

# Jens Lekman, You Are The Light (by which I travel into this and that)

Yeah I got busted  
So I used my one phone call  
To dedicate  
A song to you on the radio

Yeah I got busted  
In custody  
I imagined our melody  
Being played on a grand piano

I saw your face in front of me  
It was perfect clarity  
I saw a light in the end of the tunnel  
And it was you

Chorus:

'Cause you are the light by which I travel into this and that  
You are the light  
You are the light by which I travel into this and that

Yeah I got busted  
I painted a dirty word on your old mans Mercedes-Benz  
'Cause he told me to do it

Yeah I got busted  
But soon they released me 'cause the cops were sad  
And they didn't know how to prove it  
Ooh

I saw your face in front of me  
It was perfect clarity  
I saw a light in the end of the tunnel  
And it was you

Chorus:

'Cause you are the light by which I travel into this and that  
You are the light  
You are the light by which I travel into this and that

It sounds so obvious, so obvious  
Why would anyone need a map or a compass?  
It's so beautiful  
To be guided by you  
'Cause you are the light

Chorus:

You are the light by which I travel into this and that  
You are the light  
You are the light by which I travel into this and that  
You are the light light light light  
You are the light