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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