

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