

Evening Prayer

Jens Lekman

At Babak's school, there is a 3D printer
And he prints out a model of the tumor
That was surgically removed from his back this winter
And it's rugged gray plastic, it looks lunar
He puts the tumor in his breast pocket
As we head out for a beer

It's been a long, hard year
For a friend who's not sure if he's close enough
To be allowed to care or just be there
To include you in his evening prayer

How I pray that I could stop the pain
When the pain needed more than ibuprofen
How I pray that I could take away your worries
When they ran deeper than the West Pacific Ocean
He puts the tumor on our table
Says, "So, this is what caused all my fears"

It's been a long, hard year
For a friend who's not sure if he's close enough

To be allowed to care or just be there
To include you in his evening prayer

Last orders, the waitress slides
Down from her bar stool
Looks at the tumor, says, "What is this?"
"It looks kinda cool"

Babak's okay despite what he's been through
But he sees I'm made uneasy by the model he's done
He says, "It's helped me a lot to have a friend like you
When I saw you worry, I knew I had to be strong"
He gives a tumor to the waitress
Says, "Give my friend here a beer"

It's been a long, hard year
I just wasn't sure if we were close enough
But I want you to know how much I cared
That you were in my evening prayer

I want you to know that you were in my prayer
I want you to know that you were in my prayer