

## Josephine

Mando Diao

Josephine is not your kind  
She believes in magic and rhymes  
You tried hard to make her fine  
But she sleeps with acid

Do her parents know it's for real  
When she asks them to be high  
I don't know  
But they sure will be aware of it

She smokes clouds every single night  
Should be glad that she's alive  
In her head she sees butterflies with pistols

Josephine is not your kind  
She believes in ravers with dimes  
You tried hard to see her eyes  
But they're made for others

She runs to the club with some cash  
And spends them all on pleasure  
In her head there's some old drug  
Taking care of her

Gets the very best of a man  
And pays him with a laugh  
Don't you see she's not a mystery