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 opening, 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.