

# Peter Bjorn And John, Paris 2004

Sunday morning,  
On the bed two half-eaten croissants.  
Sunday morning,  
We'll soon be out on the boulevards.  
Monday morning,  
We have to fly back home again.  
While I'm sleeping,  
You paint a ring on my finger with your black marker-pen.  
I'm all about you, you're all about me,  
We're all about each other.  
I'm all about you, you're all about me,  
We're all about each other.  
You don't have to tell, 'cause I know so well  
What we are all after.  
Likewise if uncertainty puts a spell on me,  
I have to zoom in on your laughter.  
Wednesday morning,  
We sleep over and we're late again.  
Let's skip breakfast,  
We need this precious time just to comprehend