

Bjork **"Walkabout"**

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I admire the curves,
The golden landscape.
I wanna be there
Right with you.
That's where I'm staying,
Where no-one can find me
In the depths of the valleys
Magnificent landscape

Delicious boy,
With animal eyes,
Beautiful buttocks,
Haunting movements.
But the thing that makes me love you
Is the unforgettable smell of your skin.

There's a hole and there's a stick.
Between the hills!
There's a cove and there's a ship,
That goes in and out of the harbour.

The heavy pear,
Totally ripe.
Adorable fruits
So generous.
This is where I'm staying,
Where no-one can find me,
In the depths of the valleys.
Magnificent landscape.

Delicious boy,
With animal eyes,
Beautiful buttocks,
Haunting movements.
But the thing that makes me love you
Is the unforgettable smell of your skin.

There's a hole and there's a stick.
Between the hills...
There's a tunnel and there's a train.
Admire the view.
There's a cove and there's a ship,

That goes in and out of the harbour.

Mountains of nutrition.
Two, side by side,
Above a navel
And under a chin,
That's where I'm staying,
Where no-one can find me.
In the depths of the valleys,
Magnificent landscape.

Is everything a landscape?
I'm in the landscape
Crawl into the canyon
Into the rain forest
Crawl up the crevasse
Jog along the tundra
Walk up the slope
Have a breather between the hills
Admire the view
Not yet on the peak
Walk further and rest
Between two tranquil pools
Then climb the peak
And admire
I'm captivated.

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