

# Do Impossible Things

Jens Lekman

We lay still in the grass  
watching parakeets  
flying in and out  
of closed windows

And you said  
It can't solve my problems  
neither can I solve yours

we'll never be as beautiful  
as the parakeets  
in Istanbul

and we'll never be impossible  
and do impossible things

now we hang out in  
japanese gardens  
collect shiny things  
for our nest

we're just like blackbirds  
the darkness painted to our chest  
now our collections nearly finished  
we've got bad-luck tokens,  
diamond rings and goldteeth

and you say 'can't it get darker'  
well now see your  
shadow down beneath

and we'll never be as beautiful  
as the parakeets in Istanbul  
we'll never be impossible  
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we'll never be as beautiful...