

How Do You Make a Baby?

Music: Joel Bexelius, Anders Dellson

Lyrics: Henrik Widegren

Having cappuccino on a Sunday afternoon
The paper has a piece about an old jazz lady
My daughter is beside me. She's turning seven soon
She says: "Daddy, how do you make a baby?"

Ok...

If a mommy and a daddy love each other very much
Maybe they, one Saturday... hold hands
And if they hold tight and didn't drink too much scotch
In a while, with a smile, a little baby lands

I could relax again. I knew that she would understand
And turned the paper to a feature story 'bout Tibet
But then she said: "Me and grandma have been holding hands
And I don't see that we have got a little baby yet!"

Yes, but you see...

To make a baby you need a girl and a boy
And usually it's not produced on their first date
And when they're holding hands a little navy is deployed
And honestly, for grandma it's a little late

Yes, I'm a super teacher! I thought so I returned
To my paper and a piece about Norwegian fern
"But daddy, I was holding hands with Kevin and with Roy
And I have checked, and I don't have a little baby boy"

I see, but you have to...

Hold hands at least five minutes, maybe ten
And some want the light on and some want it dark
You do it once or over and over again
And when you're done holding hands, have a cigarette!

But then my daughter told me: "Daddy, you are wrong
I have read a book, and you've been wrong all along
First you should undress even though it isn't night
Then go to a bed and hug each other tight

After this a little sperm comes across an egg
And settles down and the uterus becomes a shell
The baby peeks out between the mother's legs
And then you're happy even though it hurts like hell

So now that you know how to become a parent
Be a lover. Make my mother very pregnant
I can watch Disney Channel. I won't be a bother
Drop your bloody paper and fix me a brother!
Yes, run to the kitchen and make love to my mother!"