

The Cabinet

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I'm lying as far out
Towards the edge
As possible
So far out
That i'm almost tripping over
You lie behind me
Your breath is heavy
You're sleeping

There are some screws
That are coming loose
From two holes in the wall
The plaster's sifting down
Resting like sleep-sand in my eyes

There's a cabinet
(Hanging over my bed)
Filled with all my secret things
(Filled with all my secret things)
Every night i lie
(Staring at it)
I'm so afraid that it will fall down
Onto my face

I know what is keeping
My cabinet from falling down

It's very a small bird
Made of ceramics
Fastened by a thread
To the bottom of the cabinet
When you're awake
You play around with it
Then i get so scared
That the thread won't be strong enough

I'm hiding my head under the pillow
Hoping that
The bird won't fly away

There's a cabinet
(Hanging above my bed)
Filled with all my secrets things
(Filled with secret things)
Every night i lie
(Staring up at it)
I'm so afraid that it will fall down

'Cause what if the cabinet
(Were to fall down)
And what if it hit my face
(Would you get frightened by)
The things that you would see
(The things that you would see)
Or would try to mend it
(Would you even try)
There's a cabinet

Hanging above my bed
Filled with secret things