

To Know Your Mission

Jens Lekman

A Mormon missionary walks through Vasaallén
Through a clear-as-crystal Gothenburg morning
Removing his suit jacket, loosening his tie
Wiping the sweat from his neck and the sleep from his eyes

It's 1997, the last morning of August
At the corner of 7-Eleven he hears the broadcast
Another saint is lost, Lady Di's returned to stardust
He listens to the tragic news, followed by the Top 10 tunes

All, all
We have left
All, all
We have left
All, all
We have left
All, all
We have left

Will Smith, Puff Daddy, Gala, Chumbawamba
On the other side of the street he passes Café Java
Where no one listens to that crap
Oh, coffee and hair dyed raven black
All so sure of everything except one question

What's our mission?
What are we here for?
Who are we serving?
What can we do?
What's our mission?
What are we here for?
Who are we serving?
What can we do?

He bumps into a teenage boy leaning 'gainst the fence
Who takes his headphones off and introduces himself as Jens
Riffling through the Book of Mormon, says it's way too early in the morning
Instead of talking about religion, can we just talk about how it feels?

To know your mission
To know what you're here for
To know who you're serving
To know what to do
To know your mission
To know what you're here for
To know who you're serving
To know what to do

To have a dream
A GPS in your heart
A path to follow
Through the dark
Well, Jens says, "I write songs sometimes
But they're kinda bad
So if that doesn't work out
I want to be a social worker just like my dad
I just want to listen to people's stories

Hear what they have to say"
My friends say, "Just be a shrink then"
But I don't know, I don't think I'll have the grades
But in a world of mouths
I want to be an ear
If there's a purpose to all this
Then that's why God put me here

I know what I'm here for
I know who I'm serving
I'm serving you
I'm serving you

All, all
We have left
All, all
We have left
All, all
We have left
All, all