Jens Lekman, Do Impossible Things

We lay still in the grass
watching parakeets
flying in and out
of closed windows
And you said
It can't solve my problems
neither can I solve yours
we'll never be as beautiful
as the parakeets
in Istanbul
and we'll never be impossible
and do impossible things
now we hang out in
japanese gardens
collect shiny things
for our nest
we're just like blackbirds
the darkness painted to our chest
now our collections nearly finished
we've got bad-luck tokens,
diamond rings and goldteeth
and you say 'can't it get darker'
well now see your
shadow down beneath
and we'll never be as beautiful
as the parakeets in Istanbul
we'll never be impossible
like the parakeets in Istanbul
we'll never be as beautiful
as the parakeets in Istanbul
we'll never be impossible
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