

Birgit

"Dull Day"

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The light from the window
Falls on the floor
And after it breaks
I cut my feet
On the little bright pieces
(I glow in the dark)
But only when night falls
It's falling it's falling
It's falling it's falling
It falls

My head is a night-club
Club-clubbed to dull drums
Beating to slow
To dance or to breathe or to dance
I insist that you cut in
(I a la flamb?
I'm drinking I'm drinking
I'm drinking I'm drinking
I'm drunk

Dull day

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