

# 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!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>