

# 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 a.  
But maybe a letter of resignation  
If you'd 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?  
You say nothing, it's nothing  
It'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 nothing  
It's nothing  
It's nothing  
You say nothing, it's nothing  
You say nothing, it's nothing

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