

Robert Reverie

Robert is a strange old man. Living on a farm alone Sleeping in the barn. With cows around him all night long...all night long.. that's where he belongs But when he meets a woman.

he bows his coaring head He's looking straight ahead, 'cos he never knows just what to say

Robert's chopping trees, Bobert's cutting hay
But strange old Robert clossn't know what to say
Amongst the trunks there walks a tall grey man
You will see a head that Tooms in the crown
of an aspan tree

Talking to the birds. It's what makes him feel free

Robert's lived alone too long. In his tiny world His house is like a bursting drawer, full of socks, fouls melling and curled

If his neighbour knocks on his door, he'll close it with a grin. He won't let them in.
And if he did they wouldn't get along

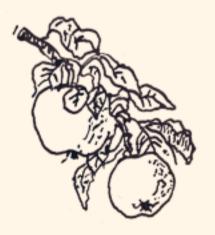
Robert's chopping trees, Robert's cutting hay But strange old Robert doesn't know what to say On the floor

Please do not come close Don't even talk to me Don't open the door I'm on the floor

I'm watching a fly whirring orround in the lamp Tries to escape but freedom's out of sight Its wings on fire, no one turns out the light

It feels as if Something pulls me down Churns inside Slowly around

I'm falling endlessly Leaving light behind Into a darkness Where I could as well've been blind



All kinds of clouds

I'm watching clouds. All kinds of clouds
They move like a parade in the sky
A hundred miles up high
Varied like a womans face.
Fragile like a thought
Change shape like moods in a mind
And leave without a trace
One of them appears as a princess
made of fog

Turns into a rabbit and then into a frog
She veils the sun when you want the sun to shine
And let the light through when you need
a nap or two

In the end she growshuge. Darkens into violet Approaches like a wolf towards a prey While the blue sky turns to gray
Then she lets go. Thunder and lightning Pouring all her raindrops over me
Till I'm forced to flee

Will it turn silent

If my eyes seek a tree
It's not necessarily because I'm hungry
'Cos when I look up at a tempting fruit
I might wonder
When will that apple fall
When will that branch let go

And if my eyes climb a peak
it's not always from an urge to conquer
They might wonder,
When will that snowlet go
Will there be a warning
A rumble
Then will it turn silent
Quite silent

Time walks with a slow pace
It's not in a hurry to arrive
Just like at might on the open sea
You won't see the changes
Until there's moonlight
And suddenly there's land in sight

In my field of view I'm just walking around without knowing why Crossing streets not choosing left or right Just passing by My only wish is that I'm gonna have a day with no plans at all Don't want to laugh. Don't want to cry I just want an emptyminded stroll I'm just walking around without knowing where Crossing streets not choosing upwards or down. I don't ćare I don't imagine that I'll save the world I have no dreams I believe will come true I follow my feet, the direction's ahead I just walk in my field of view Maybe the waves of my mind Will join the waves across the sait seq Turn to rain on the other side Like a message in a bottle sent by me I'm just walking around without knowing why Crossing streets not choosing left or right Just passing by And as I walk the world is spinning around Faster than ever and dommon sense loses ground Swirls up echoes from hatred voices of bygone time Applauding what I would consider a crime

Grasshoppers

I close my eyes letting sounds be my view Flies are buzzing and bumblebees too And I hear grasshoppers playing I don't know what they are saying But I don't say anything

Swallows are singing up high
From the lake I hear the loones cry
A cuckoo performs his thirds
As the proudest singer of the choir of early birds

Voices that come from the valley below Seems to be happy, But you never, you never, you never know

I just close my eyes to this audible view My mind is the ctate Where all these sounds are passing through

Beneath my feet

Remember we were wading in the water And I could feel each and every stone beneath my feet. Beneath my feet

When I got cold and began to shiver You looked at me and smiled and said that I was sweet, that I was sweet

Unsteadily entwined, we went ashore

Left our feet in water

Stayed quiet for a quarter

Both of us knew

There will be stones in our shoes

But still I shiver when you look at me with that smile

It's been like that for ever and a while

In the sea

Mary locks the light up behind her eyes
Inside she turns to water
Where bubbles look like stars from where she lies
She can feel the fish how they move their tails
Tickled by a school of silver hertings
And sifted through the soft baleens of whales

Mary falls as leep to the sight of a fishing boat...
that glides quietly on shallow water
At a peaceful pace
Oars make ripples mirroring her face
Then she's thrown towards the shoals
by the undertow.....

Left to dry by some fragile moonbeams Until sailt is all that's left of her dreams

Shadow in the corner

Every single second was a droplet of a stream. That draws her towards the falls, Can't you see her how she crawls. While a hoodie hides her scream.

The room became a river, her clisk a wobbly fleet. She tries to stop each second, turn their small quick feet. But they ignore her prayers. Keep running in a line like fearless hostile soldiers.

There was nowhere she could go And no one there to save her No heroes anywhere
Just a shadow in the corner who was pointing at her chair





Bjørn wants to thank Marie Munroe, Mark Nippierd, John Inge Quale and Nils Kobberstad for ungoogliefying his English grammatics, and Torbjørn Hafner for borrowing away his beautiful Fender Jazzmaster.

David wants to thank Krystian Wentzel and Torjus Vierli for lending him synthesizers.

Nikolai Wants to thank Lydia Rustad-Harngsle, Ludvig Rustad-Harngsle and Camilla Brun.

And thanks to Knut Rejerstud for his twist on this album's title.

Rune wants to thank his Parker Duofold fountain pen.