

## Jens Lekman

### "A Promise"

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Emanuel, will your doctors let you be ill?  
Or are the new laws quoting quotas they have to fill?  
They said you to have to work  
So you work and you get worse  
And you curse the day you were born  
Fill in your date of birth  
And sign your name on the application form

Emanuel, every drop of blood taste like wine  
When I speak of blood  
I'm speaking of how you always felt like a brother to me  
Emanuel, when I speak of wine  
I'm speaking of the wine regions  
Outside of Santiago, Chile  
Where I will take you when you get better

Emanuel, it's difficult to stand fast  
When it's not your arm nicely wrapped in a cast  
When your a needle in a haystack  
And a dead horse on the racetrack  
And no one sees you bleeding  
When the story is old  
And the winter blowing cold in Sweden

Emanuel, every drop of blood tastes like wine  
When I speak of blood  
I'm speaking of what I would do if anyone hurt you  
Emanuel, when I speak of wine,  
I'm speaking of the wine regions  
Outside of Santiago, Chile  
Where I will take you when you get better  
And that's a promise

Emanuel, imagine the cool breeze from the Andes  
Emanuel, imagine the full-bodied red wine against  
your lips  
Emanuel, imagine the Chilean women  
The most beautiful women in the world

