

# **Gorgensssssongs**



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# A Rush of Blood to the Head

Höfundur lags: Coldplay Höfundur texta: Chris Martin Flytjandi: Coldplay



He said I'm gonna buy this place  
and burn it down  
I'm gonna put it six feet underground  
He said I'm gonna buy this place  
and watch it fall  
Stand here beside me baby  
in the crumbling walls  
Oh I'm gonna buy this place  
and start a fire

Stand here until I fill all your heart's desires  
Because I'm gonna buy this place  
and see it burn  
And do back the things it did to you in return  
Aahh, Aahh, Aahh, Aahh

He said I'm gonna buy a gun and start a war  
If you can tell me something  
worth fighting for  
Oh and I'm gonna buy this place,  
is what I said  
Blame it upon a rush of blood to the head

Honey, all the movements  
you're starting to make  
See me crumble and fall on my face  
And I know the mistakes that I made  
See it all disappear without a trace  
And they call as they beckon you on  
They say start as you mean to go on

Start as you mean to go on

He said I'm gonna buy this place  
and see it go  
Stand here beside me baby  
watch the orange glow  
Some'll laugh and some just sit and cry  
But you just sit down there  
and you wonder why  
So I'm gonna buy a gun and start a war  
If you can tell me  
something worth fighting for  
And I'm gonna buy this place, that's what I said  
Blame it upon a rush of blood to the head  
Oh to the head, oh

Honey, all the movements you're starting to make  
See me crumble and fall on my face  
And I know the mistakes that I made  
See it all disappear without a trace  
And they call as they beckon you on  
They say start as you mean to go on

Start as you mean to go on

As you mean to go on,  
as you mean to go on

So meet me by the bridge,  
or meet me by the lane  
When am I gonna see that pretty face again  
Meet me on the road, meet me where I said  
Blame it all upon a rush of blood to the head

# Afgan

Höfundur lags: Bubbi Morthens Höfundur texta: Bubbi Morthens Flytjandi: Bubbi Morthens



Intró: munnharpa og kassagítar  
Ég hlusta á Zeppelin  
og ég ferðast aftur í tímann  
Þú spyrð mig, hvar er gimsteinninn  
í augum þínum ljúfan?  
Svitinn perlar á brjóstum þínum  
þú bítur í hnúann  
Þú flýgur á brott  
með syndum mínum, Svartur Afgan

Ég elska þig svo heitt  
að mig sundlar og verkjar  
Í faðmi þínum þú lætur mig  
finna til sektar  
Úti í horni liggur kisi þinn og malar  
inn á baðherbergi  
stendur vofan þín og talar

Úti hamast regnið  
við að komast inn til þín  
Ég skrið undir sængina  
heyri hvernig stormurinn hvín  
Drottningin með stríðsfákana sína  
býður okkur inn til sín  
Hún sýnir okkur inní sólina  
segir að sólin sé sín

Millispil- Munnharpa  
Lyftan var biluð  
húsvörðurinn kallaði mig svín  
sagðist hata alla poppara  
ég hélt hann væri að gera grín  
Ég sagði að ég væri heimsækja stúlku  
hún væri unnusta mín  
Hann sagði: Mér er nákvæmlega  
sama þó hún sé ekki stúlkan þín

Þegar ég bankaði á dyrnar  
opnaði vofan þín  
Hún sagði: Þú varst bara draumur  
ég hefð' aðeins séð þig í sýn  
Ó, ég elska þig ég vil ekki vakna  
Svartur Afgan  
drauma minna ég sakna

Millispil- Munnharpa

# Beggar's Prayer

Höfundur lags: Emiliana Torrini Höfundur texta: Emiliana Torrini Flytjandi: Emiliana Torrini



capo á 1. bandi

Mamma said, lift your head from the sieve of your hands.  
Mamma said eventually this hurting will end.  
But the shockwaves on my bones will linger,  
Like the ghost of you here in my bed.

When I was lost you thought me a beautiful find.  
Sometimes I think of you sleeping, so sleep for a while.  
I find myself asking who'd do this to love,  
And the white-shouldered mountains they pointed above.

Lord you just dropped me here by the side of this road.  
Out here's too cold and I don't want to walk it alone.  
I've got a bottle of your blood inside me,  
And an old beggar's prayer on the tip of my tongue.

ooooooooo oohooooooooo oohoooooo ooooohoooo  
oohoooooo oohooooooooo oohoooooo ooooohoooo  
ooooooooooooo oooooooooo oooooooooooooooooo

Mamma said, lift your head from the sieve of your hands.  
Mamma said eventually this hurting will end...

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# Blowing in the wind

Höfundur lags: Bob Dylan Höfundur texta: Bob Dylan Flytjandi: Bob Dylan



How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
Yes, and how many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, and how many times must the cannon balls fly  
Before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exists  
Before it's washed to the sea?  
Yes, and how many years can some people exists  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head,  
Pretending he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
Yes, and how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, and how many deaths will it take till he knows  
That too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

---

# Cats In The Cradle

Höfundur lags: Harry Chapin Höfundur texta: Harry Chapin Flytjandi: Ugly Kid Joe



A child arrived just the other day  
Came to the world in the usual way  
There were planes to catch, bills to pay  
He learned to walk while I was away  
He was talking 'fore I knew it  
and when he could, he said  
"I'm gonna be like you, dad,  
You know I'm gonna be like you"

The cats in the cradle and the silver spoon  
Little boy blue and a man on the moon  
When you comin' home son, I don't know when  
We'll get together then,  
You know we'll have a good time then

My son turned ten just the other day  
He said "Thanks for the ball dad, come on, let's play  
Could you teach me to throw?", I said "Not today  
I got a lot to do", he said "That's OK"  
He walked away with a smile on his face, he said  
"I'm gonna be like him, yeah,  
you know I'm gonna be like him"

The cats in the cradle and the silver spoon  
Little boy blue and a man on the moon  
When you comin' home son, I don't know when  
We'll get together then,  
You know we'll have a good time then

Well he came from college just the other day  
So much like a man I just have to say  
I'm proud of you, could you sit for a while  
He shook his head and he said with a smile  
What I'm feeling like, dad, is to borrow the car keys  
see you later, can I have them please

The cats in the cradle and the silver spoon  
Little boy blue and a man on the moon  
When you comin' home son, I don't know when  
We'll get together then,  
You know we'll have a good time then

I've long since retired, my son moved away  
I called him up just the other day  
I'd like to see you, if you don't mind  
He said: I'd love to, dad, if I could find the time.  
You see, my new job's hassle and the kids got the flu,  
but it's sure nice talking to you dad,  
it was sure nice talking to you.

And as I hung up the phone it occurred to me  
He'd grown up just like me  
My boy was just like me!

---

# Give Me One Reason



Höfundur lags: Tracy Chapman Höfundur texta: Tracy Chapman Flytjandi: Tracy Chapman

Give me one reason to stay here  
And I'll turn right back around  
Give me one reason to stay here  
And I'll turn right back around  
Because I don't wanna leave you lonely  
But you got to make me change my mind

Baby, I got your number  
And I know that you got mine  
But you know that I called you,  
I called too many times  
You can call me baby,  
you can call me anytime  
But you got to call me

Give me one reason to stay here  
And I'll turn right back around  
Give me one reason to stay here  
And I'll turn right back around  
Because I don't wanna leave you lonely  
But you got to make me change my mind

I don't want no one to squeeze me  
They might take away my life  
I don't want no one to squeeze me  
They might take away my life  
I just want someone to hold me  
And rock me through the night

This youthful heart can love you  
And give you what you need  
This youthful heart can love you  
And give you what you need  
But too old to go chasing you around  
Wasting my precious energy

Give me one reason to stay here  
And I'll turn right back around  
Give me one reason to stay here  
And I'll turn right back around  
Because I don't wanna leave you lonely  
But you got to make me change my mind

Baby, just give me just one reason  
Give me just one reason why  
Baby just give me one reason  
Give me just one reason why I should stay  
Because I told you I loved you  
And there ain't no more to say



# Hallelujah

Höfundur lags: Leonard Cohen Höfundur texta: Leonard Cohen Flytjandi: Jeff Buckley



I heard there was a secret chord  
That David played and it pleased the Lord  
But you don't really care for music, do you?  
Well it goes like this the fourth, the fifth  
The minor fall and the major lift  
The baffled king composing hallelujah

Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
hallelujah, hallelu-u-u-u-jah

Well your faith was strong but you needed proof  
You saw her bathing on the roof  
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you  
She tied you to her kitchen chair  
She broke your throne and she cut your hair  
And from your lips she drew the hallelujah

Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
hallelujah, hallelu-u-u-u-jah

Baby I've been here before  
I've seen this room and I've walked this floor  
I used to live alone before I knew you  
I've seen your flag on the marble arch  
But love is not a victory march  
It's a cold and it's a broken hallelujah

Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
hallelujah, hallelu-u-u-u-jah

Well, there was a time when you let me know  
What's really going on below  
But now you never show that to me do you?  
But remember when I moved in you  
And the holy dove was moving too  
And every breath we drew was hallelujah

Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
hallelujah, hallelu-u-u-u-jah

Well, maybe there's a God above  
But all I've ever learned from love  
Was how to shoot somebody who outdrew you  
It's not a cry that you hear at night  
It's not somebody who's seen the light  
It's a cold and it's a broken hallelujah

Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
hallelujah, hallelu-u-u-u-jah

Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
hallelujah, hallelu-u-u-u-jah

# Here Comes The Sun

Höfundur lags: George Harrison Höfundur texta: George Harrison Flytjandi: The Beatles



Capo á 7. bandi

Here comes the sun  
Here comes the sun  
And I say, its alright

Little darling, its been a long,  
cold, lonely winter  
Little darling it feels like  
years since its been here

Here comes the sun  
Here comes the sun  
And I say, its alright

Little darling, the smile's  
returning to their faces,  
Little darling, it seems  
like years since its been here

Here comes the sun  
Here comes the sun  
And I say, its alright

Sun, sun, sun, here it comes  
Sun, sun, sun, here it comes  
Sun, sun, sun, here it comes  
Sun, sun, sun, here it comes  
Sun, sun, sun, here it comes

Little darling, i feel  
that ice is slowly melting,  
Little darling, it seems like  
years since its been clear

Here comes the sun  
Here comes the sun  
And I say, its alright

Here comes the sun  
Here comes the sun  
And I say, its alright

Its alright

---

# House of the Rising Sun

Höfundur lags: Amerískt þjóðlag Höfundur texta: Amerískt þjóðlag Flytjandi: The Animals



There is a house in New Orleans,  
They call the Rising Sun,  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,  
And God, I know I'm one.

My mother was a tailor,  
She sewed my new blue jeans.  
My father was a gambling man,  
Down in New Orleans.

And the only thing a gambler needs,  
Is a suitcase and a trunk,  
And the only time he's satisfied,  
Is when he's all a-drunk.

I've got one foot on the platform,  
The other foot on the train.  
I'm going back to New Orleans,  
To wear the ball and chain.

So mothers, tell your children,  
Not to do what I have done.  
Spend your life in sin and misery,  
In the House of the Rising Sun.

# Hvert sem ég fer

Höfundur lags: Hjálmar Höfundur texta: Þorsteinn Einarsson Flytjandi: Hjálmar



Hvert sem ég fer fylgir þú mér  
ég mynd þína ber í huga mér.  
Helju úr heimt hefur þú mig  
grafið og gleymt gefið mér þig

Solo

Létt er mín lund lauguð af þér  
gyllir nú grund geislanna hér.  
Hver sem ég er fylgir þú mér  
ég mynd þína ber í hjarta mér.

Solo

# Little talks



Höfundur lags: Brynjar Leifsson ásamt fleirum. Höfundur texta: Nanna Bryndís Hilmarsdóttir ásamt fleirum. Flytjandi: Of Monsters and Men

Capo á 1. bandi

hey  
hey  
hey  
I don't like walking round this old and empty house  
so hold my hand i'll walk with you my dear  
The stairs creak as I sleep, it's keeping me awake  
It's the house telling you to close your eyes  
and some days I can't even trust myself  
it's killing me to see you this way

the screams all sound the same hey!  
though the truth may vary this  
ship will carry our  
bodies safe to shore

Though the truth may vary this  
ship will carry our  
bodies safe to shore  
though the truth may vary this  
ship will carry our  
bodies safe to shore

Cause though the truth may vary this  
ship will carry our  
bodies safe to shore

hey  
hey  
hey  
There's an old voice in my head that's holding me back  
tell her that I miss our little talks  
soon it will be over and buried with our past  
we used to play outside when we were young and full of life and full of love  
some days I think that I'm wrong when I am right  
your mind is playing tricks on you my dear

Though the truth may vary this  
ship will carry our  
bodies safe to shore hey!

Don't listen to a word I say hey!  
the screams all sound the same hey!  
Though the truth may vary this  
ship will carry our  
bodies safe to shore

Your gone gone gone away  
I watched you disappear  
all that's left is a ghost of you  
now we're torn torn torn apart  
there's nothing we can do  
Just let me go, we'll meet again soon  
Now wait wait wait for me  
Please hang around  
I see you when I fall asleep  
hey!

Don't listen to a word I say hey!  
the screams all sound the same hey!  
though the truth may vary this  
ship will carry our  
bodies safe to shore

Don't listen to a word I say hey!

---

# Mr. Tambourine Man



Höfundur lags: Bob Dylan Höfundur texta: Bob Dylan Flytjandi: The Byrds ásamt fleirum.

Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship  
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip  
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels  
To be wanderin'

I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade  
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way  
I promise to go under it.

Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand  
Vanished from my hand  
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping

My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet  
I have no one to meet  
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin' swingin' madly across the sun  
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run  
And but for the sky there are no fences facin'

And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme  
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind  
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're  
Seein' that he's chasing.

Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind  
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves  
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach  
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow

Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free  
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands  
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves

# Piano Man

Höfundur lags: Billy Joel Höfundur texta: Billy Joel Flytjandi: Billy Joel

It's nine o'clock on a saturday  
the regular crowd shuffles in  
There's an old man sitting next to me  
Makin' love to his tonic and gin

He says "Son can you play me a memory ?  
I'm not really sure how it goes  
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete  
when I wore a younger man's clothes"

La da da de de da  
da da de de da da da

Sing us a song, you're the piano man,  
sing us a song tonight  
Well we're all in the mood for a melody  
and you've got us feeling all right  
Now John at the bar is a friend of mine,  
he gets me my drinks for free  
And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke,  
but there's some place that he'd rather be  
He says "Bill I believe this is killing me"  
As a smile ran away from his face  
"Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star  
If I could get out of this place"

La da da de de da  
da da de de da da da

Now Paul is a real estate novelist  
who never had time for a wife  
And he's talking with Davy, who's still in the Navy,  
and probably will be for life  
And the waitress is practicing politics,  
as the businessmen slowly get stoned  
Yes they're sharing a drink they call loneliness,  
but it's better than drinking alone

( Pianosolo)

Sing us a song, you're the piano man,  
sing us a song tonight  
Well we're all in the mood for a melody  
and you've got us feeling all right  
It's a pretty good crowd for a saturday  
and the manager gives me a smile  
Cause he knows that it's me  
that they've been coming to see  
To forget about life for a while  
And the piano sounds like a carnival  
and the microphone smells like a beer  
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar  
and say "Man what are you doing here ?"



Da da da de de da  
da da de de da da da

Sing us a song, you're the piano man,  
sing us a song tonight  
Well we're all in the mood for a melody  
and you've got us feeling all right

# Somewhere over the rainbow

Höfundur lags: Harold Arlen Höfundur texta: E.Y. Harburg Flytjandi: Israel Kamakawiwo'ole



Somewhere over the rainbow way up high  
And the dreams that you dream of  
once in a lullaby  
Somewhere over the rainbow blue birds fly  
And the dreams that you dream of, dreams  
really do come true

Someday I'll wish upon a star,  
wake up where the clouds are far behind me  
Where trouble melts like lemon drops  
High above the chi-mn-ey tops that's  
where, you'll find me

Somewhere over the rainbow bluebirds fly  
And the dreams that you dare to, oh why,  
oh why can't I?

Well I see trees of green and red roses too,  
I'll watch them bloom for me and you  
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world  
Well I see skies of blue and I see clouds of white  
and the brightness of day I like the dark  
and I think to myself, what a wonderful world

The colors of the rainbow so pretty in the sky  
are also on the faces of people passing by  
I see friends shaking hands saying, "How do you do?"  
They're really saying, "I, I love you"

I hear babies cry and I watch them grow,  
they'll learn much more than we'll know  
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world

Someday I'll wish upon a star,  
wake up where the clouds are far behind me  
Where trouble melts like lemon drops  
High above the chimney tops is where you'll find me  
Somewhere over the rainbow way up high  
And the dreams that you dare to, oh why,  
oh why can't I?



# Stattu upp

Höfundur lags: Ingólfur Þórarinnsson ásamt fleirum. Höfundur texta: Axel Árnason ásamt fleirum. Flytjandi: Blár Ópal



Capó á 4. bandi

00000 00000 00000 00000  
 00000 00000 00000  
 00000 00000 00000 00000  
 00000 00000 00000

Þú þarft að segja mér  
 viltu gefa mér allt sem ég óska mér  
 ég sé þú varst einmana  
 eins og ég.

Loks hef ég tíma, tíma til að segja allt eins og er  
 í stað þess að þegja  
 þú þegir ef þú þorir ekki að segja miklu meira  
 þú ættir í raun bæði að hlusta og heyra.  
 Þú veist það vinur þú þarft að fara að trúá á þig  
 mundu samt að hlusta á mig  
 ef segi þér að nú sé tími til að snúa við og finna síðan innri frið.  
 Gerðu allt sem þig langar til  
 ekki næstum því ekki hér um bil  
 ekki gefast upp og ekki hætta við  
 því þá muntu vinna meira og minna.

00000 00000 00000 00000  
 00000 00000 00000

Stattu upp fyrir sjálfum þér ...  
 Stattu upp fyrir sjálfum þér ...  
 Stattu upp fyrir sjálfum þér ...  
 Stattu upp fyrir sjálfum þér ...

Nana, nana, nana nana, nei!  
 Nana, nana, nana nana, nei!

Þú þarft að segja mér  
 viltu gefa mér allt sem ég óska mér

Þeir sem að sigra svo sérhverja keppni  
 þurfa á miklu meira að halda en heppni  
 flestir eru kaldir og láta bara vaða  
 án þess að vita hvert þeir ætla að fara.  
 Skítt með frægðina og skítt með framann  
 er ekki málið að hafa bara gaman  
 njóta lífsins vera góður við aðra  
 ekki nöldra, bulla og þvaðra.  
 Vertu réttur maður á réttum stað  
 því það dugar ekkert minna en það  
 vertu sterkur ef það er eitthvað að  
 lifðu lífinu lifandi á sérhverjum stað.

00000 00000 00000 00000  
 00000 00000 00000

Stattu upp fyrir sjálfum þér ...  
 Stattu upp fyrir sjálfum þér ...

Þú þarft að segja mér  
 viltu gefa mér allt sem ég óska mér  
 ég sé þú varst einmana  
 eins og ég.

00000 00000 00000 00000  
 00000 00000 00000  
 00000 00000 00000 00000  
 00000 00000 00000

# Streets of London

Höfundur lags: Ralph McTell Höfundur texta: Ralph McTell Flytjandi: Ralph McTell



Have you seen the old man  
By the closed down market  
Kicking up the papers with his worn out shoes  
In his eyes you'll see no pride  
Hand held loosely by his side  
Yesterday's paper, telling yesterday's news.

So, how can you tell me that you're lone-ly  
And say for you the sun don't shine  
Let me take you by the hand  
And lead you through the streets of London  
I'll show you something  
to make you change your mind.

Have you seen the old girl  
Who walks the streets of London  
Dirt in her hair and her clothes all in rags  
She's no time for talking  
She just keeps right on walking  
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

In the all night cafe  
At a quarter past eleven  
Same old man sitting there on his own  
Looking at the world  
over the rim of his teacup  
each tea lasts an hour  
and he wanders home alone

Have you seen the old man  
outside the seamen's mission  
Memory fading with the  
medal ribbon that he wears  
in our winter city  
The rain cries a little pity  
for one more forgotten hero  
In a world that doesn't care.

# The cave

Flytjandi: Mumford Sons



It's empty in the valley of your heart  
The sun, it rises slowly as you walk  
Away from all the fears and all the faults you've left behind

And I will change my ways  
I'll know my name as it's called again //

The harvest left no food for you to eat  
You cannibal, you meat-eater, you see  
But I have seen the same, I know the shame in your defeat

But I will hold on hope  
And I won't let you choke  
On the noose around your neck  
And I'll find strength in pain  
And I will change my ways  
I'll know my name as it's called again

Cause I have other things to fill my time  
You take what is yours and I'll take mine  
Now let me at the truth  
Which will refresh my broken mind

So tie me to a post and block my ears  
I can see widows and orphans through my tears  
I know my call despite my faults  
And despite my growing fears

But I will hold on hope  
And I won't let you choke  
On the noose around your neck  
And I'll find strength in pain  
And I will change my ways  
I'll know my name as it's called again

So come out of your cave walking on your hands  
And see the world hanging upside down  
You can understand dependence  
When you know the maker's hand

So make your siren's call  
And sing all you want  
I will not hear what you have to say  
Cause I need freedom now  
And I need to know how  
To live my life as it's meant to be

// / /

// / / / / //

(Endurtaka einu sinni)

And I will hold on hope  
And I won't let you choke  
On the noose around your neck  
And I'll find strength in pain

## Trúir þú á engla?

Höfundur lags: Bubbi Morthens Höfundur texta: Bubbi Morthens Flytjandi: Bubbi Morthens



Það er garður við götuna þar sem ég bý  
með gömlu fólki í stað blóma  
þar finnuru höfuð full af minningum  
og augu sem einmanna ljóma  
vegna löngu liðinna kossa  
löngu liðinna ára  
þessi gömlu hjörtu þjást  
hún lifir eins lengi og þau lifa  
þessi gamla ást

Trúir þú á engla sem villast í stórborg  
og vafra einmanna um götur og torg  
trúir þú á engla sem komu til að gefa  
gömlu fólki frið og ótta þess sefa  
en villtust af leið  
en villtust af leið

Það er bar í hverfinu þar sem ég bý  
fullur af sektarkennd kvenna  
þar finnurðu ótta og angist í glösum  
af innbyggðri reiði þær brenna  
vegna löngu liðinna högga  
löngu liðinna tára  
þessar köldu konur þjást  
hún lifir eins lengi og þær lifa  
lýgin um sanna ást

Trúir þú á engla sem villast í stórborg  
og vafra einmanna um götur og torg  
trúir þú á engla sem komu til að gefa  
gömlu fólki frið og ótta þess sefa  
en villtust af leið  
en villtust af leið

# Yesterday

Höfundur lags: John Lennon ásamt fleirum. Höfundur texta: John Lennon ásamt fleirum. Flytjandi: The Beatles



Yesterday, all my troubles  
seemed so far away,  
Now it looks as though they're here to stay,  
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, I'm not half the man  
I used to be,  
There's a shadow hanging over me,  
Oh, yesterday came suddenly.

Why she had to go,  
I don't know, she wouldn't say.  
I said something wrong,  
Now I long for yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an easy  
game to play,  
Now I need a place to hide away,  
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Why she had to go,  
I don't know, she wouldn't say.  
I said something wrong,  
Now I long for yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an easy  
game to play,  
Now I need a place to hide away,  
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Mmm, mm, mm, mm, mm mm.

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