

# Bjork, lionsong

Maybe he will come out of this  
Maybe he won't  
Somehow I'm not too bothered  
Either way

Maybe he will come out of this loving me  
Maybe he will come out of this  
I smell declarations of solitude  
Maybe he will come out of this

Vietnam vet comes after the war  
Lands in my house  
This wild lion doesn't fit in this chair

Maybe he will come out of this loving me  
Maybe he won't  
I'm not taming no animal  
Maybe he will come out of this

One it wat simple  
One feeling at a time  
It reached it's peal then transformed  
These abstract complex feelings  
I just don't know  
How to handle them  
Should I throw oil  
On one of his moods  
But which one  
Make the joy peak  
Humour peak  
Frustration peak  
Anything peak  
For clarity

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Maybe he won't  
I'm not taming no animal  
Maybe he will come out of this

Maybe he will come out of this  
Maybe he won't  
Somehow I'm not too bothered  
Either way

I refuse it's sign of maturity  
To be stuck in complexity

I demand clarity  
Either way

Maybe he will come out of this  
Somehow I'm not too bothered  
I'd just like to know