Friday Night At the Drive-In Bingo

Jens Lekman

In a tiny, tiny southern Swedish country town
Two acres of field and a gas station
Riding on my moped, looking for fun
Staring into the blood-red sun
Oh, the country road is a boulevard
With neon lights and night-open bars
In my jacket, pack of playing cards
Just jacks, jokers, and a queen of heartsMy heart is beating, beating like Ringo
As I pull into the drive-in bingoWhy do the people in the country want to look like the people in the city
When the people in the city aren't the slightest pretty?
I want the people in the country to wear flannel shirts
And saggy jeans all covered in dirt
I want the people in the country to be open and kind
But most times I've met those with a narrow mind
With a big black dog to bite your behind
If they ever find out you're not one of their kindAll these thoughts as I open up a zingo
Friday night at the drive-in bingoSo this is what they do out here for fun?
They play bingo and let their engines run
Tonight's jackpot is a pig, hey, that's criminal
G-42, ooh, I'm going diagonal
I'm gonna gather up a few of my friends
As many fits into an army tent
Just bring your savings and a bottle of wine
To Friday night's reversal of timeThis little southwest village shouldn't cost that much
Maybe a handful of silver or a hundred bucks
We could have wild, wild parties in that big old lodge
And the windmill's perfect for movies and such
We could fake our deaths to get insurance money
And take on hippie names, I'd be Snowphish, you'd be Sunny
We could start a little farm with little white bunnies
Just 'cause watching them copulate is very funnyThere's a cow and an ostrich just waiting for you
A glass of apple cider just waiting for you
The smell of 1952 just waiting for you
And all I'm doing here is just waiting for youA daydream, I'm caught up in limbo
Friday night at the drive-in bingo

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