

Stina Nordenstam "Hopefully Yours"

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Wind full of smells
And faraway places
The last thing I said
Are you sure you can do this?

Hands fold together
He says no
Don't turn your head, no
Don't just go

I'm here in your yard
And it's getting colder
You're making it hard
He smiled when he told me

Life on the wing
Like a lot of things
Would be better if
We didn't try, I tried

Like I was walking out in your garden
Or am I just being foolish?
Or am I just being hopefully yours?
Or am I just being foolish?

You know you've been seen
Not quite on the main street
And I was the queen
Until then I had nothing

And I can't go on like this
Is not a way
Of telling you
Be mine, be mine

Like I was walking on your blue carpet
Or am I just being foolish?
Or am I just being hopefully yours?
Or am I just being foolish?
Or am I just being hopefully yours?

Or just being foolish?

Or just being hopefully yours?
Or just being foolish?

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