



# TIME TO GO

Time to get up  
time to make it up  
time to shake it up  
time to pull it up  
time to hit the ground  
time to turn around  
time to move  
time to roll  
time to blink  
time to go

Time to draw the line  
time to redefine  
time for something new  
something else to do  
time to pull up stakes  
and accelerate  
time to stretch  
time to load  
time to rise  
time to go

see the light start to fade  
see the sprawling evening shade  
take a moment to look around  
before the wheels leave the ground

Time to reminisce  
everything we'll miss  
time for looking back  
time to fade to black  
time to turn the keys  
on these memories  
time to move  
time to roll  
time to go

# ICELAND

I know when the wheels touch down  
I know when the wheels touch down  
when the wheels touch down  
I'm landing in Iceland

I feel it when the air hits my face  
I feel it when the air hits my face  
when the air hits my face  
I know I'm in Iceland

I could call this place my home  
I could walk her streets alone  
I could sleep like moss  
over the lava stone

I can taste the sky on my tongue  
I can taste the sky on my tongue  
when I taste the sky  
I know I'm in Iceland

I can see serpents of steam  
I can see serpents of steam  
when I see steam  
I know I'm in Iceland

# FIFTY WORDS FOR SNOW

They got a fundamental sky  
they got the blue-eyed blond  
they got isolated eyes  
they got lights from the great beyond

they got mythologic elves  
they got magic in the land  
they got continental shelves  
that rearrange the sand

they got fifty words for snow

they got a puffin and a whale  
they got a Viking that invaded  
they're living in a world  
where everyone's related

I've been there once  
I've been there twice  
a hundred times  
may not suffice

they've got fifty words for snow

# HIDDEN PEOPLE

There have always been  
hidden people  
clandestine  
hidden people  
they are unlikely to be found  
they might be living underground  
their secret safe  
the hidden people

behind the rock  
the hidden people  
they interlock  
the hidden people  
their influence is nothing new  
you may not see them  
but they see you  
they go their way  
the hidden people

they've been around  
since time began  
what hides from God  
God hides from man

you'll never see  
the hidden people  
no history  
of hidden people  
they are unlikely to be heard  
you'll never hear them waste a word  
they're undisclosed

the hidden people

# RING ROAD

No chance of a sunflower  
the weather changes every hour  
I can't recall where I  
put my walking stick

life runs in a circular motion  
like a current in the ocean  
off the thin grey shore  
of Reykjavik

I'm on Ring Road  
rolling down Ring Road  
I'm on Ring Road  
forever on Ring Road

in the morning we departed  
two days later  
back where we started  
like shadow hands  
on a sun dial

looking out at the stark terrain  
through a window in the rain  
828 miles  
around Ring Road

# INDEPENDENT MOVIES

Two guys driving  
no destination  
local music  
no conversation

everywhere you go  
Iceland feels  
like an independent movie

two girls talking  
animated  
they might be strangers  
and still be related

everywhere you go  
Iceland feels  
like an independent movie

the sky is grey  
the people are vital  
whenever they speak  
you'll need a subtitle

everywhere you go  
Iceland feels  
like an independent movie

# WALKING ON THE OCEAN FLOOR

I'm walking on the ocean floor  
walking where it is no more  
the faded shells have cracked  
the centuries are stacked  
they're never coming back

I'm walking in the deep blue sea  
walking where it used to be  
I'm thinking of the past  
the only thing that lasts  
I'm thinking of the past

I'm walking on the ocean floor  
walking where it is no more  
the waves that used to roll  
still echo in your soul  
the waves that used to roll

I'm walking on the ocean floor



# GUNNUH'S GHOST

Gunnah's ghost  
was laid to rest  
four hundred years ago  
no less  
but she howled and hissed  
and shook the ground  
so they called the priest  
to put her down

and now she wears  
a veil of steam  
as if to rise  
out of a dream  
Gunnah's ghost

the priest laid down  
an enchanted rope  
that led her down  
a winding slope  
and there she fell  
to a chamber floor  
where she dwells  
forevermore

and now they come  
to find her still  
trapped beneath  
against her will  
the steam is but  
a gown of tears  
and so it's been  
four hundred years

and now she wears  
a veil of steam  
as if to rise  
out of a dream

Gunnah's ghost

# NORTHERN LIGHTS

Driving through blackness  
in the middle of nowhere  
driving through blackness  
the road is long  
nothing but blackness  
until you get there  
but then

you look up at the northern lights

sailing through darkness  
in the middle of nowhere  
sailing through darkness  
the sea is strong  
nothing but darkness  
until you get there  
but then

you look up at the northern lights

in total blackness  
we wait for something  
in total darkness  
we make no sound  
we put our faith  
in the sky  
with our feet  
on the ground

and we look up  
when the eyes of God  
blink open and shut  
it's the northern lights