

Frida Hyvönen

"Today, Tuesday"

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Today is Tuesday I got your letter days ago
It was printed out and kept in my purse
As a substitute for the missing daylight
Of a jetlagged insomniac

I am back in this part of the universe
It changed behind my back
And the place where I left my centre
Got lost in the action

Oo-oo, isn't it one of life's blessings
Oh-oo, isn't it one of life's blessings
I do not remember the shape of my plan
I do not remember the shape of my plan

It's gone a little winterish here but no snow yet
Only crispy grass freezing leaves to the ground
After they've fallen down, as a taste of what's to come
I'm having a new watchtower built
Different but not quite
So that the missing angles
Might find their way home

Oo-oo, isn't it one of life's blessings
Oo-oo, isn't it one of life's blessings
Spending my days trying to trust that they will
Spending my days trying to trust that they will

Survived that flight sleeping, it was days ago
And in the buzzing unreality of airports
The whole trip was reduced to a dream
And stored in my head

And in an ocean not so far away from here
Your name's become a mantram on repeat
The underwater-creatures in me
Are chanting your name

Oo-oo, isn't it one of life's blessings
Oo-oo, isn't it one of life's blessings
Do they remember the shape of my plan?

Do they remember the shape of my plan?
Do they remember the shape of my plan?
Do they remember the shape of my plan?

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