

## walking the dogs

Sophie Cates

I wrote it all down, don't know what came over me  
But I think I know now which memories I need to keep  
And I cried on a plane next to a woman I don't know  
And I looked insane but I couldn't hold it in  
So I wrote it all down, everything

Candles on the beach when we all went to Mexico  
Fucking on the jet on the way there and way home  
I hate the fact you're rich and worried 'bout fame  
I wish you wouldn't fall back into your stage name  
I know, that's just not the way it goes

Adelaide in April, when we danced till everyone was gone  
It felt like for the first time we were better at it than anyone  
And I hate the fact that I'll never replace it  
Every time I dance I still see your face  
But it's long gone, 'cause I'm not the one you want

Sitting in a treehouse, drinking coffee, walking the dogs  
Simple in the nighttime feels so full calling you love  
Pressing my forehead to yours, call it magic  
We sound so insane, but how lucky are we to have it?  
Oh god, how could you ever give it up?

Seven hours till I get home and I start from scratch again  
But I don't wanna do that, you made me the happiest