

## 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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