

## 25 Days

Hello Saferide

25, 25 days. That's too much, that's too much!

25, 25 days. That's too much, that's too much!

25, until I get to see you

25, until I get to know if what we just started will  
have conquered backpacker girls with newly braided hair  
and Mano Chao records

It will soon be 24. Oh!

You're so worth waiting for

24, 24 days. Still too much, much too much.

24, 24 days. Half an hour done just writing this song

24, oh I can hear mouths moving

24, and I nod at what could be the right time to nod

You and I hadn't even met 24 days ago.

I must have been so low!

And I didn't even know!

23, 22, 21, 20, 19, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 13, 12, 10

(because I slept for so long those days)

9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

I get a text from you, saying you're off to Havanna  
airport as we speak.

I start brushing my teeth.

Ten minutes later: "Sorry, I mixed up the dates :)"

YOU STUPID FUCK

YOU STUPID FUCK

You stupid fuck, you need to come back

Oh.

I'm at Arlanda airport with a famous flower in my hand  
waiting for you.

I see the doors opening, I see the passengers pouring  
out fresh like gingerbread cookies and wearing what  
appears to be new, funky hats, I see from a distance  
it's someone I know well you're approaching, I can see  
it, I take a step forward