

# Silvia

Jens Lekman

Oh Silvia, I was dancing to Michael Jackson  
Oh Silvia, when I heard your German accent  
Oh Silvia, and I went down on my knees for her majesty

Your royal highness is that how you shall be addressed  
Oh her highness, I'm always at your service  
Oh her highness, will you listen when I now confess

I've been hurting again, a cold black diamond  
The same kind of pain that I had when I was seven  
Do you remember when I shook your hand

Oh Silvia, I took my bike to the cemetery  
Oh Silvia, and I claimed my territory  
Oh Silvia, smoked a cigarette, blew smoke rings in the face of  
death

And this town will be cold when it gets hit by a comet  
By the harbour we found a boat with your name written on it  
And I had blood in my mouth when I spit

Oh Silvia

Oh her highness, I heard you say in some interview  
That feminism was something that didn't suit you  
A lack of interest perhaps, or maybe you're just stupid and inbred

But I still remember when I saw you as a goddess  
Your picture on my wall so gentle and modest  
Do you see these tears in my face  
I thought we had a deal  
That the one who falls from grace  
Would be the one to kneel  
Now it's just you and me, Silvia  
Don't shed no useless tears  
Oh Silvia, no one will care in a hundred years

No one will ever forget your name  
They'll look after your grave  
But it's not the same, you say  
Now it's just you and me, Silvia  
It's just you and me  
It's just you and me