

Björk

"The Comet Song"

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With our fingers we make million holes
We run and we fall into pot holes
on a mission to savor the world, oh!
We peek at the sky through tree holes

Comet - oh damn it!
The comet comes hurtling down
On a precious plot of earth

Like the bugs in mother's flower bed
We walk on long legs over the sea bed
On our mission to save the world, oh!
We need milk and cakes and a warm bed

Comet - oh damn it!
The comet comes hurtling down
On a precious plot of earth

Grey leaves are too much
for any mother to handle

A father must pull
his black hat down over the eyes

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