

## Serenading in the trenches

Sondre Lerche

Thought I saw you at the finish line and you were burning a flag  
and you were biding your time  
Thought I saw you at the finish line and you were biding your time  
and you were biding your time and you were biding your time  
Tripped on my compass as I fled on foot  
Shed all my luggage, all your fuck-me-boots  
Cute as a button on a wounded high horse  
Sink into the quicksand of desire and remorse  
Pissed off and juiced up, with my back to the wall  
Blindfolded, eager to give into the fall  
Stripped of the structures that boggled my mind  
Sink into the quicksand, making up for lost time

Serenading in the trenches  
Do you wanna pretend we're dead  
Serenading in the trenches  
Do you wanna make love in stead  
Cute-ass casualties, clueless come-ons  
Our aborted mission, our self-indulgence  
Bled out from paper cuts all over the news  
Softened the bruises with a one-sided truce

Stripped of our passions, in a lukewarm embrace  
Sink into the quicksand of stale dignity and grace  
Keep it up, keep on, try keeping up with myself  
Old ideas, splinters, put that shit on the shelf  
Slumbering limbo, laurels resting on me  
Sink into the quicksand of a ruthless memory

Serenading in the trenches  
Do you wanna pretend we're dead  
Serenading in the trenches  
Do you wanna make love in stead  
Cute-ass casualties, uh, clueless come-ons  
Our aborted mission, our self-indulgence

Oh what a beautiful boy child  
Oh boy, the man of my dreams  
Oh what a big boy, what a boy child  
Oh man, oh boy, what a dream  
Oh boy, you're preaching to the wrong choir I know what's up, my time is up  
I know what's up, my time is up