

Bjork, lionsong

Maybe he will come out of this
Maybe he won't
Somehow I'm not too bothered
Either way

Maybe he will come out of this loving me
Maybe he will come out of this
I smell declarations of solitude
Maybe he will come out of this

Vietnam vet comes after the war
Lands in my house
This wild lion doesn't fit in this chair

Maybe he will come out of this loving me
Maybe he won't
I'm not taming no animal
Maybe he will come out of this

One it wat simple
One feeling at a time
It reached it's peal then transformed
These abstract complex feelings
I just don't know
How to handle them
Should I throw oil
On one of his moods
But which one
Make the joy peak
Humour peak
Frustration peak
Anything peak
For clarity

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Maybe he won't
I'm not taming no animal
Maybe he will come out of this

Maybe he will come out of this
Maybe he won't
Somehow I'm not too bothered
Either way

I refuse it's sign of maturity
To be stuck in complexity

I demand clarity
Either way

Maybe he will come out of this
Somehow I'm not too bothered
I'd just like to know