

Peter Bjorn and John "Tailormade"

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Even little kittens lick the milk they spoiled
It's laying in my genes to act as I've been told
Even when you saw me cry
No-one dared to tell you why

Every glance you threw was always tailormade
When all your friends are gone you simply won't let
yourself fade
Fearsome, hip, it's not your fault

Show for real, could never be both
Well I hate to be a downer, but this happens to be the
truth
I got lost when you found her
Bring me back my youth

Beautiful people never do the right thing wrong
It seems so easy to just be and belong
I suppose it's jealousy
Due to things
I'm not with me

But I simply couldn't be something I ain't
I'd feel so greasy if I drown myself in paint
It's so hard to realize
That I'm in to telling lies

Well I hate to be a downer, but this happens to be the
truth
I got lost when you found her,
Bring me back my youth

What is natural to you, what exactly does it mean?
What exactly does the world mean to you ba-a-by?
I've found it, I've found it, I've found out I'm grown up
I've found out I'm grown up

Well I hate to be a downer, but this happens to be the
truth
I got lost when you found her,
Bring me back my youth

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