

Speak To Me In Music

Jens Lekman

For every wedding I play
I offer to write a song
Over a coffee, I ask the lovers
Where they went wrong
Why are you doing this to yourselves?
Blink twice if you need help
And they laugh
And then the nervousness is gone
I say, "Close your eyes and focus
Think of the first thing that you noticed
The first thing that drew you to the other"
And the cliches start pouring in
I chew on the pencil 'till I get lead poisoning
But like a journalist I wait until they start talking
'Cause in there, the answer lingers
She says they're just like two country singers
When she takes the lead
He joins in on the harmony
He says she gives his notes space to breathe
Then says sorry his answer lacks poetry
I take a sip of coffee and say, "No, I disagree"
You know on love I've read all the books
I've read Fromm and Barthes and hooks
I guess they taught me some
But I wouldn't know how to use it
No, instead, let's talk string arrangements
Let's speak in a language ancient
If we're gonna talk about love
Let's talk about music

So now the song is taking shape
I've got a chorus, a hook, and a break
And the words are slowly falling into place
But I don't feel anything yet
No passion and no pain
I need to inject myself into its veins
So my mind wanders off
For a thousand miles away
To the streets of New York where
Morning's just broken
Where she is hurrying through the rain
Huddling on the subway train
I picture what she looks like newly awoken
And all my longing and gratefulness
Carries the song home
It seeps into every word and every chord
I give the couple a hug
And tell them, "See you Saturday"
The song is finished, but it's not for them anymore