

Jens Lekman, You Are The Light (by which I travel

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