

Jens Lekman, Erica America

Erica America

Fremont street lies empty
A cleaning vehicle drew a line across my camera's lens
I whispered our names: "Erica and Jens?"

Erica America

They demolished a frontier casino
And the day after the air smelled like popcorn and ladies' perfume
Sinatra had his shit figured out, I presume

Erica America

Erica America

Summer never ends here
I said to myself, as if that would make things better
Summer is exhausting me with its exhaust fumes and empty promises
And promises of no more empty promises

Erica America

I wish I'd never met you
Like I wish I'd never tasted wine
Or tasted it from lips that weren't mine
Now, every drop tastes more bitter all the time

Erica America

Erica America

I wish I'd never met you
Like I wish I'd never tasted wine
Or tasted it from lips that weren't mine