Some Dandruff on Your Shoulder

Jens Lekman

It's a young Friday night
And I'm filled up to the brim
With an old, old feeling
That can't be turned into
Maybe a letter of resignation
If you frame it
I left it burning on your wall
She asks you, "What's wrong?"
You say nothing, it's nothing
Baby what's wrong
It's nothing, it's nothingIt's nothing at all
It's just the pressure with which you hold her
It's really nothing at all
It's just some dandruff on her shoulder
It's just that every moment casts a shadow
A sadness
Of it's not being something else
Other than itself (other than itself)She asks you, "What's wrong?"
You say nothing, it's nothing
Baby what's wrong
You say nothing, it's nothingIt's nothingIt's nothingIt's nothingYou say nothing, it's nothingYou say nothing, it's nothing

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