

Desired Constellation

Björk

It's tricky when
You feel someone
Has done
Something on your behalf

It's slippery when
Your sense of justice
Murmurs underneath

And is asking you
How am I going to make it right?
How am I going to make it right?

With a palm full of stars
I throw them like dice
(repeatedly)

On the table
(repeat - repeatedly)
I shake them like dice
And throw them on the table
Repeatedly
(repeatedly)
Until the desired constellation appears

How am I going to make it right?
How am I going to make it right?
How am I going to make it right?

(And you hear - how am I going to make it right?)

How am I going to make it right?
How am I going to make it right?

(How am I going to make it right?)