

What will happen to the stories from the bogs?  
The trails of the Vikings?  
The passing of sea sirens?

Is tradition holding regularly in this town?  
If it's going hiking  
Then I'm going hiking

To the other places  
That we never had  
Something like a misplaced teacher  
That is old and sad

With big raven

What will happen to that story telling clown?  
His voice hypnotizing  
The fire side frightening

I have to travel so far just to hear his sound  
But I'm going hiking  
Art thou coming hiking?

What have we done what have we done?  
Fantasy is falling down  
She's breaking apart breaking apart  
Has she lost her number 1?  
Throws out her hands throws out her hands  
Let her tell what she can tell  
There's nothing to do nothing to do nothing to do  
Imagination floating around  
Then build it back up build it back up

What art thou gonna do?  
Go into the forest  
Until I can't remember my name  
I'm gonna come back and things will be different  
I'm gonna bring back some stories and games