

Jens Lekman, Sky Phenomenon

I'm standing here waiting, for you to come
in the sky some kind of strange sky phenomenon
feels strange to have you as a friend
but I rather be your friend
than to never see you again
I'd rather be your friend

you stare at the sky, colours reflecting in your eye
could it be, what they call the northern lights
but here and at this time of year
it's like someone spilled the beer all over the atmosphere
it's like someone spilled the beer

and I called out your name
like the name of a coming hurricane
I called out your name
like you call out when you're in hurting pain
I called out your name
but you're a part in a heavenly silver rain
you and I are not the same
we are divided by the smoke of an aeroplane
of an aeroplane

a flock of birds, in the sky
flying south they know this place will die
and I wish they could take me with them
but I would not be accepted
cause I can't dance the funky chicken
I can't dance the funky chicken

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