

Jens Lekman, A Postcard To Nina

Nina, I can be your boyfriend
So you can stay with your girlfriend
Your father is a sweet old man
But it's hard for him to understand
That you want to love a woman

Nina, I can be your boyfriend
If it puts an end to all this nonsense
First time I see you in Berlin
And you don't tell me anything
Until outside your dad's apartment

Oh, god, Jesus Christ
I try to focus on your eyes
Having dinner with your family now
Keep a steady look at your left eyebrow
If it's raised, it means yes
If it's not, it means take a guess
Hey! You! Stop kicking my legs
I'm doing my best, can you pass the figs

Your father puts on my record
He says, "So tell me how you met her?"
Uh, I get a little nervous
And change the subject
I put my hand on some metal object
He jokes and tells me it's a lie detector
He takes out the booklet and starts reading
"So I heard you're moving out next season."
I say, "Yeah."
New York is nice that time of year
Almost as green as it is here
He says, "I thought you were moving to Sweden?"

Oh, god, what have I done?
I came to Berlin to have some fun
And the clock on the wall strikes four, five, six
My eyes caught by a big crucifix
Guess that's why he won't let you go
His Catholic heart is big and slow
You know I'll do anything for love
But Nina, what were you thinking of?

But Nina I can be your boyfriend
So you can stay with your girlfriend
Your father's mailing me all the time
He says he just wants to say hi
I send back, "out of office, auto-replies"

Nina I just want to check in
'cause I think about you every second
So I send you this postcard just to say
Don't let anyone stand in your way
Yours truly, Jens Lekman

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