

Sky Phenomenon

Jens Lekman

I'm standing here waiting for you to come
In the sky some kind of strange sky phenomenon
Feel strange to have you as a friend
But I'd rather be your friend
Then 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 light?
But here and at this time of year
It's like someone spilled a beer
All over the atmosphere
It's like someone spilled a 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 hurt and pain
I called out your name
But you were caught in a heavenly silver rain
You and I are not the same
We're divided by the smoke of an aeroplane
Of an aeroplane

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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