

Jens Lekman, I Know What Love Isn't

Hey Renee do you still have your Holden?
That old clunker's golden
How about we take it for a spin, up and down Lichen
Listen to music and look at girls
I want to know if we have the same taste
Do you like blondes or brunettes?
The cocoon or the coquette?
Don't pull over just yet
Look to the left, there's a 9.5 down the street
And to my right, a perfect 10 sitting in the driver's seat

I don't know what love is,
But I know what it isn't
I don't know what love is,
But I know what it isn't

So let's get married
I'm serious
But only for the citizenship
I've always liked the idea of it
A relationship doesn't lie about its intentions and shit
How it doesn't apologize or anthologize
All the rules and ideas we fill our heads with
Hey do you want to go see a band?
No I hate bands
It's always packed with men spooning their girlfriends
Clutching their hands as if they let go
Their feet would lift from the ground and ascend

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