

## Denmark

Jay Brannan

Hey there, baby, have you got a light?  
I'm not smoking, but I'm afraid I might  
Have fallen down a dark carpal tunnel and landed in your kiss  
And in the water from your big, brown eyes, I swam away from a  
quarter life crisis

You told me horror stories in room 426  
Of wooden boys falling for girls made out of matchsticks  
I shoulda strapped you to me with padlocks and glue  
So I could spend the rest of my life wearing nothing but socks  
and you

We got a lot of maybes to muddle through  
But my emotional rabies are fixed on crashing through to you  
Though governments and distance stand between us, well be fine  
Cuz I'm gonna tear this world apart, baby, until you're mine

Never knew much about magic, but I think I finally found a teac  
her  
Never meant to find my soul, but I got lost along the way  
Never lived with you, but I know I cant live without you  
Never know if ever I'll see you again, so I hold tight and pray

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You'll be an artist, I'll be your hands  
Well go the farthest from our lives we can  
I'll swim the ocean, whisk you away  
Til were in denmark, you'll hear me say

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