

Two brothers from the south of Sweden came to stay with
me

One of them would have gotten my virginity
but he didn't know that back then, did he!
He didn't know that back then.

He went a bit rough on my poetry,
said: there's no chance in hell this will ever grow to
be anything.

He said: I mostly like Dylan myself

I said: Shocking! Well

Then he said something else, I didn't understand
Because he came from the south of Sweden, he spoke just
like a Dane

You should have seen these brothers!
Freckles all over their pale bodies.
And when they spoke, they made you feel like summer
just broke through though it was fall
They made it obvious I was too young, not interesting
at all

I always wanted to go to their hometown and knock on
their door
And say something interesting and revolting that they'd
never heard before
to make them change their minds, after all this time:
Look! There was some cool in me, you know!
They probably still won't think so.

And I'm in Lund again, and nothing's fixed that ever
was broken
And I'm in Lund again, and I still don't get things
right
And I'm in Lund again, and maybe they have grown up
and maybe they are here
because there's a glow of spring in the hall tonight.