

## Cubism Dream

Local Natives

She flew across the sea, we talked on a small screen  
A cubism dream, the most beautiful squares I'd ever seen  
The canvas was free, a gift good mother gave to me  
We joked at how they talked so differently

I will never know what had rot my heart  
It just came and went in the dark  
I had changed into the certain kind of man  
That could break your heart with his own hands

We were to scan our own towns  
And make good on what we found  
Oh, what a fool I was to think  
That I could get by on a smile and a wink

I make a friend, I make you sick  
Could you even imagine a kiss?  
We spoke of how we talked so differently  
I spoke of how I felt so differently

I will never know what had rot my heart  
It just came and went in the dark  
I had changed into the certain kind of man  
That could break your heart with his own hands

So in Australia on Halloween  
I proved what our love meant to me  
The suffering, the struggling  
I did it for you, I did it for me

I did it for me  
I did it for me  
I did it for me