

Time Machine

Britta Persson

When I run into you at concerts and bars
We talk for ten minutes before I get harsh
I say I'm sorry but you say I'm not

This is no dǎja vu, this is no bug in time
This is a real time machine!
You and me, back to when birds and bees lost their self esteem

I hit the breaks, I badly want it to stop
You're not impressed by my attempts to get off
You say you're sorry but I know you're not

This is no dǎja vu, this is no bug in time
This is a real time machine!
You and me back to when birds and bees lost their self esteem

By reading messages that went from ending with
Many hugs and kisses to showing less interest
Than a daughter getting parents' warnings
At the dinner table on a Friday night...
... In 20 minutes the bus arrives, going all the way to paradise
Where the homemade fog and discolights
Run your body while you fantasize
About the pubs in Scotland, the shores of Brazil,
The meat in Argentina and the floors of a European Tour

This is no dǎja vu, this is no bug in time
This is a real time machine!
You and me back to when birds and bees lost their self esteem