

Postcard # 2

Jens Lekman

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Hot chocolate on a park bench
The sun is a blood orange
Your baby's sleeping in a carriage
Such a cutie he is, a little cabbage

Your baby's sleeping in a carriage
Such a cutie he is, a little cabbage

When he was born I thought I'd leave you alone
Thought you had enough to deal with on your own
You said
"Silence is a sad ringtone
When people stop calling you'd never felt so alone"

"Silence is a sad ringtone
When people stop calling you'd never felt so alone"

Well, I'm not gonna let you fade away
I'll go with you to the matinée
I'll be cleaning up the dribble on his chin
Keep you updated on the gossiping

And when summer comes and sun is high
I'll take you to the countryside
My parents' got a little cottage
There's room for you and the cabbage
We'll borrow my parents' cottage
There's room for you and the cabbage