

# 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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