

## 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

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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"

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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