

# Bright Blue Tie

## The Fiery Furnaces

On my first day in town we saw the king  
He was dressed in a suit with a bright blue tie  
And it matched his eyes  
And when ours met I sighed  
Took a boat or a ferry to island  
There were gardens and trees and balloons in the sky  
And we knew it was right  
It wasn't only the light  
Rode our bikes up and down the streets so wide  
Don't lock 'em up, no they'll be just fine  
And I said oh my, my!  
I can't believe it! I cried  
This must be paradise  
But it's not, no, no, no  
But it's sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet oh Sweden  
Had a breakfast of cheese, yoghurt too  
All this fat but you're so skinny to boot  
You said it's in my genes  
Yeah we're so skinny we're mean  
Took the train every day from your suburb yeah right  
Only ten minutes and we're south centre tonight  
And we don't have to pay  
We sneak in free every day  
Schnapps on the house at the bars you like  
Your friends stand in line and practice English all night  
And I like them: they're nice  
All so blonde and precise  
This must be paradise  
Oh it's not, no, no, no  
But it's sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet oh Sweden.

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