

## Changing of the Seasons

Ane Brun

He falls asleep on her chest  
The best sleep he'd ever met  
Nevertheless he dreams of some stranger's caress  
So he awakes and he knows  
Maybe someone else is supposed  
To meet his hazy anticipating eyes

He draws the curtains aside  
Unfolding the first morning light  
He glances at his disenchanted life

Restlessness is me, you see  
It's hard to be safe  
It's difficult to be happy

It's the changing of the seasons  
He says "I need them"  
I guess I'm too Scandinavian  
The relief of spring  
Intoxication of summer rain  
The clearness of fall  
How winter makes me reconsider it all

Restlessness is me, you see  
It's hard to be safe  
It's difficult to be happy

And then she awakes  
Reaches for the embrace  
He decides not  
To worry about seasons again