

25 Days

Hello Saferide

25, 25 days. That's too much, that's too much!

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25, until I get to see you
25, until I get to know if what we just started will
have conquered backpacker girls with newly braided hair
and Mano Chao records
It will soon be 24. Oh!
You're so worth waiting for

24, 24 days. Still too much, much too much.
24, 24 days. Half an hour done just writing this song
24, oh I can hear mouths moving
24, and I nod at what could be the right time to nod
You and I hadn't even met 24 days ago.
I must have been so low!
And I didn't even know!

23, 22, 21, 20, 19, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 13, 12, 10
(because I slept for so long those days)
9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

I get a text from you, saying you're off to Havanna
airport as we speak.
I start brushing my teeth.
Ten minutes later: "Sorry, I mixed up the dates :)"
YOU STUPID FUCK
YOU STUPID FUCK
You stupid fuck, you need to come back

Oh.

I'm at Arlanda airport with a famous flower in my hand
waiting for you.
I see the doors opening, I see the passengers pouring
out fresh like gingerbread cookies and wearing what
appears to be new, funky hats, I see from a distance
it's someone I know well you're approaching, I can see
it, I take a step forward