

## Desired Constellation

Björk

It's tricky when  
You feel someone  
Has done  
Something on your behalf

It's slippery when  
Your sense of justice  
Murmurs underneath

And is asking you  
How am I going to make it right?  
How am I going to make it right?

With a palm full of stars  
I throw them like dice  
(repeatedly)

On the table  
(repeat - repeatedly)  
I shake them like dice  
And throw them on the table  
Repeatedly  
(repeatedly)  
Until the desired constellation appears

How am I going to make it right?  
How am I going to make it right?  
How am I going to make it right?

(And you hear - how am I going to make it right?)

How am I going to make it right?  
How am I going to make it right?

(How am I going to make it right?)