

# Jens Lekman, One Dollar Thought

You wake up so early  
fresh snow on the window  
two feet meet the cold floor  
to pick up the rainbow  
of yesterdays commercials and mail  
a bright and colorful tail  
As silent as santa  
you reach out your antenna  
to paint my mood  
and I will work for food  
but I would die  
for your love  
You say you'll give me  
a dollar to know  
what I'm thinking of  
You show me your currencies  
euros and dollars  
your eyes like a baby's  
reflecting the colors of  
presidents and scientists  
you say you wanna be  
a one dollar bill  
when you've ceased to exist  
And if that is the value  
of something invaluable  
then maybe I can afford  
your love  
I stood on your balcony  
and watched the sea  
you deserve someone better  
than a bum like me  
so I cracked a one dollar thought  
you say "honey, that's a lot"  
well duh, it's the value  
of something invaluable  
and I will never afford your love