

# Jens Lekman, REC

I remember memories of girls I've met,  
their voices sound much clearer on my cassette,  
I remember parties and the people there,  
I remember punk rock chicks with orange hair.

So come on, come on,  
It's only me and my tape recorder,  
Come on, come on,  
Alcohol takes every other,  
Come on, come on,  
through this chaos and disorder,  
Come on, come on,  
come on tonight (La-la-la-la)

I remember drunken sad confessions,  
Psychological ultra-live transmissions,  
Is it cause I'm knowing 'bout her boyfriend?  
He's in the town with another girl again  
I remember afterwards when they told her,  
The way she cried upon my shoulder.  
A memory washed out of the brain,  
I remember the loneliness and pain  
(La-la-la-la)

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through this chaos and disorder,  
Come on, come on,  
come on tonight