

Dejligt "Behind The Curtain"

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I got lost in the middle of a street
on a corner of this second-hand store
that sells bananas, condoms and beer
maybe my condoms and beer

I turned and saw myself crossing in time
that little black bridge, that little black bridge
without knowing why, just with out knowing why

I feel sick like your unknown son
drifting away in this fucked-up hole
like this spot of blood on the floor
like that spot of oil in your dome

and I'm peeping and peeping all of you
behind the blinds of this blue room, my blue room

theyve been trying to knock on my door
so I lay low, and those pilgrim fathers keep losing

marching away in a sweet indian file

I've got four, five maybe seven days more
i've got five, six maybe seven days more

and I'm peeping and peeping all of you
behind the blinds of this blue room, my blue room

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