

Friday Night at the Drive-In Bingo

Jens Lekman

In a tiny tiny southern Swedish country town
two acres of field and a gas station
riding on my moped, looking for fun
staring into the blood red sun

on the country road is a boulevard
with neon lights and night open bars
in my jacket a pack of playing cards
just jacks, jokers, and the queen of hearts

my heart is beating, beating like Ringo
as I pull into the drive-in bingo

why do the people in the country wanna look like the people in the city?

when the people in the city aren't the slightest pretty I want the people in the country to wear flannel shirts and saggy jeans all covered in dirt

I want the people in the country to be open and kind
but most times I've met those with a narrow mind
with a big black dog to bite your behind
if they ever find out you're not one of their kind
all these thoughts as I open up a zingo
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so this is what they do out here for fun?
they play bingo and let their engines run?
tonight's jackpot is a pig, hey that's criminal!
G-42! ooh, I'm going diagonal!

I'm gonna gather up a few of my friends
as many fits into an army tent
just bring our savings and a bottle of wine
to the Friday night's reversal of time!
this little south-west village shouldn't cost that much
maybe a handful of silver or a hundred bucks
we could have wild wild parties in that big old lodge and the windmill's perfect for movies and such
we could fake our deaths to get insurance money and take on hippie names
I'd be Snowphish, you'd be Sunny, we could start a little farm with little white bunnies
just cause watching them copulate is very funny

there's a cow and an ostrich just waiting for you!
a glass of apple cider just waiting for you!
the smell of 1952 just waiting for you!
and all I'm doing here is just waiting for you...

a daydream, I'm caught up in limbo
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