

Silvia

Jens Lekman

Oh Silvia, I was dancing to Michael Jackson
Oh Silvia, when I heard your German accent
Oh Silvia, and I went down on my knees for her majesty

Your royal highness is that how you shall be addressed
Oh her highness, I'm always at your service
Oh her highness, will you listen when I now confess

I've been hurting again, a cold black diamond
The same kind of pain that I had when I was seven
Do you remember when I shook your hand

Oh Silvia, I took my bike to the cemetery
Oh Silvia, and I claimed my territory
Oh Silvia, smoked a cigarette, blew smoke rings in the face of death

And this town will be cold when it gets hit by a comet
By the harbour we found a boat with your name written on it
And I had blood in my mouth when I spit

Oh Silvia

Oh her highness, I heard you say in some interview
That feminism was something that didn't suit you
A lack of interest perhaps, or maybe you're just stupid and inbred

But I still remember when I saw you as a goddess
Your picture on my wall so gentle and modest
Do you see these tears in my face
I thought we had a deal
That the one who falls from grace
Would be the one to kneel
Now it's just you and me, Silvia
Don't shed no useless tears
Oh Silvia, no one will care in a hundred years

No one will ever forget your name
They'll look after your grave
But it's not the same, you say
Now it's just you and me, Silvia
It's just you and me
It's just you and me