



Giraffernes Sangbog

*Sometimes it all gets a little too much
But you gotta realize that soon the fog will clear up
And you don't have to be afraid because we're all the same
And we know that sometimes it all gets a little too much*

A little too much

I said a little too much, oh

*Sometimes, it all gets a little too much
But you gotta realize that soon the fog will clear up
And you don't have to be afraid, because we're all the same
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17 Fact-Fiction af Mads Langer

Imagine a world without me - say you're falling apart
Let's pretend you've missed me for a while
Wouldn't you say you were lonely and love was breaking your heart?
Put on your Sunday best and fake a smile

*I dream of dreaming dreams of her - in twilight she's a constant blur
The picture is clear and I'm still fact she's fiction*

Remember the night you were with me - fell asleep by my side
Strangers together - your hand in mine
How come we never came closer when all the stars were aligned?
I thought we had a moment

*I dream of dreaming dreams of her - in twilight she's a constant blur
The picture is clear and I'm still fact she's fiction
I seem to miss the missing part, she's still my favorite work of art
The picture is clear and I'm still fact she's fiction*

Nothing has changed cause I'm still fact - she's fiction
Or I may be imperfectly formed in this contradiction

*I dream of dreaming dreams of her - in twilight she's a constant blur
The picture is clear and I'm still fact she's fiction*

I fell in love with her longing - let's just say that she never found out
Who it was she never found in me

*But I was late for this, late for that, late for the love of my life
And when I die alone, when I die I'll be on time*

While the church discouraged, any lust that burned within me
Yes my flesh, it was my currency, but I held true
So I drive a taxi, and the traffic distracts me
From the strangers in my backseat, they remind me of you

*But I was late for this, late for that, late for the love of my life
And when I die alone, when I die I'll be on time*

And the only gifts from my Lord were a birth and a divorce
But I've read this script and the costume fits, so I'll play my part

I was Cleopatra, I was taller than the rafters
But that's all in the past now, gone with the wind

Now a nurse in white shoes leads me back to my guestroom
It's a bed and a bathroom

And a place for the end

*I won't be late for this, late for that, late for the love of my life
And when I die alone, when I die I'll be on time*

16 A Little Too Much af Shawn Mendes

She would not show that she was afraid
But being and feeling alone was too much to face

Though everyone said that she was so strong
What they didn't know was that she could barely carry on

But she knew that she would be okay
So she didn't let it get in her way

*Sometimes it all gets a little too much
But you gotta realize that soon the fog will clear up
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She would always tell herself she could do this
She would use no help, it would be just fine
But when it got hard she would lose her focus

So take my hand and it will be alright
And she knew that she would be okay
So she didn't let it get in her way

1 Gimraffernes March

af Sebastian

Ah gid jeg var en gul gimbaf,
og tog på fredagsbar og traf
en maegtig fin kollegianer
så sku vi hjem i deres lagner.

*1 2 3 4
Georg er ik' kun til piger
7 8 9 10
alle fra kollegiet ka' han ih'*

Den første gang han så os andre,
det var til vores tour de chambre.
Pernille samlede ham op og sagde
”Sådan en frækker vil jeg ha”

*1 2 3 4
Georg er ik' kun til piger
7 8 9 10
alle fra kollegiet ka' han li'*

Hun har ligtorme på halen
hun har flat - og det I ved
Så hun springer i kanalen
shut med hor - ja ded var ded

Sådan er kapitalismen...

Hun er død - for hun har syndet!
- men hun rejste sig og sang:

2 Kapitalismen af Per Dich

Hun var fattig, men så ærlig
hun var barndomshjemmets pryd
men en rig mand blev begærlig
og så tog han hendes dyd

*Sådan er kapitalismen
utak er de armes løn
det' de riges paradis, men
jeg syn's fa' me det er synd*

Ta' mig ned til drømmeland,
der hvor man kan drømme

Ta' mig ned ud i verdens larm,
der hvor man kan larme

Ta' mig med til Joanna,
ta' mig med, ta' mig med, ta' mig med

Hvis det er der hvor man ikke bare,
skal passe sig selv.

Ta' mig ned til det store hav,
der hvor man kan svømme

Og ta' mig op i den tynde luft,
der hvor man kan svæve

Sådan er kapitalismen...

Se det lille hus med stråtag

hvor hennes gamle moder bor

spiser kaviar med welbehag

lever fedt af datterens hor

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So take my hand and it will be alright
And she knew that she would be okay
So she didn't let it get in her way

Sådan er kapitalismen...

Hun tog toget ind til staden
for at skjul' sit syndefald

Nu går hun og trækker på gaden
fire kroner for et knald

Ta' mig med til Joanna,
ta' mig med, ta' mig med, ta mig med
*Hvis det er der hvor man ikke bare,
skal passe sig selv.*

Ta' mig ud i den grønne skov,
der hvor man kan spire
Og ta' mig med ind i storbyens jag,
der hvor man kan jage

Ta' mig med til Joanna,
ta' mig med, ta' mig med, ta mig med
*Hvis det er der hvor man ikke bare,
skal passe sig selv.*

Tusinder af øjne
De har meninger om alt
Og alle sammen tror, at deres TV taler
sandt

Jeg skal prøve på at se
Den lysende idé
Men stregen den må trækkes i det sand

Tilgiv mine øjne
De ser kun fra næsen ned
Hvordan skulle jeg kunne bære hele kloden
på mit skød?

Hele ver-dens smerte, kommer ikke mine
ved

Frit land, frit land mit sted

4 Frit Land af Ulige Numre

Bølgende barker
Mark og eng og skov
Frit land, frit land bestå

Dine brødre er borte
Dine søstre sover sødt
Så du må være stærk og stå ret

Ryster du på hånden
ja, så vælter det jo ind
Over landets grænser ind i stuen i mit hjem
Vi skal kaste os i bolgerne

Der slår mod kysten ind
Frit land, frit land

Frit land, frit land mit sted

14 Blame It On Me af George Ezra

The garden was blessed by the gods of me and you
We headed west for to find ourselves some truth
Oh, what you waiting for, now what you waiting for
We counted all our reasons, excuses that we made
We found ourselves some treasure and threw it all away

Oh, what you waiting for, now what you waiting for
Oh, what you waiting for, now what you waiting for
When I dance alone and the sun's bleeding down, blame it on me
When I lose control and the veil's overused, blame it on me
What you waiting for, now what you waiting for

Caught in the tide of blossom, caught in the carnival
Your confidence forgotten, I see the gypsies run

Oh, what you waiting for, now what you waiting for
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What you waiting for, now what you waiting for

15 Cleopatra af The Lumineers

I was Cleopatra, I was young and an actress
When you knelt by my mattress, and asked for my hand
But I was sad you asked it, as I laid in a black dress
With my father in a casket, I had no plans
And I left the footprints, the mud stained on the carpet
And it hardened like my heart did when you left town
But I must admit it, that I would marry you in an instant
Damn your wife, I'd be your mistress just to have you around

Ta' mig med til Joanna,
ta' mig med, ta' mig med, ta mig med
*Hvis det er der hvor man ikke bare,
skal passe sig selv.*

Ta' mig ud i den grønne skov,
der hvor man kan spire
Og ta' mig med ind i storbyens jag,
der hvor man kan jage

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Dine søstre sover sødt
Så du må være stærk og stå ret

Ryster du på hånden
ja, så vælter det jo ind
Over landets grænser ind i stuen i mit hjem
Vi skal kaste os i bolgerne

Der slår mod kysten ind
Frit land, frit land

Frit land, frit land mit sted

Your beauty is beyond compare
With flaming locks of auburn hair
With ivory skin and eyes of emerald green
Your smile is like a breath of spring
Your voice is soft like summer rain
And I cannot compete with you, Jolene

He talks about you in his sleep
There's nothing I can do to keep
From crying when he calls your name, Jolene
And I can easily understand
How you could easily take my man
But you don't know what he means to me,

Jolene
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
I'm begging of you please don't take my man
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
Please don't take him just because you can

You could have your choice of men
But I could never love again
He's the only one for me, Jolene
I had to have this talk with you
My happiness depends on you
And whatever you decide to do, Jolene

Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
I'm begging of you please don't take my man
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
Please don't take him even though you can

Der er forår i min mave, jeg ved hvad jeg vil lave
ud og finde fred, fri for nogen der glor
drive rundt ude på fjorden, med begge ben
på jorden
jeg er godt tilfreds med en pilsner i snor

I en lille båd der gynger, sidder jeg og syn-

ger
synger om de ting, der gi'r livet værdi
jeg kan ikke gå på vandet, men jeg kan så meget andet
jeg kan føle mig glad, jeg kan føle mig fri

Prøv og mærk hvor luften stirrer, se på vandet hvor det glitter
jeg har masser af tid og slet ingen ur
her er duft af tang og tjære, det er lige til at bære
tørre en fisk på en rist fra et gammelt kom-

I en lille båd der gynger, sidder jeg og syn-

ger
synger om de ting, der gi'r livet værdi
jeg kan ikke gå på vandet, men jeg kan så meget andet
jeg kan føle mig glad, jeg kan føle mig fri

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
There will be an answer, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be

(Ho) (Hey) (Ho) (Hey) (Ho)

I've been trying to do it right (Hey)
I've been living a lonely life (Ho)
I've been sleeping here instead (Hey)
I've been sleeping in my bed (Ho)

sleeping in my bed (Hey)

(Ho) (Ho)

So show me family (Hey)

all the blood that I will bleed (Ho)

I don't know where I belong (Hey)

I don't know where I went wrong (Ho)

But I can write a song (Hey)

I belong with you, you belong with me, you're

my sweetheart

I belong with you, you belong with me, you're

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6 Pianomand af Kim Larsen

Stille blues i mol og maj
Pianomand ka' du høre mig
Hvordan står det til i de dødes land
Det ved du nu
pianomand

Er der koldt og mørkt i den sorte grav
eller stråler himlen som det klareste rav
er der sang og musik i de dødes land
og swinger det
pianomand

I belong with you, you belong with me, you're
my sweetheart

And love, we need it now
Let's hope for some
Cuz oh, we're bleeding out

I belong with you, you belong with me, you're
my sweetheart

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I belong with you, you belong with

Hvad mon man er før man bli'r til
et stjerneskud - et puslespil -
en tanketorsk - en gulterod.
Man må for fa'en ha' været no'et

Moders barn var rød og hvid
til min far sagde hun: "gåd".
Vi var en kæmpe børneflok,
og der var aldrig penge nok.

Ot-te år så var jeg klar
til at gå på kaffebar.
Min ryg så ud som strivret flæsk,
for dagens ret var tørræ tæsk.

Jeg voksed' - og koksed'.

Jeg fandt en plads i solen.

I skolen lærte jeg at skrive 'De' med stort.

Men jeg ku' aldrig bli' til no'et
trods mit store ordforråd.
Stod i kø på livets vej,
mens andre overhalede mig.

Jeg voksed' - og koksed'.

Jeg fandt min plads i skyggen

med ryggen op mod muren. Hvorfor blev jeg født?

Jeg voksed' - og koksed'.

*Jeg fandt min plads i skyggen
med ryggen op mod muren. Hvorfor blev jeg født?*

Og hvad mon der sker, når man skal bort?
Når livets skjorte bli'r for kort.
Hvor mon den er den røde tråd.
Man må for fa'en da bli' til no'et

solskin om bord, måneskin om natten.

Flettede fingre i stjerne drys,

Sømænd de holder af solskin om - bord

Med ryggen op mod muren, hvorfor blev jeg født.

Jeg fandt min plads i skyggen

med ryggen op mod muren. Hvorfor blev jeg født?

9 Solskin Ombord

af *De Glade Sømænd*

Der var engang en sømand som skulle til

sos
så traf han en pige og gav hende et -
kursus i søkort fra Dragør til Hveen.
Hun havde, det sa'e han, de yndigste -
øjne nogen pige havde haft i en havn
han sa'e nu ta'r jeg dig min skat i min
favn og så sejler vi ud på en tørn,

vi giftet os straks og får masser af
løgn.
solskin om bord, måneskin om natten.

Flettede fingre i stjerne drys,

Sømænd de holder af solskin om - bord

Men pige sa'e til søman'n hvor er du náiv,
jeg stoler slet ikke på dig og dit
løfte, så kaldte hun fluks på sin far,
og far'n kom far'ne og sa'e hvad
bedriver min datter og sømanden her?
Hun er da for polkker vel ikke en

pige som gifter sig uden at få lov,
fordi så', n sømand vil ha' sig lidt
du var min ven.
Men kære Georg, jeg blir' jo aldrig

en jomfru igen.

Flettede fingre i stjerne drys,

Sømænd de holder af solskin om - bord

Men sømanden holdt li'så stædig på sit,
han ville sgu gites i kjole og laksko
og høj hat og myrter og vest,
han lejed' det hele og red på en
veksel for bryllup er dyrt for en mand,
så sprang han med bankende hjerte i
stadsen og vejret var lig'som bestilt,
og sagnet fortæller at nu er de,

Kald det kærlighed..

Jeg fandt min plads i skyggen

med ryggen op mod muren. Hvorfor blev jeg født?

Og hvad mon der sker, når man skal bort?

Når livets skjorte bli'r for kort.

Hvor mon den er den røde tråd.

Man må for fa'en da bli' til no'et

10 Georg af Sebastian

af *Oh-uh-oh. Der findes ingen ord*

Georg, hvor kan man finde
ginraffera som dig.

Du er i vor kollegiebar
og ventet kun på mig.

Du ka' li' at "lege",
du var min ven.

Men kære Georg, vi kommer aldrig
til at "leg'" igen.

Georg, da vi først gjord' det,
red jeg på dig,
jeg sad i den orange sofa
den passed' godt til dig.

Alle haved' glassset, skålte med dig.
Vi fandt en boks med ølkort i
og delte, du og jeg.

Georg, du er alene.
Jeg sir' farvel
for du gav mig ginrafflamydia
så du må klare dig selv

Du ka' li' at lege,
du var min ven.
Men kære Georg, jeg blir' jo aldrig
en jomfru igen.

Kald det kærlighed..

Jeg fandt min plads i skyggen

med ryggen op mod muren. Hvorfor blev jeg født?

Og hvad mon der sker, når man skal bort?
Når livets skjorte bli'r for kort.
Hvor mon den er den røde tråd.
Man må for fa'en da bli' til no'et

solskin om bord, måneskin om natten.

Flettede fingre i stjerne drys,

Sømænd de holder af solskin om - bord

Med ryggen op mod muren, hvorfor blev jeg født?

Og hvad mon der sker, når man skal bort?

Når livets skjorte bli'r for kort.

Hvor mon den er den røde tråd.

Man må for fa'en da bli' til no'et

Kald det kærlighed..

af *Kald det li' hvad du vil.*

Oh-uh-oh. Der findes ingen ord
ingen ord, der helt slår til.

Så kald det lige, hvad du vil.

Vi to kan overlive næsten alt
undtaget det, der aldrig rigtigt blev fort-

alt.

Ta' mig ikke som gidsel, ta' mig helt og
ikke halvt.

For at elsker rigtigt skal jeg være nøgen.

Den drøm, der kun forbli'r en drøm, er en
løgn.

Kald det kærlighed..

Kald det li' hvad du vil.

Oh-uh-oh. Der findes ingen ord
ingen ord, der helt slår til.

Så kald det lige, hvad du vil.

Lad mig være lidt alene med mig selv,

jen vil ha' dig alligevel.

Jeg vil ha' en gave, ingen handel eller gæld.

Der er for let at gå fra kærlighed til had,
lad os prøve at skille det ad.

Kald det kærlighed..

Kald det li' hvad du vil.

Oh-uh-oh. Der findes ingen ord
ingen ord, der helt slår til.

Så kald det lige, hvad du vil.

Fortæl mig ikke hvad jeg skal og bør

Fortæl mig om dig selv, hvis du tør.

Gi' mig frit valg, og gi' mig et hjerte, jeg
kan rør'

Gi' en chance ved at tale før du går

Det, du fortærl slet ingen chance får.

12 Jolene af Dolly Parton

af *Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene*

I'm begging of you please don't take my

man

Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene

Please don't take him just because you can

man

Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene

Please