Erica America

Jens Lekman

Erica America
Fremont street lies empty
a cleaning vehicle drew a line across my cameras lens
I whispered our namesErica and JensErica America
they demolished a frontier casino
and the day after the air smelled like popcorn and ladies' perfume
Sinatra had his shit figured out, I presumeErica AmericaErica America
summer never ends here
I said to myself, as if that would make things better
summer is exhausting me with its exhaust fumes and empty promises
and promises of no more empty promisesErica America
I wish Id never met you
like I wish Id never tasted wine
or tasted it from lips that werent mine
now every drop tastes more bitter all the timeErica AmericaErica America
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