

Hultsfred '98

Jens Lekman

Good time at festival
what are we saying?
rock-bands are playing
cute girl's waving
a hand to another
boy on the other
side of the stage

My friends they are dizzy
talking to strangers
ramming this hold up
waiting for changes

take that place
and you come over
I will be sober
remembering things
that I said

Some people have come here
to find someone
took all the slow hearts
make them beat harder

I became a spectator
watch that punk-girls
had an ice-cream
in the green grass
listen to slow-jazz
sat on my sore ass

But people here will be
forgotten the memories
of them will rotten

just for once they all united
to make me feel this uninvited
the final clue
I'm not like you
it was the final clue
that I'm not like you

Woke up in a cold tent
watched you sleeping
shitty punks
getting too drunk
and I thought about the songs
that I wrote on my cliff
they wouldn't do cause they ain't
got so f**king grims

grims
grims