

Surprise Ice

Kings of Convenience

When past sometimes takes you with soft hands,
forcelessly pulls you to your chair.
Hides you away from these half days,
sunless at the end of the year.
The air is like a knife cutting through you.
A room in the house is always warm.
Stretched out on the bathroomfloor, thinking,
of fair days your future may hold.

Love comes like surprise ice on the water,
love comes like surprise ice at dawn.
Love comes like surprise ice on the water,
love comes at dawn.

Deprived of the light and of colours,
the world ends at your windowtree.
Darkness creates these illusions,
but pale days can teach you to see.
Rain falls, but no life is given,
weeks pass, no progress is made.
Past sometimes takes you with soft hands,
and all that surrounds you will fade.

Love comes like surprise ice on the water,
love comes like surprise ice at dawn.
Love comes like surprise ice on the water,
love comes at dawn.