

## **Jens Lekman**

# **"Sky Phenomenon"**

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I'm standing here waiting, for you to come  
In the sky some kind of strange sky phenomenon  
Feels strange to have you as a friend  
But I rather be your friend  
Than to never see you a - gain  
I'd rather be your friend  
You stare at the sky, colours reflecting in your eye  
Could it be, what they call the northern lights  
But here and at this time of year  
It's like someone spilled the beer all over the  
atmosphere  
It's like someone spilled the beer  
And I called out your name  
Like the name of a coming hurricane  
I called out your name  
Like you call out when you're in hurting pain  
I called out your name  
But you're a part in a heavenly silver rain  
You and I are not the same  
We are divided by the smoke of an aeroplane  
Of an aeroplane  
A flock of birds, in the sky  
Flying south they know this place will die  
And I wish they could take me with them  
But I would not be accepted  
Cause I can't dance the funky chicken  
I can't dance the funky chicken  
I'm standing here waiting, for you to come  
In the sky some kind of strange sky phenomenon

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