

# Thérèse

Maya Hawke

(Gotta, gotta slow down)

I go see Thérèse dreamin'  
She's stretchin' out her sore shoulder  
Leanin' back, eyes closed, reachin' up  
She's wishin' she was older  
Dreamin' of an Appaloosa  
Saddled up, ridin' out of town  
Dreamin' of a Shelby cobra  
Diggin' her tires in the ground

Bleeding, bringing in a new year's mess  
Unaware of the stain on her dress

It's tactless, it's a test  
It's just Thérèse, it's just Thérèse

White kitten in the corner  
Obscene, it really says it all  
Milk matches her underwear  
And get her down, take her off the wall  
She dreams of Marlon in Austin  
Their bodies tangled in a net  
She thinks of him every so often  
When she feels like a space cadet

She empathizes with your feelings  
She's more interested in ceilings

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She reminds me of memories  
Sleeping off the growing pains  
We were sea anemones  
Spelling out each other's names  
Whispering inside our red house  
While the adults were a-sleeping  
I guess Thérèse was just for me  
A quiet I keep on keeping

Thérèse does not belong to you  
The horses, cars, and cowboys do

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