold you

You will not be awake for long
You won't have to wait for long
You will not be awake for long
And we'll, we'll meet, we'll meet in the smallest great unknown
Wait for me, wait for me
We will not be awake for long
You won't be awake
We will not be awake for long
We'll meet in the smallest great unknown

You are lost in the world of thoughts
You are lost, exercising everything by tapping into nothing