

## Stina Nordenstam "Circus"

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Tomorrow I will stretch out  
Like an acrobat  
And make my way to  
What's there

I will get dressed  
Again, in spite of all  
With a laziness  
Of a circus

Before or after the performance  
As I'm walking down the many stairs  
Remembering my stunts all over  
Remembering I'm sick and like to die

I will be  
The only not mad woman in the park

I will be  
What's left of longing on this earth

It took two days to lead up to this agony  
Learning trust was just as slow  
I just stopped seeing you as my enemy  
I was not prepared to let you go

I will be  
The only not mad woman in the park  
I will be  
What's left of longing on this earth

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