

# Nightingales

Sondre Lerche

Tell me, do something true  
true love, you and me  
that we're too busy living through,  
too busy to see.

What is it, that we do  
makes us who we are?  
If we sing are we nightingales?  
Shine are we stars?

Who are we,  
What we've got?  
Are we a fireworks show,  
growing pale like a star that burned out years ago?  
Stranger things have been, stranger things have gone.  
I find it hard right now  
to name you one.  
Tell me, do something true and drop the fairy tales.

If singing birds must sing with no question of choice  
then living is our song.  
Indeed our voice, best agree  
you and me, we're probably nightingales.

God's a proud thundercloud  
we are cartoon cats  
we're the thing that is biblical  
under our hats.

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