

Jens Lekman **"Erica America"**

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Erica America
Fremont Street lies empty
A cleaning vehicle
Drew a line across my camera's lens
I whispered our names: Erica and Jens

Erica America
They demolished the Frontier Casino
And the day after the air smelled like popcorn and
ladies' perfume
Sinatra had his shit figured out, I presume

Erica America

Erica America
Summer never ends here
I said to myself as if that would make things better
Summer is exhausting me with it's exhaust fumes and
empty promises
And promises of no more empty promises

Erica America
I wish I'd never met you
Like I wish I'd never tasted wine
Or tasted it from lips that weren't mine
Now every drop tastes more bitter over time

[Saxophone solo]

Erica America

Erica America
I wish I'd never met you
Like I wish I'd never tasted wine
Or tasted it from lips that weren't mine

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