

Hello Saferide, 25 Days

25, 25 days. That's too much, that's too much!
25, 25 days. That's too much, that's too much!
25, until I get to see you. 25, until I get to know
if what we just started will have conquered
backpacker girls with newly braided hair and
Mano Chao records. It will soon be 24. Oh!
You're so worth waiting for.

24, 24 days. Still too much, much too much.
24, 24 days. Half an hour done just writing this
song. 24, oh I see mouths moving. 24, and I nod
at what might be the right time to nod. You and
I hadn't even met 24 days ago. I must have been
so low! And I didn't even know!

23, 22, 21, 20, 19, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 13, 12, 10
(because I slept for so long those days) 9, 8, 7, 6,
5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

I get a text from you, saying you're off to
Havanna airport as we speak. I start brushing
my teeth. Ten minutes later: Sorry I mixd up d
days :). YOU STUPID FUCK. YOU STUPID
FUCK. You stupid fuck, you need to come
back. Oh.

I'm at Arlanda airport with a famous flower in
my hand waiting for you. I see the doors open-
ing, I see the passengers pouring out fresh like
gingerbread cookies and wearing what appears
to be new, funky hats, I see from a distance it's
someone I know well you're approaching, I can
see it, I take a step forward.