

## **Car Is On Fire**

### **"Swedish Samba, Swedish Love"**

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Every every Sunday, every week  
You walk between the beddings you don't need  
When you choose a pillow you always wait for  
somebody to see

Your eyes are blue and yellow as the flag  
You're passing by the signs you read out loud  
You are so functional, you are so hottie and so proud

That's why everyone else is right and when I see you  
again I don't know what to say

That's why everyone else is right and when I see you  
again I talk too much  
I'm dying to know what's in your head  
You'll tie your hair and think of something else

Every every Sunday, every week  
I take a trip into the open sea  
As the shore vanishes, and you are waving I'm  
wondering why  
Everyone else is right and when I see you again I don't  
know why  
It's hard to explain what's in my head,  
and then again your face is turning red

And when everyone you could hardly stand was trying  
to grab your snow-white hand  
I suddenly showed up at your place  
The grass in my hair some lipstick on my face  
(Ooh, and you got me wrong, oh well)

And I wouldn't mind if someone else would sing this  
song with different words  
I think I will write to Kevin Barnes, and then our kids will  
learn about the stars  
(Ooh, and I don't feel right, oh well  
Ooh, and I hope you're right, always)

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