

Goodnight Oslo

Robyn Hitchcock

She came out of the past
Gliding through the mirror
From ashtrays, turntables and body hair
She came out on the nose
The trains had all stopped running
They had froze
But I've got special powers
That render me invisible
To everyone but you

And so delicious floes
So easy from the clouds
In Sunday morning Oslo time
You fade into the crowd
Don't go to heaven by yourself
You need a mission and a friend
I'm promising you soul to soul to soul
It never ends

It's just Norwegian speed
And Norway makes the world go round
Like you go round in circles
All the time
Goodnight Oslo

Harold Skrindo said
Go out to Vigeland
See the bodies
Climb each other to the sky
To the sky

You leave the Stray Hotel
And find a place to smoke
A house that has no walls
Or memories at all
You're listening to her
Still broadcasting inside
But you can walk out
Any time
Goodnight Oslo
Goodnight Oslo
Goodnight Oslo

It's just Norwegian speed
From Tromso down to Kirstiansand
They're waiting for the dark
That never comes