

Jens Lekman

"An Argument With Myself"

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Having an argument with myself down Elizabeth Street
Bumping into backpackers and
struggling with the parameters
and the basic construction of my feet

Kicking beer cans and rubbish along the concrete
Crossing the street and crossing galaxies of taxis and
backseats and drunk Swedes and half-Greeks

Shut up, no, you shut up!
What's the matter, take a number, Buttercup!
Every time I hear you say "Fuck it"
I would remind you of the photo in your pocket

How long it's been there, two years, I bet
have a sniff, it smells like a cigarette
When was the last time you smoked a cigarette?
And more importantly, who did you smoke it with?

Having an argument with myself down Victoria Street
Passing the market now, the windows neon illuminating
my path to defeat
Your grinning face scaring a poor parakeet
Your heavy breathing scaring the wind

So rich on Summer and so sweet

Fuck you, no, you fuck you!
You didn't come here for nothing, did you?
I know that's what you've been saying lately
But let me draw attention to a exhibit B

I stuck it in a little plastic envelope
and put the flower underneath a microscope
See what's written on the petals
Look closer, that's her initials

And now I'm walking by Bev and Mick's backpacker
hostel
on Victoria Street
Where it's reggae night tonight

And the backpackers are pouring out like a tidal wave
of vomit
I have to sit down on the curbside and count the coins
in my pocket
See if I have enough cash to take a taxi home
...No
Alright Jens, can we just try to figure this out?
Can we just talk about this, please?

Nah, I don't wanna talk to you
OK, you wanna keep fighting?
Yeah, I wanna keep on fighting
Alright, fair enough

1, 2, 3, here we go!

Having an argument with myself down Queensbury
Street
The lonely light from the town hall clock tower
Chime of the bells striking
1, 2, 3

And it took shape in the form of an image in the form
of a living memory
The way her shadow used to walk by your side
In a different time, in a different city

Oh please, no you oh please!
I wanna see you drop down on your knees
I wanna see your hand waving "Farewell"
Why you hittin' yourself, why you hittin' yourself?

??????? twice at March
????????????????????
To make history of a love, a love like ours
A love like ours

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