

## Erlend Øye

### "The Talk"

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And so I'm back and I am stuck here in the same room.  
A thorough shuffle to the mail my first excuse  
not to immediately face the day's agenda.  
Some very awkward words I need be telling you  
of a feeling that in motion through I've carried  
for it to be worn off upon return  
that grew inside me like a credit taken  
in a currency I could no longer earn.  
No better way,  
no other time,  
no other call,  
no better line,  
as soon as now, within your room  
it can't go on,  
I'm not in love with you.  
My mouth has got a funny taste of metal,  
a pencil line's been drawn upon my face.  
Weight has come to hang around my shoulders  
for the knowledge of a doubt I can't erase.  
Hey boy you never finish what you've started  
says the man I wanna be who I am not  
who will sacrifice his part as easy lover  
to never be the one who holds and drops

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