

Had To Know

It is true that I've been holding on
To a flavor that is almost gone
Fiction of magic light
and perpetual warmth in the air
It is night in my old part of town
I'm clinging to an unnamed joy or favored pain
that's stuck in youth that stupid me tried to dig up
I had to know
I had to know

Would it taste just like it tasted then?
Would I feel it like it felt again?
It's fuzzy and ill-defined
And I reach hard as hell with my mind

It is night in my old part of town
I'm digging through a decades worth of buzz and thrill
and love, I need to feel its shape and how it hurts

When I let go
When I let go
I had to know

Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Vocals, drum kit, electric guitar, acoustic guitar and software instruments

Robin Ahlqvist: Bass guitar and vocals

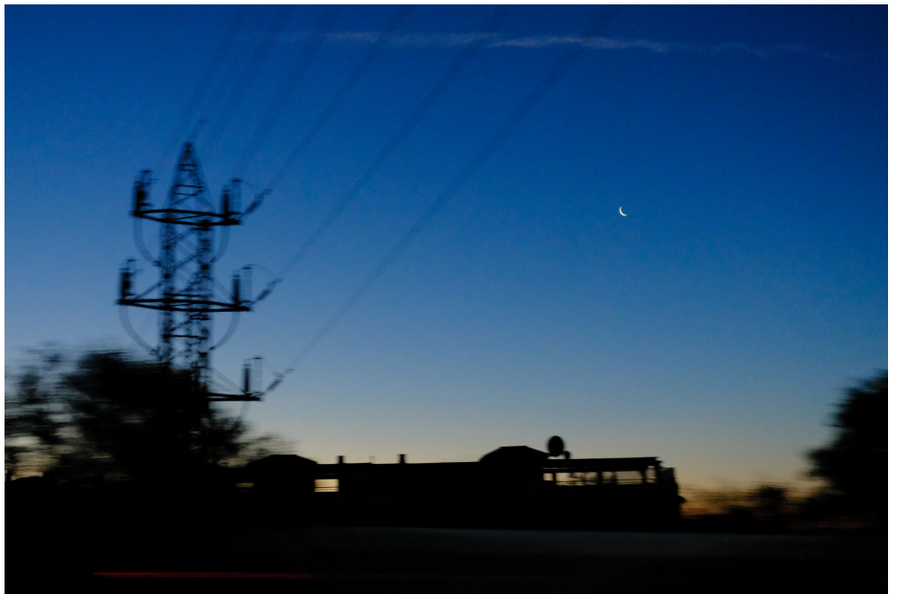
Brian Cukrowski: Electric guitar

Jens Sellén: Saxophone

Hanna Henkelman: Vocals

Ricky Sahib Sokhi: Vocals

Rebecca Järdmo: Vocals



R U?

Do you feel I'm someone else, like distancing and cold?
Honestly it's pragmatism despite what feelings hold
Do you think I'm well off, did you win in growing up?
Do you think I loved too much or didn't love enough?

R U?
Are you, are you still the same?

Did I dwell or snap out fast? I guess you'll never know
Did I feel refreshed or did I fall into a low?
Am I better now or did my courage self destruct?
Are you still amazing, is that something I construct?

R U?
Are you, are you still the same?

Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Vocals, drum kit, electric guitar, acoustic guitar and software instruments

Robin Ahlqvist: Bass guitar

Ricky Sahib Sokhi: Electric guitar

Cecil Kriisin: Congas, tambourine and shaker

Sleep

I go to sleep
I said the wrong things
I did the wrong things

But in my dreams
You do the right things
You say the right things

I go to sleep
I said the wrong things
I did the wrong things



Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Vocals, drum kit, electric guitar, acoustic guitar and software instruments

Robin Ahlqvist: Bass guitar

Brian Cukrowski: Electric guitar

Cecil Kriisin: Congas, tambourine and shaker

Overgrown

Boozy summer sentimental
It happened fast, I was in love I had decided
We were just kids in your parents house
And we'd pretend that we could keep undivided

I know by now that anything can break apart even if it seems interlocked

But I don't want it to disintegrate
Until I've re-seen it all
Yeah it's worn out and overgrown but it's beautiful
Still beautiful

End of summer and you went abroad
A kiss goodbye, a tearful smile, we thought we'd make it
You sent me letters and some jelly beans
It made me smile, cause all of them were cherry flavored

I know by now that I can force myself to feel
Anything that's halfway real

But I don't want it to disintegrate
Until I've re-seen it all
Yeah it's worn out and overgrown but it's beautiful

A bus through the woods
An oversized hostel room in Berlin, aimlessly wandering
First date on the pier, now it's quiet here

Guess I'm keeping some things I won't use

No I don't want it to disintegrate
Until I've re-seen it all
Yeah it's worn out and overgrown but it's beautiful
Yeah, it's beautiful
Still beautiful

Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Vocals, drum kit, electric guitar and software instruments

Robin Ahlqvist: Bass guitar

Brian Cukrowski: Electric guitar

Jens Sellén: Saxophone

Hanna Henkelman: Vocals and vocal arrangements

Björkekärr - Linné

Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Vocals, whistling and acoustic guitar


6
7
8
12
15

Hands Off the Wheel

Second day of clouds, safe to not
call it destiny when the rain steals
your make-up and makes you glow
silver
It's a heavy waltz through Linné
You know how I'm silly though,
scare the birds off the sidewalk and
I'll wait around here

Doing everything to make it to one
last summer
I'll do anything. Say we're not far,
make it up all again

Now it's drying up, I keep your pace
We're almost running now. It feels
off when I ask you to wait
You say you haven't been free to
roam
And ask for the key to the cuffs,
move my hands off the wheel going
around in a circle

Doing everything to make it to one
last summer
I did everything for my own sake
Not even asking you
I got stuck in something untrue

Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Vocals, drum kit, electric guitar, shaker and software instruments

Robin Ahlqvist: Bass guitar

Ricky Sahib Sokhi: Electric guitar

Hanna Henkelman: Vocals and vocal arrangements

Reftele

Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Piano, drums and software instruments



Artificial Cherry Flavor

Turn off the reel, I think it's stuck in implausible
I labored for love and so I built a pedestal
Fit for no one

Making moments up in my head
Sweetness for my bitter aching hope
Just an artificial flavor
Cherry candy let my mind elope

Tie down my hands, I'm reaching for the dial again
Just like this I wasted my youth on my own love life's fan fiction

Making moments up in my head
Sweetness for my bitter aching hope
Just an artificial flavor
Cherry candy let my mind elope

Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Vocals, drum kit, bass guitar, electric guitar and acoustic guitar

Robin Ahlqvist: Bass guitar

Louisa Vogt Westling: Violin and string arrangements

Jens Sellén: Saxophone

Hanna Henkelman: Vocals

Cecil Kriisin: Congas, tambourine and shaker

RGB

You reach out to hold on to their pixelated arms
Artificial cherry lips in RGB summer sun

Look in the mirror, open the fridge
Forget what you're doing, feeling like you could struggle forever with this itch in your heart
Turn on the tv, send them a text
Romantic drama, restless legs
You could suffer forever for this hopeless cause
You could suffer forever

You knew them through filters, through pictures that are gone
They ghosted or you forgot, however, moving on

Look for distractions, go for a jog
No real interactions, restless soul
You could struggle forever with this itch in your heart
Turn on the tv, send them a text
Romantic drama, restless legs
You could suffer forever for this hopeless cause
You could suffer forever

And you reach out to hold on but now it all feels wrong

Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Vocals, drum kit, bass guitar, electric guitar, bongos, tambourine and software instruments

Johan Olow Wass: Electric guitar



Poetry

Outdoor recess, silly cigarettes
It's my favorite class, so I won't go home yet
Undistinguished, the cool and insecure
Acting grown up but still stuck in keeping score

I had funny clothes
We played around and took notes
Oh I miss it less for every passing month
Sure it's poetry
Sure it's part of me
Sure I felt more then but it's fading and that's natural

Midnight café, too young for alcohol
Talking big and making plans with gaping holes
We were dreamers like everyone that age
And I cried the night that I did graduate

We had funny hats
No more science and maths
And we celebrated as if we had won
Not sure it's poetry
Or still a part of me
Did I feel more then or am I just imagining?

Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Vocals, drum kit, bass guitar, electric guitar and software instruments

Ricky Sahib Sokhi: Electric and acoustic guitar

Cecil Kriisin: Congas and shaker

Elina Hörling: Vocals

Frames

It's kindergarten on a rainy day
A box of trinkets a world away
Renting VHS cassettes and video games
Millennium new year, a motorway

Teenage mistakes, and brand new starts
Misunderstood love and broken hearts
I never put my daily life down on a page
It's messy pictures, just in my head

Just in my head
In my head, blurry, overcast
And my head can’t make them clearer
No my head can’t make them clearer by itself

There's class and band camps,
there's all my youth
Some awkward dancing, distorted truths
A fuzzy filter bathing all in pastel pink
The gray of crying, diluted ink

The late night walking in summer warmth
The early mornings, when travel starts
If I could make them last at all, subliminal frames
Please let them stay here, right in my head

Right in my head
In my head, blurry, overcast
And my head can’t make them clearer
No my head can’t make them clearer by itself

Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Vocals, drum kit, electric guitar and acoustic guitar

Robin Ahlqvist: Bass guitar

Louisa Vogt Westling: Violin and string arrangements

Brian Cukrowski: Electric guitar

Jens Sellén: Drums



Safety Sun

Not a secret code
Not ingrained or taught with force, it's only love
It's been a climb, but we made it up

Got a fortitude passed down
It's unbreakable but kind, it's all just love
You've carried me to safety sun

You've been drying all of my tears
And replacing all of my fears with radiant love
To multiply and to return



Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez: Vocals, drum kit, electric guitar and piano

Robin Ahlqvist: Bass guitar

Rebecca Järdmo: Piano

All songs written, produced, recorded and mixed by Jonathan Ingvarsson Gonzalez
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