

# *Eugenie*

## **Vocal performance by Tone Åse**

Lyrics: Tone Åse in collaboration with Siri Gjære and Tale Næss

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I am driving  
Holding the steering wheel, sitting in the seat  
I can feel the gas pedal, the clutch  
I see the road in stripes; black, yellow, white  
The headlights, as far as they light up the road  
The kids, asleep in the back seat  
White shrubs, grasses and trees appear in the lights  
I feel the shadow on my forehead  
The security in the seat, the seatbelt, the glass, the wipers  
The speed, the night  
The melody, grandma ...-the grandma-melody...

Grandma's on the doorstep, she looks warm  
She has just been planting tulip bulbs, and she's removing some  
dry leaves from the flower hanging on the porch  
We're still only in week number 39 (40, 41?)  
She turns around and bends down, collect the boots and  
clogs and brushes away the debris in front of the door  
"Want some waffles? Lots of leftovers today!  
Grandma works at the cafe

Envelopes with letters, with notes – 10-crown-notes\*, 20-crown, 50, 100 ...  
"Use these to have some fun! "  
I have received a letter!  
With notes!  
And exclamation points!  
"Jaja !" (Oh well !!) ...  
"Så lenge du trives !" ("As long as you feel good!" )

My grandmothers house is gigantic  
Lilacs and rosebeds

Wardrobe and closet on the second floor  
Wedding in the garden under the lilacs, tulle curtains

*Eugenie* -that was her name... *Sjeni*, (nickname)  
*Mormor* (Grandma) ...*Mommor* (Granny)

“Would you like me to make you a part of a fairytale?” (or “write you into a fairytale”?)

The car has a dark spot on the hood  
From the cats, they lie there when the car comes home  
It's warm and comfortable on the hood,  
-“ It's ok, just let them stay there”...  
The hood cools, and they jump down,  
chugging across the gravel, stretching their back legs,  
moving over to Grandma's generous food dish, with remaining pudding and dry croissants with  
ham and cheese, pancakes and meatballs...  
And granny, who answers the phone  
In the hallway, in the light of the afternoon sun  
And my grandfather, trying to guess who she is talking with...

(Telephone call- typical dialect expressions: )

- “Well if it isn't you!”
- “No kidding!”
- “Yeah be sure!”
- “Yes, he's very nice he is! “
- “ Oh yeah!”
- “And how's the brother doing?”
- “Yeah isn't it just!”
- “Yeah, we people are different, you know...”
- “No, everything's fine here with us!”
- “Oh well ... “
- “As long as you feel good!”
- “Yeah, we're getting old too, you know!”
- “You know, nobody lives forever!”

The waffle hearts that Grandma brings home from the cafe are huge, with a lot of butter and two  
slices of cheese on each heart  
Usually there is most left of the ones with white cheese  
We are really, really full, and don't know if we ever  
will bear to eat one more single waffle in our lives

Never, never, never  
Never in this life, this life that keeps us together  
As do us part

And death, death, death  
And the heart, the throbbing, bleeding, burning  
Which  
Keeps us going  
Holds us  
Keeps us connected

Butter and cheese - dingle with legs  
Both elbows on the table -grandmother who keeps it going  
Arms folded, leaning against the kitchen counter  
saying “oh well” (Jaja)  
Someone is driving into the courtyard  
and grandfather sits up in his chair ...

Oh well.

*\*10-crown and 20 crown notes disappeared as I grew up....*