

# Sky Phenomenon

Jens Lekman

I'm standing here waiting for you to come  
In the sky some kind of strange sky phenomenon  
Feel strange to have you as a friend  
But I'd rather be your friend  
Then to never see you again  
I'd rather be your friend

You stare at the sky, colours reflecting in your eye  
Could it be what they call the northern light?  
But here and at this time of year  
It's like someone spilled a beer  
All over the atmosphere  
It's like someone spilled a beer

And I called out your name  
Like the name of a coming hurricane  
I called out your name  
Like you call out when you're in hurt and pain  
I called out your name  
But you were caught in a heavenly silver rain  
You and I are not the same  
We're divided by the smoke of an aeroplane  
Of an aeroplane

Flock of birds in the sky  
Flying south, they know this place will die  
And I wish they could take me with them  
But I would not be accepted  
'Cause I can't dance the funky chicken  
I can't dance the funky chicken

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