

Shirin

Jens Lekman

Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin
Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin When Shirin cuts my hair it's like a love affair
Let those locks fall to the ground or let them stay there
I show her my passport, what I looked like
But she just smiles and lets me know it's gonna be all right Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin
Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin When Shirin cuts my hair her mama's sitting in the rocking chair
She tells me stories from the war in Iraq cause they were there
Shirin pulls my head to the side
But in the mirror I can see a tear in her eye
Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin
Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin Your hands are soft
Your hands are soft just like silk
You're a drop of blood
You're a drop of blood in my glass of milk Your hands are soft
Your hands are soft just like silk
You're a drop of blood
You're a drop of blood in my glass of milk When Shirin does her magic to my fizzy straws
Immigration and tax representatives stumble upon their lawns
But what if it reaches the government
That you have a beauty salon in your own apartment
I won't tell anyone!
Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin
I won't tell anyone!
Shirin Shirin Shirin Shirin
I won't tell anyone!

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