

STEINAR RAKNES

Better Days

*Sitting in the dark, all by myself
September soon is on the shelf
It is one of those evenings, one of those nights
You sit outside without a light*

*Saturday is coming to an end
Im at a party with a friend
People are laughing, music streaming
Out from the windows, and I am dreaming
of*

*Better days
Happy-go-lucky days
Easy living days
No lickety-splitly days*

*My mama told me to be a good boy
To be kind and not to be coy
My daddy taught me to sit down to my work
To settle down and not be a burk*

*Slow on the uptake, I had the best tutors
Salute to Jimi, to Tom and the crooners
I smoke my calumet alone in the dark
My ship is sailing, it is time to embark
And live the*

Better days...

*Shiver in the morning, shiver in the night
Withstand the light of day I might
My soul is trembling like a silver wound string
I quake as I start to sing
Sing about*

Better days....

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