

# Bjork, Desired Constellation

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?

With a palm full of stars  
I throw them like dice  
Repeatedly  
I shake them like dice  
And throw them on the table  
Repeatedly  
Repeatedly  
Until the desired constellation appears  
And I ask myself:

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?