

# This Song Is Called It's Called What's It Called

Hot Mulligan

A Cape Town, some royal crown, an hour  
I don't know where my wallet is  
Crawl to bed on a stranger's floor  
Lit cigarette, burning holes into their porch  
An old van, a farmers tan, a venue  
I don't know where my wallet is  
Crossing roads where the city ends  
I don't know  
I don't know

Can't get it back  
Can't get it back, I fell asleep and saw  
The years had passed, I lost them all  
Reach into my head and find  
I don't remember most the time

Oh, there's so much I would change  
Take more pictures  
Oh, I left so much to say  
Left so much to say

All the missed connections  
Oh, I left so much to say  
Why do the years move faster?  
Oh, there's so much I could change  
Will I spend the effort?  
Oh, there's so much I could change  
Oh, there's so much I'd let go

I'll somehow frame a narrative  
Where all my actions have some evil aim  
The worst is yet to come  
I'll retrace the capitol  
The day we wandered all the monuments  
A belly full of drinks  
What could I have done wrong, does intent equal fault?  
How to end a perfect day if not  
Finding what to blame on myself

Nothing hits as hard the second time  
It's all lost its charm, but not it's signs  
Nothing hits as hard the second time  
It's all lost its charm, but not it's signs

The nights I fell asleep and saw  
The years had passed, I lost them all  
I reach into my head and find  
I don't remember most the time  
The nights I fell asleep and saw  
The years had passed, I lost them all  
I reach into my head and find  
I don't remember most the time

The nights I'd stay awake and saw  
The morning shed its shadows long  
The blanket I'd forget to bring  
I half remember everything