

Jens Lekman, F-Word

Would you stand up for this kind of beauty?
Cause this kind of beauty won't stand up for you.

It won't lift a finger
for some lazy dreamer.
Here it comes the average dirty word,
pardon my French

But I'm sitting on an park bench,
watching yearning cats
milk-fed little brats.

And they say:
Love won't pick
the slanted or the slick
or the lovesick,
and I'm lovesick.

So I say
F-word, f-word
pardon my French
but it's bs, bs
can't you feel the stench?

F-word, f-word
pardon my French
but it's bs, bs.

Summer evening,
cats are screaming
for love.

Is summer evening,
the cats screaming
for love.

So I say
F-word, f-word
pardon my French
but it's bs, bs
can't you feel the stench?

F-word, f-word
pardon my French
but it's bs, bs
can't you feel the stench?

F-word, f-word
pardon my French
but it's bs, bs
can't you feel the stench?

F-word, f-word
pardon my French
but it's bs, bs
can't you feel the stench?

F-word, f-word
pardon my French
but it's bs, bs
can't you feel the stench?

F-word, f-word
pardon my French

but it's bs, bs.