

# This Year

Thomas Dybdahl

Here comes wintertime  
Like a long and dark night  
Man, I feel so unprepared this time  
No stored heat, just the smell of deceit and defeat  
Rolled into one and then put on repeat  
I really need to get a hold of myself  
If I'm to get back on my feet  
Cause this year I got my heart broken  
My fears awoken  
My beliefs shaken  
And my dignity taken  
But am I wrong to assume that the world is absurd  
When religion comes first and knowledge comes third  
And there's a fast river  
That's a slow killer  
And cause for bonuses at Phizer  
But advice that she won't get her pills if we don't pay  
her bills  
And it's a sad story but greed is our top skill  
So far so good  
Except for a vague feeling that I should not expect  
calls  
Family dinners, long vacations or pictures on bedroom  
walls

These are things I really don't need at all  
I just hope she's a  
Heartbreaker  
A soulshaker  
And a lovemaker  
Or a damn good faker  
Cause I really don't care about these little things  
That make a household work  
Or make her things ring  
And it's a long story with no glory  
Just mistaken for an undertaking that doesn't need  
replicating  
Oh, these are things I really don't need at all  
I got my heart broken  
My fears awoken  
My beliefs shaken  
And my dignity taken  
But am I wrong to assume that the world is absurd  
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