

Bjork

"Nail"

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When I've been just by myself
I start thinking too much
Unhealthy things start to happen
Like gastric disorders

I just go out walking
With my favourite piece of wood
With a 4 inch nail driven through it

When I am just by myself
I think too much
I start polishing my behaviour
Without any mercy

Somehow people
Don't seem to like me,
I don't know why,

I really don't want to hurt them

When I've been just by myself
I start thinking too much
I know I'm not talkative
What! I've become dry?
An emotional biscuit
That's nonsense!
Sir, this nail of yours is rusty
It's evil

I like them but when I hit them
They scream and run away
Even though I say I'm sorry.
I like meeting people.

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