

Stina Nordenstam**"COD"**

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Linked to the world by a payphone
stuck between galaxies
I finally fell in the black hole
between your sentences

Circling over the airport
Beacon confirm our height
Is anything wrong, can we go down?
But the radio remains quiet

It's me and you now and you're not on my side
A night for planets, planes and souls to collide
They say that light years might go by till they do
It takes a desert to meet someone like you

Cut me dead, send me out blindfolded
Watch me take up the glove
This is what I've been trained for

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