

Sondre Lerche, Stupid Memory

All alone in pink
All the carpets fade to grey
Amplifiers burst out the deal that I have made
What's there to say I cannot say by myself?

Thinking about writing it down seems pretentious
And helplessness may be the word they nail to my name
In a while

Stupid memory
Must you bring up these things?
Stupid memory
Can I forget all of that?
All of that crap

All embarrassment
In addition to the talk
In each crowded court there's a spot where I fall in love and short
on public demand
There are no words they can't hear

Stupid memory
Must you bring up these things?
Stupid memory
Can I forget all of that?
All of that crap

I think I forced a smile upon her mouth
I know I dreamt that, hollowness aside
everyone's a winner if the stadium is right
But rarely anything good comes out

Oh yo!
Memory!
Must you bring up these things?
Only stupid words
Make me forget all of that
Stupid memory
Can I forget all that crap?
Stupid memory
Can I forget all of that?