

Kiss

Venke Knutson

Shadows fall,
Leaving traces in your face,
That I can look for when I'm old,
And think of all the days we could have missed,
Now here again,
I'm always young in the silly lines,
Of poetry,
But I believe,
That tide is turning
Round and round again..
Ooohh, I'm a little surprised by your kiss,
And who's going to blame me for this,
A little song today,
An illusion in a picture frame to stay..
You pass me by,
This old man with his cane and all,
Heading for an evening stroll,
The streets were wet with rain,
And even though he did not speak,
He told a lot,
By being weak I saw a glint,
Of who he'd been,
And who I'd like to be..

Ooohh, I'm a little surprised by your kiss,
And who's going to blame me for this,
A little song today,
An illusion in a picture frame to stay..
Now where you wanna go,
What you wanna know,
Makes the world go round,
What you wanna be,
It doesn't matter to me,
Just sing from your soul,
Sing from your soul,
You're growing old..
And ooohh, I'm a always surprised by your kiss,
And who's going to blame me for this,
A little song today,
An illusion in a picture frame,
And ooohh, I'm a little surprised by your kiss,
And who's going to blame me for this,
A little song today,
An illusion in a picture frame,
And ooohh, I'm a little surprised by your kiss,
And who's going to blame me for this,
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An illusion in a picture frame to stay..
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