

Ane Brun

"Gillian"

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Gillian played me a song
It was that day when everything was wrong
Gillian singing in my heart, in my ears and tears
running down
I was facing the ground

Gillian played me a song
I was so tired then the music caressed my skin
Like when someone finally holds you and you can give
in
This you've been avoiding
You think you'll fall apart but it's just that new start

She sang about Elvis, she sang about time
Gillian sang about Miss Ohio and that last remaining
song
Stretched my rigid fingers, I clear my throat
This will be all over soon

Now this is long ago, I listen to her and I go back
To that day, that month, that year
That day will never leave my mind
Gillian played me a song

Gillian played me a song
It was that day when everything was wrong
Gillian singing in my heart, in my ears and tears
running down
I was facing the ground

She sang about Elvis, she sang about time
Gillian sang about Miss Ohio and that last remaining
song
Stretched my rigid fingers, I clear my throat
This will be all over soon

She sang about Elvis, she sang about time
Gillian sang about Miss Ohio and that last remaining
song
Stretched my rigid fingers, I clear my throat
This will be all over soon, this will be all over soon

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