

# Ane Brun, Rubber & Soul

In my mind I'm crawling on your floor  
Vomiting and defeated  
Total absence of grace  
Your reluctant voice saying  
You decide your own fate but

I wear rubber bands round my soul  
They keep me from crawling  
And these rubber bands round my soul  
They keep me from falling

In my repeated dreams  
You stare at me with an empty gaze  
You turn your back on me  
And you search for more intriguing days  
Loathing this  
Controlling this  
Let me get a hold of this so

I wear rubber bands round my soul  
They keep me from crawling  
And these rubber bands round my soul  
They keep me from falling

So then when you are not in my dreams  
And not in my mind  
But we are at the same place at the same time  
Rubber no longer holds  
The borders of my soul