

All Those Girls

Jolie Holland

I can't believe
You're treating me like all those girls
All those sweet girls go home to cry
And wonder why, all those sweet girls

The rain is coming down and petals on the ground
Like fallen snow you turn to go
And I walk away
And I hear you say

I can't believe you're treating me
Like all those men, all those fine men
That took you in
Into their hearts with open arms

I looked up and wished
That I could disappear into the sky
Or else to dive
Into the core of this burning world

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