

# Evening Mood

Julia Holter

It was midsummer natural to hear the ramble of night  
She moved unseen (She moved unseen, oh)  
Beneath (Let's not say it's over just yet)  
Miming to you is so slow, so  
Let's not say it's over just yet  
The dream is sweet (The dream is sweet, oh)  
Let her believe (Let's not say it's over just yet)

And the dream is sweet  
The mood is the first thing (My soul)  
The heat expanding (Ooh)  
Stirring

Daylight hits me  
Daylight hits me  
I was not alone  
Equinox hide in a beam  
Am I listening?  
Am I listening?  
I was not alone  
Thinking how could I wrap  
My arms all round  
My face, my face  
My girl, my girl

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The sudden long vespertine days above  
Her mind sea heart  
Her mind sea heart afloat  
Am I listening?  
Am I listening close, my love?  
Am I listening?  
Am I listening close?  
Am I listening?  
Am I listening close, my love?  
Am I listening?  
Am I listening close?