

Nostalgic Intellect

Peter Bjorn and John

I don't know where I'm gonna go
Where to run if they drop the bomb
I'll be gone, so I stay in my hidden shed
Rather extinct than mentally dead
You can't see what I won't show
And you keep a knockin' hard
I won't hear

Cause I'm locking myself
In the old world
Nothings changed on the home turf
And I'm all mixed up in my own words
All tucked up with the same girl
I keep it dignified
Nostalgic intellect

What's the point with a phone that's smart
If you don't have a flexible heart
Beating hard to and fro
If I'm all tapped into the universe
Whatever happens if the universe is cursed
I'll be damned
You can stand so close but you won't get near

Cause I'm locking myself
In the old world
Nothings changed on the home turf
And I'm all mixed up in my own words
All tucked up with the same girl
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And you cannot save me
With what if's and maybe's
I have far too many but's and why's to counter with

So I'm locking myself
In the old world
Nothings changed on the home turf
And I'm all mixed up in my own words
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Cause I'm locking myself
In the old world
Nothings changed on the home turf
And I'm all mixed up in my own words
All tucked up with the same girl
So I'm locking myself
In the old world
Nothings changed on the home turf
And I'm all mixed up in my own words
All tucked up with the same girl
I keep you satisfied
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