

Casiokids

"En Vill Hest"

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En million ganger
GÃ¥r eg inn i dÃ_,ren din
Men nÃ¥ ser eg en strek som
Slutter i hÃ¥nden min

PÃ¥ en vill hest
Holder eg meg fast
Men det var kun i en tanke
PÃ¥ en hÃ_,yvogn sitter eg
Uten hast

Alt kjennes sÃ¥ utagbart
En BPM som gÃ¥r for fort
I et kaleidoskop
DrÃ_,mmer man seg bort

En morgen
Lenger enn de fleste
FÃ¥r eg en idÃ©
Tar en huskelapp
For Ã¥ huske det

Rytmen kjennes bedre
Rytmen kjennes bedre
Rytmen kjennes bedre
NÃ¥r eg sjÃ_,l slÃ¥r pÃ¥ trommen
SjÃ_,l slÃ¥r pÃ¥ trommen

En million ganger
Ser eg inn i speilet mitt
Eg tar en strikk og slÃ¥r den
PÃ¥ kinnet mitt

Da vett eg kor min
MÃ_,rke side e
Og holder tanken i lommen
Slik at eg kan huske det

Rytmen kjennes bedre
Rytmen kjennes bedre
Rytmen kjennes bedre

NÃ¥r eg sjÃ, I slÃ¥r pÃ¥ trommen
SjÃ, I slÃ¥r pÃ¥ trommen

Eg stÃ¥r med tannbÃrsten
Og tenker pÃ¥ dagen min
Min kalender holder mine hender
Men eg vil holde takten sjÃ, I
Og ikkje ledes av andre

En million ganger
GÃ¥r eg inn i dÃren din
Men nÃ¥ ser eg en strek som
Slutter i hÃ¥nden min

Rytmen kjennes bedre
Rytmen kjennes bedre
Rytmen kjennes bedre
NÃ¥r eg sjÃ, I slÃ¥r pÃ¥ trommen
SjÃ, I slÃ¥r pÃ¥ trommen

English translation:

A million times
I go through your door
But now I see
The end of the life line in my hand

I'm holding on tight
On the back of a wild horse
But that was just in a thought
On a hay wagon I sit comfortably
With no haste

Everything seems so hard to reach
A BPM that goes too fast
In a kaleidoscope
One dreams oneself away
One morning, longer than most
I get an idea
Write it on a piece of paper
To remember it

The rhythm feels better
The rhythm feels better
The rhythm feels better
When I'm keeping the beat myself
Keeping the beat myself

One million times
I see myself in the mirror
I take a rubber band

And hit it on my cheek
Then I know
Where my dark side lies
And put that thought in my pocket
To remember it

The rhythm feels better
The rhythm feels better
The rhythm feels better
When I'm keeping the beat myself
Keeping the beat myself

I'm standing with my toothbrush
Thinking about my day
My calender
Is holding my hands
But I want to keep the rhythm myself
And not be led by others

A million times
I go through your door
But now I see
The end of the life line in my hand

The rhythm feels better
The rhythm feels better
The rhythm feels better
When I'm keeping the beat myself
Keeping the beat myself

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