

The Cardigans, Good Morning Joan

Good morning Joan
Now pick up your phone
It was bad but just a dream
And you are remembered

Put on something pretty
Go back to the city
In town the sky's just space
No star light in your face

Listen to Eve
she's got stuff up her sleeve
to her there's no excuse
You use before you get used

Or talk to Louise
she knows all about treason
She got lost in Early May
And now it's December

I'd call on you if I could
If you were less like me, I would

Good morning Joan
did you wake up alone
Did you dream you woke up happy
With a phone book full of names

Just Forget about Mary
She says everything's scary
she got locked inside her skin
Get near her, she'll drag you in

I'd call on you if I could
If you were less like me, I would
Save you from this, if I could
If I were less like you, God knows I would
Save you from this, there is always shit
But you're all just like me so I quit

My name is yours
Can I sleep on your floor
See my heroes changed their minds
And I lost my numbers