

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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