

Jens Lekman

"Happ Birthday, Dear Friend Lisa"

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Oh happy birthday, happy birthday.
Little Lisa, today is your day.
Sing hallelujah, you know they blew ya'.
There are too many, candles in your cake.
But don't you worry, there's no hurry.
The Jehovas are standing by your door.
And they're offering, eternal suffering.
Eternal life, but you say no.
Turn on the radio, clean the windows.
Do it in slow-mo, as the day unfolds.
Oh how the sun shines inside you, just like I do.
These days are gold.
The nights are silver, they make you shiver.
Tomorrow the Jehovas will come by.
And they will ask you of and excuse.
Not to accept eternal life.

But I love you, yes I love you.
But I would never kiss your lips.
'Cause there's a friendship, a lovely ...?
Here's a tulip to match your eyes.
Oh drinking cheap wine to bosanova.
You're a supernova in the sky.
The Jehovas, in their pull-overs.
Are no Casanovas, like you and I.
Oh happy birthday, happy birthday.
Happy birthday to you.
Oh happy birthday, happy birthday.
Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday to you.
Oh happy birthday, little Lisa.
Happy birthday to you.Â

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