

Family

Björk

Is there a place
Where I can pay respects
For the death of my family?
(Show some respect)
Between the three of us
There is the mother and the child
Then there is the father and the child
But no man and a woman
No triangle of love
So where do I go
To make an offering?
I fall on my knees
Lay my flowers
Light the candles
So where do I go
To make an offering
To mourn our miraculous triangle?
Father, mother, child
Father, mother, child
How will I sing us out of this
Sorrow?
Build a safe bridge
For the child
Out of this danger
Danger
I raise a monument of love
There is a swarm of sound
Around our heads
And we can hear it
And we can get healed by it
It will relieve us from the pain
It would make us a part of it
This universe of solutions
This place of solutions
This location of solutions

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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