

Bjork

"Tidal Wave"

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The diesel is so nice I just need something
The barometer's falling down, I feel so sultry
Something is simmering and boiling inside me
If I ignore it and squeeze out laughter
I charge up with a typhoon, hurricanes and storms

I just need the diesel
I just find the smell
I just sniff it and I can feel the harbour just close by
I just try to sniff the diesel but I can't

A tide with an undertow, the sea is swelling
Impatience makes me foam
A wave inside me forces out big words
They splash and sprinkle
An angry torrent breaking loose, a flush or rushing joy

The diesel,
It just makes me feel
It just fills my veins so quickly
I don't know why it just does
I'm down by the harbour
A cigarette would be ideal
Then I remember that the diesel...

And I can't help it, I'm exploding again
I'm calling weather station nomad
And satellite nimbus
It's a blizzard inside me, a bomb ticking
This is the tidal wave
Here comes the tidal wave.

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