

Bjork, My Juvenile

Down the corridor
I send warmth
I send warmth

Down the staircase
I send warmth
I send warmth

Thank you for, again
To get to be able
To send warmth
To send warmth

Perhaps I set you too free
Too fast
Too young

But the intentions were pure
But the intentions were pure

My juvenile [x3]
I truly say
You are my biggest love

I clumsily try to free you from me
One last embrace to tie a sacred ribbon

This is an offer to better the last let-go [x3]

The intentions were pure

My juvenile