

Peter Bjorn and John

"The Fan"

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How do you define yourself, it's important to know
How do you define yourself, it's a must for me to know
If you don't know how to do it, you shouldn't do it at all
That's true, come on and step, climb, fall over me

Narrow-minded boy, looking straight ahead
Too much chemicals shut out empathy in your head
If I shall respect you, you'll have to respect me too
Not for my technical skills, but for what I am
Defining my self as too, growing just like you
Look up to you, you look down on me
Until you can't see, what I used to be

High-tension stomach-aches ain't always perfect art
But you can do anything, pretentious, dumb or smart
So what is your answer to the so-called eternal return
We won't get rid of it, neither of us will
Until our self-esteem is thicker than big chill
I'm still the fan in front of the band
And you are the man in front of the band

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