

TV17/853

Bos

Guur weer, vallend blad
striemende regen
grauwe wolken boven de stad
om te racen valt tegen.



Tijd om het bos in te gaan
kleuren en geuren
op heuveltjes op de pedalen staan
om het gemoed op te beuren.



Plassen en modderpaden
bedekt met allerlei bonte bladeren
oppassen, volle bak af te raden
wennen aan sturen en andere raderen.



Een korte rit, relatief eenvoudig
nog geen singletrack op snelheid
buitenspelen, dus niet rouwig
van top tot teen, weg met de netheid.

Forest - Twenty One Pilots



I don't know why I feed on emotion
There's a stomach inside my brain
I don't wanna be heard
I want to be listened to
Does it bother anyone else
That someone else has your name?
Does it bother anyone else
That someone else has your name, your name?

I scream, you scream, we all scream
'Cause we're terrified of what's around the corner
We stay in place
'Cause we don't want to lose our lives
So let's think of something better



Down in the forest
We'll sing a chorus
One that everybody knows
Hands held higher,
We'll be on fire
Singing songs that nobody wrote

My brain has given up
White flags are hoisted
I took some food for thought
It might be poisoned
The stomach in my brain
Throws up onto the page
Does it bother anyone else
That someone else has your name?

Does it bother anyone else
That someone else has your name?
I scream, you scream, we all scream
'Cause we're terrified of what's around the corner
We stay in place
'Cause we don't wanna lose our lives
So let's think of something better

Down in the forest
We'll sing a chorus
One that everybody knows
Hands held higher,
We'll be on fire
Singing songs that nobody wrote

Quickly moving towards a storm
Moving forward, torn
Into pieces over reasons of what these storms
are for
I don't understand why everything I adore
Takes a different form when I squint my eyes
Have you ever done that?
When you squint your eyes
And your eyelashes make it look a little not right
And then when just enough light
Comes from just the right side
And you find you're not who you're supposed to be?

This is not what you're supposed to see
Please, remember me I am supposed to be
King of a kingdom or swinging on a swing
Something happened to my imagination
This situation's becoming dire
My tree house is on fire
And for some reason I smell gas on my hands
This is not what I had planned
This is not what I had planned

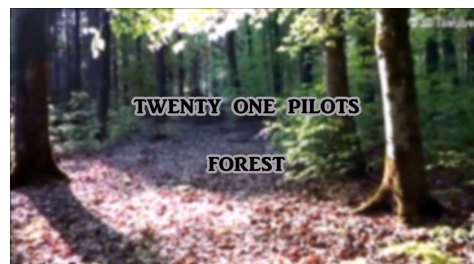


Down in the forest
We'll sing a chorus
Hands held higher,
We'll be on fire
Singing songs that nobody wrote

Down in the forest
We'll sing a chorus
One that everybody knows
Hands held higher,
We'll be on fire
Singing songs that nobody wrote

Hands held higher,
We'll be on fire

Hands held higher,
We'll be on fire



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EaeqBjsgBj4>