

last july

Soak

You called all my bullshit
And in the same mouthful, you decorated me in citrus peel
Respect, I couldn't help but show to ya
And admit I exaggerated
Won't always be like this
But the first six weeks made me feel
Made me feel infinite
I'm not a sentimental mess
How can I be in a moment when I'm dreading the end of it?

Something about how you swore
Was elegant and self-assured

And you take the legs from under me
And you saw in my extended daydreams
If now is not a good time
Then bury me in last July

Oh-oh-oh

I've left when everyone else stays
I've never felt so illiterate
The scent of this foreign place
The need to speak your language
Staring at Le Clément, starry eyes
What if this is the last time I get sensationalised?
And when I've been every stereotype
I don't want to become just another place that you went one time

And I don't want to be a souvenir
And I don't want to be a Polaroid
I want to buy your groceries
I want to tell you all my weird theories

And you'll take the legs from under me
And you'll curate all of my fever-dreams
This is never a good time
Just bury me in last July

Let me know when you figure yourself out
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