



Low-Fly Quintet

Winter Love Song

Losen Records LOS 227-2

1. **Winter Love Song** 4:45
2. **Banares** 4:50
3. **Shine** 3:20
4. **Lean In** 4:46
5. **Winter Blues** 3:03
6. **Tonight** 3:01
7. **Smile** 3:35
8. **Last To Love You** 4:49

Total Time: 32:09

Recorded June 2019 at Dakkota Studio, Hamar, Norway
Mixed July 2019 by Ørnulv Snorheim
Mastered August 2019 by George Tanderø at Tanderø Mastering, Oslo
Produced by Low-Fly Quintet and Ørnulv Snorheim
Executive producer Odd Gjelsnes
Cover design by design holtmann
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info@loosenrecords.no

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All text and music by Camilla Tømta
All tracks arranged by Low-Fly Quintet

Camilla Tømta vocal.
Siri Snorheim cello
Uri Sala double bass and background vocals
Ole Gjølset piano and background vocals
Skjalg Lidsheim drums/percussion and background vocals



Camilla Tømta

gaze. Step by step. Away from the shore,
towards dry land. Then, last night,
she met him.
It would have been an ordinary morning
but for the fact that she was up at sunrise.
It was different. Even if he had only been
passing by it made her realize that time had
too. The sunrise was different and though
the night had just ended she felt that this
exact moment was when it all began.



pillar of strength just as the child could be
hers. Time passed. Sometimes she would
hear the distant thunder or the hush of
the ocean waves trying to pull her back in.
Sometimes a salty wave would roll over her
feet and she let it touch the edges of her
heart, but she never turned. She held that
small soft hand in hers and held a steady



Then there was the child. It was the child
that woke her, made her crawl up on the
shore, rise to her feet, feel the clutching
fingers of the ocean wave letting go of her
heart. The child would LEAN IN and look up
into her face, searching for the light in her
eyes. She knew she could be the child's

This was your magical skill. Being with you
always turned the WINTER BLUES into a
WINTER LOVE SONG. But time has passed.
You'd thought you would be the last to love



her, but she ended up being THE LAST TO
LOVE YOU. For her, time after you passed
very slowly at first. Each day passing
without notice, like the deep rumbling of
distant thunder or a wave far out at sea
steadily traveling towards the shore. Numb.

Low-Fly Quintet

WINTER LOVE SONG



She got up. There was no more sleep to be
had anyway. She poured herself a cup of tea
and sat outside with a thin blanket tossed
around her shoulders. As she pulled up
her feet and rested her chin on her knee,
she couldn't help a pensive grin. It was
his SMILE that had caught her attention
yesterday. He had reminded her so much
of you. Reminded her of those warm days
in the magical city of BANARES, of the way
you had made her SHINE.

It would have been an ordinary morning
but for the fact that she woke up before the
sun had claimed the sky. A narrow arch of
golden light on the horizon promised yet
another warm and cloudless summer's
day. This time of year the sun rose early,
so early it was still almost night. She shifted
her body slightly and turned her head.
The pillow next to her was empty. A slight
hollow were his head had rested less than
an hour ago. It was as she had expected.
They had said it was only for TONIGHT.

