

## 4 AM In Girona

Taco Hemingway

Running from the fame  
In a rented Beemer, 140 in the rain  
I remember I was hoping for a change  
Funny how I really don't want it, once it came  
Paparazzi on a lookout  
Come on, little baby, look proud  
By the way though she hates being called a model  
That ain't fair, cause she's only into books now  
We fucked around made a new sound, god damn  
Fucked around, made a new sound, god damn  
Fucked around, made a few stacks, god damn  
I fucked around I got the blues now  
I'm staying in Brussels and London now  
And only my real people come around  
The people that I'm leaving in the past  
Keep calling to lend them a couple thou', huh

I don't like that  
I don't really like that  
I remember messaging my idols  
Hoping that they write back  
But they never write back  
Why they never write back? (why they never write back?)  
I remember teasing my demons  
Hoping that they bite back, argh!  
I don't like that  
I don't really like that  
Now I got these kids in my DMs (DMs)  
Begging me to write back (uh huh)  
I don't write back (I don't write back)  
Why I never write back? (why I never write back? )  
I remember messaging my heroes (heroes)  
Feeling like a psychopath

Now this is the season for fox hunting  
And they will not stop til they got something  
This relationship got their heart jumping  
I'll say it now, make sure I'm not mumbling  
I'm in love with her  
There you go, put it in your article  
I just fell in love, doesn't mean that I'm a fool  
They've been, uh, turning love into a carnival  
They've been, uh, wondering if I'm honorable  
Listen up though, here's the thing  
I only care what my momma and my sister think  
Fuck going online, that ain't part of my day  
And they been lying non stop, so you'd click the link

I don't like that (hey, hey)  
I don't really like that (hey, hey)  
I remember messaging my idols  
Hoping that they write back  
But they never write back  
Why they never write back? (why they never write back?)  
I remember teasing my demons  
Hoping that they bite back, argh!  
I don't like that

I don't really like that  
Now I got these kids in my DMs (DMs)  
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I don't write back (I don't write back)  
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“-Pan uciekł, pan nas zdradził, pan nas oczernił. Pan zostawił młodzież, młodych ludzi, którzy panu zaufali. Pan Polski nie kocha

-Kocham

-Nie kocha Pan.”