

STEINAR RAKNES

Breaking Up In Pieces

*It ain't me looking out of the window
At the birds high on the sky
It ain't me seeing them waving
Fare the well and goodbye*

*It ain't me watching the ships sail
Wondering where they are heading to
I ain't looking at sterns, babe
I'm just looking at you*

*Braking up in pieces
Who can count the scores
Different spicies
Raking up old sores
Look over the fence, babe
And don't stop there
Look into the horizon
What do you see there*

*It ain't me thinking the world
Is here for me to explore
I ain't the one thinking that nowhere
Is now and here anymore*

*It ain't me on the chair in the front row.
With eyes open and blue
I don't look for enlightenment
I'm just looking at you*

Braking up in pieces...

*Now I am leaning down
Falling down on my knees
Crawling on all fours
Longing to the core*

*Not longing for change
Not longing for more
I just want you to stay
And not walk out that door*

Braking up in pieces...

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