

Postcard #17

Jens Lekman

What am I so scared of?
What's the worst that could happen?
Been awake all night
Heard the rain tapping
If something taps on the window
In the middle of the night
Just let it in, alright
Just let it in, alright

I couldn't even write about it in my diary
Or shape the sound of the words
So I tried sneaking up behind it
Like the lion sneaks up on the herd
If I just put this pen to this paper
If I just change the labels on the salt and pepper shaker
If I just trick myself into pouring it all out
Just let it all out, alright
Just let it all out

If you just say its name
Three times in front of the mirror
Its pale face will appear
Grinning in the corner
And you turn around
And you study its particulars
You say: "Is that what I was scared of?"
Fucking ridiculous
It's fucking ridiculous

It's all in your head
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