

DAGNY
SPILL
DROPS
SONGS



Idiomdrottning

DAGNY
SPILL
DROPS
SONGS



Idiomdrottning

© Collected, dagnified, and designed, Idiomdrottning, 2021.
Dagnification process as per *Berlin v. EC Publ Inc*, 1964.
Cover photograph © Martin Persson.

CONTENTS

Dagny, you're a fine girl	4
Dagny Fika Drops	6
I'm the Dagny	9
Bad Dagny	12
Dagnylujah	14
Spill the Five More Drops	16
Dear Dagny	18
Dagny Had Time	20
Me and Dagny McGee	22
The Drops of Dagny	24
Dagny was a Dropspiller	26
Keep me Dagny	29
Waitress Dagny Song	30
Dagny by Dawn	32
Spilling of the Edge of the Cup	34
Spilling in the name	36
Dagny Survive	38
My favorite Dagny	40
Seven Nation Dagny	42
I Love Dagny	44
Ex-Dagny	46
Pirate Dagny	48
Rabbit Dagny	53

DAGNY, YOU'RE A FINE GIRL

Looking Glass

There's a port on a western bay
and it serves a hundred ships a day.
Lonely sailors pass the time away
and talk about their homes.

And there's a girl in this harbor town
and she works spilling fika down.
They say "Dagny, fetch another round."
She spills them five drops more.

The sailors say: "Dagny, you're a fine girl."
"What a good wife you would be."
"Yeah, your eyes could steal a sailor
from the sea."

Dagny wears a braided chain
made of finest silver from the North of Spain;
a locket that bears the name
of a man that Dagny loved.

He came on a summer's day,
bringing gifts from far away,
but he made it clear he couldn't stay.
No harbor was his home.

The sailor said: "Dagny, you're a fine girl."
"What a good wife you would be."
"But my life, my love, and my lady is the sea."

Yeah, Dagny used to watch his eyes
when he told his sailor's story.
She could feel the ocean fall and rise.
She saw its raging glory.
But he had always told the truth,
Lord, he was an honest man,
and Dagny does her best to understand.

At night, when Kafé Sjuan closes down,
Dagny walks through a silent town
and loves a man who's not around.
She still can hear him say...

She hears him say: "Dagny, you're a fine girl."
"What a good wife you would be."
"But my life, my love, and my lady is the sea."

DAGNY FIKA DROPS

Patti Smith

I was down in Kafé Sjuan.
Nothing was as real
as the street beneath my feet
descending into air.

The fika was a-bubbling;
the cups were lean,
and the women moved forward
like piranhas in a stream.
They spread themselves before me,
an offering so sweet,
and they beckoned and they beckoned,
come on, Dagny, spill.

Spill the Dagny fika drops!
Spill! Spill, spill!
You spill the Dagny fika drops!
Spill! Spill, spill!

They circled around me,
vetelängd in a ring,
and I saw their souls a-withering
like snakes in chains...
and they wrapped themselves around me
(ummm, what a thrill)
and they rattled their tails, hissing:
Come on, let's spill!

Spill the Dagny fika drops!
Spill! Spill, spill!
You spill the Dagny fika drops!
Spill! Spill, spill!

I felt a rising in my throat.
The girls were saying grace,
and the air, the vicious air,
pressed against my face...
and it all got too damn much for me.
Just got too damn rough,
and I pushed away my plate
and said, boys, I've had enough
and I laid upon the table;
another fikabröd.

And I opened up my veins to them
and said, come on, spill!

Spill the Dagny fika drops!
Spill! Spill, spill!

You spill the Dagny fika drops!
Spill! Spill, spill!
You spill the Dagny fika drops!
Spill! Spill, spill!
You spill the Dagny fika drops!
Spill! Spill, spill!

'Cause I was down in Kafé Sjuan.
Nothing was as real
as the street beneath my feet
descending into hell.

So spill! Spill, spill!
You spill! Spill, spill!
You spill! Spill, spill!
Spill! Spill, spill!

I'M THE DAGNY

Billie Eilish

White shirt now red, my fikamugg
sleeping. You're on your tippy toes
creeping around like no one knows.
Think you're so criminal.

Bruises on both my knees for you.
Don't say "thank you" or "please". I do
what I want when I'm wanting to.
My fika? So cynical.

You're a fika-shop guy.
Like-it-five-more-drops guy.
Just-can't-get-enough guy.
Chest-always-so-puffed guy.
I'm that bad type.
Make-your-mama-sad type.
Make-your-girlfriend-mad type.
Might-seduce-your-dad type.
I'm the Dagny, duh.

I'm the Dagny.

I like it when you take control,
even if you know that you don't
own me, I'll let you play the role.
I'll be your animal.

My mommy likes to sing along
with me but she won't sing this song.
If she reads all the lyrics
she'll pity the men I know.

You're a fika-shop guy.
Like-it-five-more-drops guy.
Just-can't-get-enough guy.
Chest-always-so-puffed guy.
I'm that bad type.
Make-your-mama-sad type.
Make-your-girlfriend-mad type.
Might-seduce-your-dad type.
I'm the Dagny, duh.

I'm the Dagny, duh.

I'm only good at spilling drops.
Drops.

I like when you get mad.
I guess I'm pretty glad
that you're alone.
You said she's scared of me?
I mean,
I don't see what she sees
but maybe it's 'cause I'm
 spilling five more drops.

I'm a Dagny.
I'm, I'm a Dagny.
Dagny, Dagny.
I'm a Dagny.

BAD DAGNY

Ministry

What's lies?
Påtår and bullar collide.
We look for answers in those catatonic,
dying, fika-shot eyes.
We ask if vermin are the ones
that already learned:
those aren't tears,
they're just five more drops.

Just five more drops!

What lies?
No big surprise.
We get our clues from the ones who
thought up they will conquer us.
Are we too fucked to say
the end is here too much?
We're in denial with five drops.

Do you remember the strain?
Do you remember the pain?
Do you remember who caused all the blame?

Dagny!

Do you remember me?
Do you remember us?
Do you surrender your cup or your plate?

Dagny!

What lies?
He's finally come alive,
out of these mediocre, plentiful
things all the time.
A steady stream of fika,
conscious to a flood,
the clock is ticking for five drops.

DAGNYLUJAH

Leonard Cohen

Now I've heard there was a påtårs-round
that Dagny served, and it pleased the Lord,
but you don't really care for fika, do you?
It drops like this: The fourth, the fifth,
the minor fall, the major lift.
The baffled king entering Kafé Sjuan.

Kafé Sjuan, Kafé Sjuan.
Kafé Sjuan, Kafé Sjuan.

Her brew was strong but you needed more.
You saw her stirring in the milk.
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you.
She tied you to a kitchen chair.
She broke your throne, and she cut your hair,
and from your lips she drew the Kafé Sjuan.

Kafé Sjuan, Kafé Sjuan.
Kafé Sjuan, Kafé Sjuan.

You say I took the name in vain.
I don't even know the name,
but if I did—well, really—what's it to you?
There's a blaze of light in every word.
It doesn't matter which you heard:
The holy or the broken Kafé Sjuan.

Kafé Sjuan, Kafé Sjuan.
Kafé Sjuan, Kafé Sjuan.

I did my best, it wasn't much.
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch.
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you,
and even though it all went flops
I'll ask again for five more drops
with nothing on my tongue but Kafé Sjuan.

Kafé Sjuan, Kafé Sjuan.
Kafé Sjuan, Kafé Sjuan.

Kafé Sjuan, Kafé Sjuan.
Kafé Sjuan, Kafé Sjuan.

Kafé Sjuan.

SPILL THE FIVE MORE DROPS

Peaches

Sipping on my fika like you wanted it.
Calling me, all the time like Blondie.
Check out my sju sorters kakor:
They're fine all of the time,
like the drops that I'm spilling.
What else is in the teaches of Dagny? Huh?
What?

Sipping on my fika like you wanted it.
Calling me, all the time like Blondie.
Check out my sju sorters kakor:
They're fine all of the time,
like the drops that I'm spilling.
What else is in the teaches of Dagny? Huh?
What?

Huh? Right. What? Uhh.
Huh? What? Right. Uhh.

Huh? What? Right. Uhh.
Huh? What? Right. Uhh.

Fikabröd, äppelpaj,
stay in school 'cause it's the best.
Äppelpaj, fikabröd,
stay in school 'cause it's the best.
Äppelpaj, fikabröd,
stay in school 'cause it's the best.
Äppelpaj, fikabröd,
stay in school 'cause it's the best.

Sipping on my fika like you wanted it.
Calling me, all the time like Blondie.
Check out my sju sorters kakor:
They're fine all of the time,
like the drops that I'm spilling.
What else is in the teaches of Dagny? Huh?
What?

Spill the five more drops.
Spill the five more drops.
Spill the five more drops.
Spill the five more drops.
Spill the five more drops.

DEAR DAGNY

PJ Harvey

Dear Dagny,
dear Dagny,
won't you fill up my
cup again?

Dear Dagny,
dear,
I've been your friend
for many years

Won't you do this for me?
Dearest Dagny,
and cover the bottom of my cup from the sun.

And the fikasug tightening,
the fikasug is tightening
around my throat.

And, and...

...around the throat of the one I love.
Tightening, tightening, tightening,
around the throat of the one I love.
Tightening, tightening, tightening.

Dear Dagny,
dear Dagny,
now it's your time to look after us!
'Cause we kept you clothed,
we kept in business
when everyone else was having good luck.

So now it's your time.
Time to spill,
to spill the drops and the five more that I love,
with the worldly goods you've stashed away,
with all the things you
took from us.

DAGNY HAD TIME

Ani Di Franco

How can I go into Kafé Sjuan
with nothing to say?
I know you're going to look at me that way
and say "What did you do out there?"
and "What did you decide?"
You said you needed time
and you had time."

You are a fika shop
and I am a bull.
You are really good food
and I am full.
I guess everything is timing.
I guess everything's been said,
so I am coming home with an empty cup.

You'll say "Did they love you or what?"
I'll say "They love what I do."
The only one who really loves me is you."
and you'll say "Girl, did you want påtår?"

and I'll say "I don't really remember,
but my fingers are sore
and my voice is too."

You'll say "It's really good to see you."
You'll say "I missed you horribly."
You'll say "Do you want the usual
fika and cake?"
And you will brew the heavy stuff
and you will spill five drops
and I'll look out the window making jokes
about the way things are.

How can I go into Kafé Sjuan
with nothing to say?
I know you're going to look at me that way
and say "What did you do out there?"
and "What did you decide?"
You said you needed time
and you had time."

ME AND DAGNY MCGEE

Kris Kristofferson

Busted flat in Kafé Sjuan, eating way too much.
Feeling nearly faded as my jeans.
Dagny spilled us five more drops
 just before it rained,
took us all the way to New Orleans.
Took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
and was blowing sad while Dagny's fika brews.
With them windshield wipers
 slapping time and
Dagny clapping hands,
 we finally ate up every cake
that kitchen knew.

Fika's just another word for
 nothing left to lose,
and nothing ain't worth nothing but it's free.
Feeling good was easy, Lord,
 with Dagny's fika brews,
and buddy, that was good enough for me,
good enough for me and my Dagny McGee.

From the coalmines of Kentucky
to the California sun,
Dagny shared the secrets of my soul.
Serving me some påtår,
through everything I done,
and every sip it kept me from the cold.
Then, somewhere near Salinas,
Lord, I let her slip away,
she was looking for the love I hope she'll find.
Well, I'd trade all my tomorrows
for a single yesterday,
holding Dagny's fika in my cup.

Fika's just another word for
nothing left to lose,
and five more drops was all she left to me.
Feeling good was easy, Lord,
with Dagny's fika brews,
and buddy, that was good enough for me.
Good enough for me and Dagny McGee.

THE DROPS OF DAGNY

Simon and Garfunkel

Hello, Dagny, my old friend!
I've come to talk with you again,
because fikasuget, softly creeping,
left its seeds while I was sleeping
and the craving that was planted in my brain
still remains
without the drops of Dagny.

In restless dreams I walked alone.
Narrow streets of cobblestone.
'Neath the halo of a streetlamp,
I saw my fika had grown cold and damp,
when my eyes were stabbed by
 the flash of Kafé Sjuan's light
that split the night
and touched the drops of Dagny.

And in the naked light I saw
ten thousand people, maybe more.
People talking without speaking.

People hearing without listening.
People yelling “Dagny, come here and spill
five more drops,
just five more drops of Dagny.”

“Fools,” said I, “You do not know!
Nothing like a fika grows.
Hear my words that I might teach you!
Take my arms that I might reach you!”
But my words like spilling five drops fell
and echoed in the drops of Dagny.

And the people eat and drank
of the fika god they made
and the sign flashed out its warning
in the words that it was forming,
and the sign said, “The words of the smulpaj
are written on the subway walls
and tenement halls
and dipped in the drops of Dagny.”

DAGNY WAS A DROPSPILLER

Judee Sill

Sweet black Dagny over the sea,
please come and spill five more drops for me.
One time I trusted a stranger
'cause I smelled his fika
and it was gently enticing me
though there was something wrong
but when I turned he was gone.

Blinding me, his cup remains, reminding me:
He's a bandit and a heart breaker!
Oh, but Dagny was a dropspiller.

Sweet black Dagny over the sea,
please come and spill five more drops for me.

He wages war with the devil.
A pistol by his side.
And though he chases him out windows
and won't give him a place to hide,
he keeps his door open wide

Fighting him, he lights a lamp inviting him.
He's a bandit and a heart breaker!
Oh, but Dagny was a dropspiller.

Sweet black Dagny over the sea,
please come and spill five more drops for me.

I heard the thunder come rumbling,
the light never looked so dim.
I see the junction get nearer
and danger is in the wind
and either road's looking grim.

Hiding me, I flee, desire dividing me.
He's a bandit and a heart breaker!
Oh, but Dagny was a dropspiller.
Yes, Dagny was a dropspiller.
Yes, Dagny was a dropspiller.

Sweet black Dagny over the sea,
please come and spill five more drops for me.
One time I trusted a stranger
'cause I smelled his fika
and it was gently enticing me

though there was something wrong
but when I turned he was gone.

Blinding me, his cup remains, reminding me:
He's a bandit and a heartbreaker.
Oh, but Dagny was a dropspiller.

Sweet black Dagny over the sea,
please come and spill five more drops for me.

KEEP ME DAGNY

Roxette

I grab my cup with the faith of a preacherman.
I saw a ghost with fikasug like a madman.
I had this dream I was sleeping at Kafé Sjuan.
I hit the streets,
hey, watch me in the monitor!
I saw a clone who looked just like a senator.
I checked my cup,
I felt that it was time to get more drops.

Then came you.

Why did you keep me waiting so long?

I was a spy, I was captured by the enemies.
I made a million selling secret fantasies.
I saw my fika wasted in a pale gray zone.
I was the quake shaking every monument.
I had to fi-find out what all the money meant.
I checked my cup,
I knew that it was time to get more drops.

WAITRESS DAGNY SONG

First Aid Kit

I could move to a small town
and become a waitress.
Say my name was Dagny
and I was figuring things out.

See, my baby, he left me
and I don't feel like spilling drops tonight.

I remember sleepless nights.
I remember Kafé Sjuan.
I remember the music from the downstairs bar.

Girls, they just want to have fun
and the rest of us hardly know who we are.

It's a dark, twisted road we are on
and we are to walk it alone.

I could join the circus
when they come to town.
Me and the freaks, the tamers
and that old sad clown.

I'd walk across that tight rope
head held high.
So close to death,
I've never felt more alive.

But... you know, it's a dark,
twisted road we are on
and we are to walk it alone.

Could drive out to the ocean
and just stare in awe.
I could walk 'cross the beaches
and sleep under the stars.

Our love would seem trivial and obscure
now and never feel lost anymore.

DAGNY BY DAWN

Showbread

Tonight's twilight will be the last
seen by our eyes.

So if it seems so beautiful:

Kiss the beauty goodbye.

Oh, my little Dagny,
please say that you are no more,
and ears, please swear you did not hear
this creaking in the café floor.

I'll forgive my eyes for lovely lies
so certainly within my will.
Please declare this piercing stare
so false at a cup that's standing still.

So five more drops, give it to us.
So five more drops, give it to us.

The sun won't rise, my spirit dies.
All hope has withdrawn.

Here I lay because either way
I know, we'll all get five more drops.

Five more drops, five more drops.
Five more drops, five more drops.
Five more drops, five more drops.
Five more drops, five more drops.

SPILLING OF THE EDGE OF THE CUP

Black Sabbath

I think about Dagny's påtår
and lately I think of it more.
I'm living well out of my time.
I feel like I'm losing my mind.

I should be at the table round!
A servant of the crown,
the keeper of the sign
to sparkle and to shine.

Never, no, never again!
Listen to me and believe what I say if you can.
Never, this is the end.
You know I've seen the end of my cup
and I'm only a man.

Help me, tell me I'm sane!
I feel a change in the earth, in the wind,
and the rain.
Save me, take me away!
You know I've seen some creatures from hell
and I've heard what they say!

I've got to be strong...
Oh, I'm spilling off the edge of the cup!
Think you're safe, but you're wrong!
We are spilling off the edge of the cup!

Look out! There's danger! Nowhere to run!
It seems like desperate measures
but sometimes it has to be done.
Over, it's over at last.
There's a message inside as we spill
five more drops of this brew.

We're spilling off the edge of the cup!
Yes, the edge of the cup!
It's the end of the cup!

SPILLING IN THE NAME

Rage Against the Machine

Spilling in the name of
Some of those that serve tables,
are the same that brew fika
Some of those that serve tables,
are the same that brew fika
Some of those that serve tables,
are the same that brew fika
Some of those that serve tables,
are the same that brew fika
Huh!

Spilling in the name of
Spilling in the name of

Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me

Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me!
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me!
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me!
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me!
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me!
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me!
Fuck you, I won't drink what you spill me!
Motherfucker!
Uggh!

DAGNY SURVIVE

Europe

Serve me the bullar, serve me the fika,
spill me the five drops more.
Spill me just five more,
just it was like before.
Bring me the feeling, right in that moment,
when a thirst for fika cries.
Find me the treasure where the legend lies.

If I were a noble ancient knight,
I'd stand by your side to rule and fight.
It will always feel the same
when I call out your name.

Dagny survive, in dreams I walk by your side.
Dagny survive, with you
there's no need to hide.

A handful of drops are more than a reason
for me to feel this way.
I'd like to be near you,
maybe for just one day
Serve me the bullar, serve me the fika,
spill me the five drops more.
Spill me just five more,
just it was like before.

MY FAVORITE DAGNY

The Cardigans

I don't know what you're looking for.
You haven't found it, baby, that's for sure.
You drink it up and spread the crumbs around
in the dust of the deed of time.

And this is not a case of tips, you see.
It's not a matter of you versus me.
It's fine the way you want me on your own,
but in the end it's always me alone.

And I'm spilling my favourite brew.
You're losing your mind again.
I'm spilling my fika,
spilling my favourite brew.

I only know what I've been working for.
Another you so I spill five drops more.
I really thought that I could take you there,
but my p       is not getting us anywhere.

I had a vision I could turn you right.
A stupid mission and a lethal fight.
I should have seen it when my hope was new.
My coffee's black and my skin is too.

And I'm spilling my favourite brew.
You're losing your mind again.
I'm spilling my favourite brew.
I've tried, but you're still the same.
I'm spilling my fika.
You're losing a saviour and a saint

SEVEN NATION DAGNY

The White Stripes

I'm gonna drink it all.
A Kafé Sjuan Dagny couldn't hold me back.
They're gonna rip it off.
Taking their time right behind my back.
And I'm talking to myself at night,
because I can't forget.
Back and forth through my mind
behind a cigarette.

And the message coming from my eyes says,
"Come here and spill".

Don't wanna hear about it.
Every single one's got a fika to spill.
Everyone knows about it,
from the Queen of England
to the hounds of hell
and if I catch it coming back my way
I'm gonna serve it to you

and that ain't what you want to hear
but that's what I'll do.

And the feeling coming from my bones says,
"Five more drops".

I'm going to Kafé Sjuan.
Far from this opera for evermore.
I'm gonna drink the brew,
make the sweat drip out of every pore
and I'm bleeding, and I'm bleeding,
 and I'm bleeding
right before the Lord.
All the drops are gonna bleed from me
and I will drink no more.

And the stains coming from my blood tell me,
"Come here and spill".

I LOVE DAGNY

Casiotone for the Painfully Alone

I'm Dagny Clearwater Wright,
best friend of Elodie Eye.
We've been tight since Percy Elementary,
class of 1985.

We moved together out to Philly after college,
took a two bedroom at South & 9th.
I spilled my fika drops so we could have it easy.
El got her grandmother's money when she died.

We laughed like we were queens
and split our ballgowns at the seams
and every single time I'd dream
it was only El & me
but then she slipped away from me.
She met a boy from New Jersey
and they fell fast in love of course.
I swear it felt like a divorce.

This September I'll be 26 years old
and El's the only one besides my dad
who's ever said "I love you, Dagny."

Took a job at Kafé Sjuan.
It's an hour on the bus each way.
Spilling fika for a lawyer in a bad toupee.
It's dumb, I know, but it pays okay.

And did I mention I moved out?
I got my own place off of South
and I've been living hand to mouth
for going on a year by now,
and yes I still see El around.
It's different but I can't say how.
She cut her hair, it's back to brown.
She's living with her boyfriend now.

And since September I've been 26 years old.
She's still the only one besides my dad
who's ever said "I love you, Dagny."

EX-DAGNY

Monster / Lauryn Hill

It could all be so simple
but you'd rather make it hard.
Serving you is like a battle
and we both end up with scars.

Tell me, what I have to spill
to get some reciprocity?
See, no one spills more drops than me
and no one ever will.

Is this just a silly game
that forces you to act this way,
forces you to scream my name,
then pretend that you can't stay?

Tell me, what I have to spill
to get some reciprocity?
See, no one spills more drops than me
and no one ever will.

No matter how I think I spill
you always seem to let me know
it ain't working.
It ain't working,
and when I try to walk away
you'd hurt yourself to make me stay.
This is påtår.
This is påtår.

I keep letting you back in.
How can I explain myself?
As painful as this thing has been
I just can't be with no one else.

See, I know what we've got to do:
You let go and I'll let go too
'cause no one's drank more drops than you
and no one ever will.

PIRATE DAGNY

Nina Simone

You people can watch while I'm
 spilling five drops
and I'm spilling five drops
 while you're gawking.
Maybe once ya tip me and it makes ya feel swell
in this crummy Kafé Sjuan,
in this crummy old hotel,
but you'll never guess to who you're talking.
No.
You couldn't ever guess to who you're talking.

Then one night there's a scream in the night,
and you'll wonder "Who could that have been?"
and you see me kinda grinning
 while I'm spilling
and you say "What's she got to grin?"
I'll tell you.

There's a ship,
the Black Freighter,
with a skull on its masthead
will be coming in.

You gentlemen can say,
"Dagny, come here and spill!
Get upstairs! What's wrong with you!
Five more drops here!"
You toss me your tips
and look out to the ships

but I'm counting your cups
as I'm brewing the pots
'cause there's nobody gonna drink here,
tonight. Nobodys gonna drink here, honey.
Nobody.
Nobody!

Then one night there's a scream in the night
and you say "Who's that kicking up a row?"
and ya see me kinda staring out the window
and you say "What's she got to stare at now?"
I'll tell ya.

There's a ship,
the Black Freighter,
turns around in the harbor
shooting guns from her bow.

Now you gentlemen can wipe off
that smile off your face
'cause every building in town is a flat one.
This whole fricking place will be
down to the ground.
Only Kafé Sjuan standing up safe and sound
and you yell, "Why do they spare that one?"
Yes.
That's what you say.
"Why do they spare that one?"

All the night through,
through the noise and to-do,
you wonder "Who is that person
that lives up there?"
and you see me stepping out in the morning
looking nice with a ribbon in my hair.

And the ship,
The Black Freighter,
runs a flag up its masthead
and a cheer rings the air.

By noontime the dock
is a-swarming with men
coming out from the ghostly freighter.
They move in the shadows
where no one can see
and they're chaining up people
and they're bringing em to me,
asking me,
"Kill them *now* or *later*?"
Asking *me*!
"Kill them now, or later?"

Noon by the clock
and so still at the dock
you can hear a foghorn miles away
and in that quiet of death
I'll say, "Right now.
Right now!"

Then they pile up the bodies
and I'll say,
"That'll learn ya!"

And the ship,
the Black Freighter,
disappears out to sea
and
on
it
is
me.

RABBIT DAGNY

Florence and the Machine

The fika cup, so shiny and new,
how quickly the glamour fades.
I start spinning, slipping out of time.
Was that the wrong cake to eat?

You made a deal, and now it seems you have to
offer up.
But will it ever be enough?
It's not enough.

Here I am, a rabbit hearted girl,
frozen in the headlights.
It seems I've made the final sacrifice.

We raise it up, this empty cup.
We raise it up.

This is a påtår, it comes with a price.
Who is the lamb and who is the knife?
Dagny is queen and she holds me so tight
and spills five more drops in the sunlight.

I look around, but I can't find you.
If only I could see your face
instead of rushing towards the skyline.
I wish that I could just be brave.

I must become a lion hearted girl,
ready for a fight,
before I make the final sacrifice.

We raise it up, this empty cup.
We raise it up.

This is a påtår, it comes with a price.
Who is the lamb and who is the knife?
Dagny is queen and she holds me so tight
and spills five more drops in the sunlight.

Raise it up, raise it up.
Raise it up, raise it up.

And in the spring I shed my skin
and it blows away with the changing wind.
The cup it turns from bare to full
as towards Dagny I offer it.

This is a påtår, it comes with a price.
Who is the lamb and who is the knife?
Dagny is queen and she holds me so tight
and spills five more drops in the sunlight.

This is a påtår, it comes with a price.
Who is the lamb and who is the knife?
Dagny is queen and she holds me so tight
and spills five more drops in the sunlight.

This is a påtår, it comes with a price.
Who is the lamb and who is the knife?
Dagny is queen and she holds me so tight
and spills five more drops in the sunlight.

This is a påtår.

