

# Jens Lekman, Erica America

Erica America

Fremont street lies empty  
A cleaning vehicle drew a line across my camera's lens  
I whispered our names: "Erica and Jens?"

Erica America

They demolished a frontier casino  
And the day after the air smelled like popcorn and ladies' perfume  
Sinatra had his shit figured out, I presume

Erica America

Erica America

Summer never ends here  
I said to myself, as if that would make things better  
Summer is exhausting me with its exhaust fumes and empty promises  
And promises of no more empty promises

Erica America

I wish I'd never met you  
Like I wish I'd never tasted wine  
Or tasted it from lips that weren't mine  
Now, every drop tastes more bitter all the time

Erica America

Erica America

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Like I wish I'd never tasted wine  
Or tasted it from lips that weren't mine