

Big Black Coffin

Peter Bjorn and John

It's coming back the things you said to me,
I'm hiding away from reality
Denying myself all the better parts
Then you slip back and say don't take it hard
And then I find it hard to sleep at all
Wishing I could give someone else a call
Someone that's closer, closer, close to me

Do you know the bar? The way to the bar?

But it's clear and bright now,
from the statements to the lies
From the big black coffin,
to the black under your eyes
But if life is complex, why present a fake?
And when I close my eyes, I still see this face
Looking upon me, still upon me, still...

No competition over ecstasy
Find ebb and tide when you're confronting me
I will admit all of my weaker parts
But I shut up if you don't want my point
My point of view to stand against your own
But I don't need to be put down this way
I'm going down this way, but you can stay

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And it's black, because I know it will never work for me
And it's black, because I know I don't want us to be
Another opportunity, wasted by all of these Loose-ends,
"they don't know their own best" -friends
And "let's pretend"...