



# 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  
And we know that sometimes it all gets a little too much  
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*

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## 17 Fact-Fiction af Mads Langer

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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 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 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 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*  
*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*

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 Ginraffernes March

af Sebastian

*Ah gid jeg var en gul ginraf,  
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 ih'*

## 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*

*Sådan er kapitalismen...*

## 3 Joanna af Kim Larsen

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 velbehag  
lever fedt af datterens hor

*Sådan er kapitalismen...*

Pigen trækker nu på strøget  
klædt i laktaske og tyll  
Hun er havnet helt i nøjget  
det' det rige mögsvis skyld

*Sådan er kapitalismen...*

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

*Sådan er kapitalismen...*

De trak hende op af dyndet  
”Hun er død - for hun har syndet!”  
- men hun rejste sig og sang:

*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 bølger  
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 bølgerne  
Der slår mod kysten ind  
Frit land, frit land

Frit land, frit land mit sted

Til trådene i bølgerne  
Der brænder hendes ben  
Vi skal kaste os i bølgerne  
Der slår mod kysten ind  
Frit land, frit land mit sted

Speaking words of wisdom, Let it be  
*Let it be, let it be, let it be  
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be*

And when the broken hearted people,  
Living in the world agree  
There will be an answer, let it be  
For though they may be parted,  
There is still a chance that they may see  
There will be an answer, let it be

Sommeren var gået

Da jeg rev mig på din torn  
Alt det smukkeste gör ondt  
Fra myggestik ved sørerne

Til trådene i bølgerne  
Der brænder hendes ben  
Vi skal kaste os i bølgerne  
Der slår mod kysten ind

Frit land, frit land mit sted

Frit land, frit land

Frit land, frit land

Frit land, frit land

Frit land, frit land

When I find myself in times of trouble,  
Mother Mary comes to me  
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be  
And in my hour of darkness,  
She is standing right in front of me  
Speaking words of wisdom, Let it be

#### 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

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  
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*

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  
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*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*

Oooh, 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, I know, I'll go, blame it on me*

#### 5 Let It Be af The Beatles

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Mother Mary comes to me  
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be  
And in my hour of darkness,  
She is standing right in front of me  
Speaking words of wisdom, Let it be

*Let it be, let it be, let it be  
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be*

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There is still a chance that they may see  
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#### 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  
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*What you waiting for, now what you waiting for*

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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

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*

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

*man*

*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 van-*

*det 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-*

*fur*

And when the night is cloudy,  
There is still a light that shines on me  
Shine on till tomorrow, let it be  
I wake up to the sound of music,  
Mother Mary comes to me  
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be  
*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, let it be*

*There will be an answer, let it be*

*Let it be, let it be, ya let it be*

*Whisper words of wisdom, let it be*

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*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)

(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)

(Ho) (Ho)

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

my sweethearth

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

my my:

sweet (Ho)

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

(Ho) (Ho)

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

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

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

Ot-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

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

## 9 Solskin Ombord af *De Glade Sømænd*

Der var engang en sømand som skulle til  
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 torn,  
vi giftet os straks og får masser af

*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  
løffe, så kaldte hun fluks på sin far,  
og far'n kom far'ne og sa'e hvad  
bedriver min datter og sønmanden her?  
Hun er da for polker vel ikke en  
pige som giffer sig uden at få lov,  
fordi så', n sømand vil ha' sig lidt

*solskin om bord, måneskin om natten.*

*Flettede fingre i stjerne drys,*

*Sømænd de holder af solskin om - bord*

Men sømanden holdt li'så stædig på sit,  
han ville sgu gifter 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,

*solskin om bord, måneskin om natten.*

*Flettede fingre i stjerne drys,*

*Sømænd de holder af solskin om - bord*

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 gâr  
Det, du fortier slet ingen chance får.

## 10 Georg af Sebastian

*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.*

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 elske rigtigt skal jeg være nogen.  
Den drøm, der kun forblí'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.*

Vi fandt en boks med ølkort i  
og dette, du og jeg.

Georg, du er alene.  
Jeg sir farvel  
for du gav mig ginrafklamydia  
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..*

*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.*

## 11 Kald Det Kærlighed af Lars Lilholt Band

*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.*

*12 Jolene af Dolly Parton*

*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*

Det, du fortier slet ingen chance får.