

Two brothers from the south of Sweden came to stay with
me

One of them would have gotten my virginity
but he didn't know that back then, did he!
He didn't know that back then.

He went a bit rough on my poetry,
said: there's no chance in hell this will ever grow to
be anything.

He said: I mostly like Dylan myself

I said: Shocking! Well

Then he said something else, I didn't understand
Because he came from the south of Sweden, he spoke just
like a Dane

You should have seen these brothers!

Freckles all over their pale bodies.

And when they spoke, they made you feel like summer
just broke through though it was fall

They made it obvious I was too young, not interesting
at all

I always wanted to go to their hometown and knock on
their door

And say something interesting and revolting that they'd
never heard before

to make them change their minds, after all this time:

Look! There was some cool in me, you know!

They probably still won't think so.

And I'm in Lund again, and nothing's fixed that ever
was broken

And I'm in Lund again, and I still don't get things
right

And I'm in Lund again, and maybe they have grown up
and maybe they are here

because there's a glow of spring in the hall tonight.