

Objects of My Affection

Peter Bjorn and John

I remember when, when i first moved here,
a long time ago,
'cause i heard some song i used to hear back then,
a lone time ago.
i remember when, even further back,
in another town,
'cause i saw something written i used to say back then,
hard to comprehend

and the question is, was i more alive
then than i am now?
i happily have to disagree;
i laugh more often now, i cry more often now,
i am more me.

but of cause some days, i just lie around
and hardly exist,
and can't tell apart what i'm eating
from my hand or my wrist.
'cause flesh is flesh, flesh as flesh as flesh,
the difference is thin.
but life has a certian ability or breating new
life into me,
so i breathe it in.
it says here we are, and we all are here,
and you still can make sense,
if you just show up and present an honest face,
instead of that grin.

and the other day, this new friend of mine
said something to me
"just because something starts differently,
doesn't mean it's worth less."
and i soaked it in, how i soaked it in,
how i soaked it in
and just as to prove how right he was,
then you came.
so i'm gonna give, yes i'm gonna give,
i'm gonna give you a try,
so i'm gonna give, yes i'm gonna give,
i'm gonna give you a try