

## **November has been here, left nothing but slush...**

Thus begins the Dum Dum Boys' soulful song, *Stjernesludd*, which roughly translates as "*Stardust*."

But *Stjernesludd* can also be translated as "*Stars falling down like snow*," a translation that the song's lyrics evokes as it shifts between melancholia and childish delight in the moment, playing in the snow.

*Stjernesludd* describes a bitterly cold Norwegian winter night with Christmas almost nigh. It's so cold that "*Gatens løse fugler er lagt under tre*", which literally translates as "*the street's loose birds have been put under the tree*", but which is actually slang for hookers and street people. They're huddled under a tree – presumably a Christmas tree – because there's no room in the homeless shelters. But the song plays against its Christmas context with the phrase "*herberg er lagt ned så ingen har rom*", essentially, "there's no room in the inn," the same phrase that Joseph and Mary heard as they searched for a place to stay in Bethlehem.

The song's singer laments his situation. The city streets only contain "*brente broer*" – burned bridges – presumably reflecting the singer's life, and the flashing of streetlights, the self-same red and green of Christmas lights, makes the singer think only of a nightmare.

The song describes a year in which the singer has been given only "*myke pakker*" (literally, soft packages) -- slang for the kind of presents that you don't really want – like getting a (soft) sweater from your parents instead of the latest shiny (and hard) toy.

The singer is alone, so alone that the only solace is found in ringing a telephone with an answering machine: "*Jeg trenger noen svar, så jeg ringer en svarer, stemmen lyder kjent, så lenge det varer*". ("I needed some answers so I rang a machine, The voice seemed familiar, for the few seconds between.")

It's too late, though, to change things now: "*Glorien falmet før bladene falt, grenene hvasket jeg fikk som fortjent*". ("My halo faded before the leaves fell, the branches whispered 'have a nice trip to hell.'")

And yet, out of all this gloom, the singer and a friend make snow angels as the snow falls around them. And for just a moment, "*vi er i himmelen*", "we are in heaven."

Here are the Norwegian lyrics, followed by a (non-literal and unofficial) English translation.

### ***Stjernesludd***

*November har vært her,  
lagt igjen sludd,  
ser solen går ned i svarthvitt.*

*Gatene her har bare brente broer,  
i kveld blinker byen som et mareritt.  
Året så langt har vært bare myke pakker,  
er redd det er for sent å ta det pent.  
Glorien falmet før bladene falt,  
grenene hvasket jeg fikk som fortjent.  
Det er ikke alt jeg har sagt som er bull,  
hadde jeg gods skulle du fått gull.*

*For i natt,  
når snøen laver ned,  
lager vi engler,  
og vi er i himmelen.*

*Alle snille barn er kjøpt og betalt,  
på skjermen har sjarmen gått tom.  
Gatens løse fugler er lagt under tre,  
herberg er lagt ned så ingen har rom.  
Jeg trenger noen svar,  
så jeg ringer en svarer,  
stemmen lyder kjent,  
så lenge det varer.*

*I natt,  
når snøen laver ned,  
lager vi engler,  
og vi er i himmelen.*

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## **Stardust**

November has been here  
left nothing but slush  
a black and white sunset in the cold.  
The bridges are burned, I got what I deserved  
The nightmares tuck me into bed  
The gifts I've been given are tinsel and junk  
Too late to change my ways of the past  
My halo faded before the leaves fell,  
the branches whispered "have a nice trip to hell."  
It's not what I've said is all a big lie,  
If I had my way, I'd give you the sky.

For tonight,  
as the snow flutters down,  
We're making angels,  
and we are in heaven.

All the good children have been bribed and bought off,  
the TV screen's charm has gone with the rain.  
The hookers and street folk are under the trees,  
No room in the inn, so they're out in the storm.  
I need some answers  
so I ring a machine,  
The voice seems familiar,  
for the few seconds between.

Tonight,  
as the snow flutters down,  
we're making angels,  
and we are in heaven