

Josephine

Mando Diao

JoJosephine is not your kind
She believes in magic and rhymes
You tried hard to make her fine
But she sleeps with acidDo her parents know it's for real
When she asks them to be high?
I don't know but they sure will be aware of itShe smokes clouds every single night
Should be glad that she's alive
In her head she sees butterflies with pistolsJosephine is not your kind
She believes in ravers with dimes
You tried hard to see her eyes
But they're made for othersShe runs to the club with some cash
And spends them all on pleasure
In her head there's some old drug
Taking care of herGets the very best of a man
And pays him with a laugh
Don't you see she is not a mystery?

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