

A Higher Power

Jens Lekman

She said let's put a plastic bag over our heads
and then kiss and stuff 'til we get dizzy and fall on the bed.
We were in heaven for five or six minutes, then we passed out
and I was so in love I thought I knew what love was all about.

In church on Sunday making out in front of the preacher.
You had a black shirt on with a big picture of Nietzsche.
When we had done our thing for a full Christian hour,
I had made up my mind that there must be a higher power.

A higher, higher power.
A higher, higher power.

At a Christmas-party, I'd hold your hair when you vomit,
I'd help you up to brush your teeth, and then I'd kiss your stomach.
We lie still on your bed, the room is lit only by the television
and it's a perfect night for feeling melancholy.

A higher, higher power.
A higher, higher power.

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