

Dandelion Seed

Jens Lekman

Lisa, I came to think of us before
As I walked through our old town
Preparing for a storm
I bought water and candles like the prepper I've always been

Oh, Lisa, Lisa
I always waited for the worst
While you just smiled and dived in head first

There's a sadness in everything I never did
And everything that I did do
While not really being there
Never stepped over the threshold with both shoes
Made sure I never got close to anything that I could lose

Oh, Lisa, Lisa
I couldn't really see
How I built a bomb shelter under every dream

And how I slowly came to be a dandelion seed
Blaming the wind for where it carried me

The storm's picking up
Been waiting long enough at this bus stop
So I turn around, make a beeline past [?]

Dripping down [?]
Down to the harbor
To what's left of this old town
I sit there and listen to the wind and how it's playing
Through the cranes over it's hissing and
The wind is like a

The wind is like a string section
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