

Since K Got Over Me

The Clientele

Juliet
I get on my knees
Speaking in tongues
In a washed out sun in
Perfect clarity
But I get so delirious
I think my sides will split
Standing on the sidewalk
Sometimes it's as if..

I don't think I'll be happy anyway
Just scratching out my name
And everything so vivid
And so creepy
Since K got over me
Since K got over me

All my senses sharp
My hands are fists
I'm pretty tired of making lists
It's just this emptiness
I can't chase it away
And when the evening paints the streets
When the evening paints the streets
It's like walking on a trampoline

I don't think I'll be happy anyway
Just scratching out my name
But everything's so lucid
And so creepy
Since k got over me
Since k got over me

Theres a hole inside my skull
With warm air blowing in
Standing on the sidewalk
Where do I begin?

I dont think I'll be happy anymore
I guess I closed that door
But every night, a strange geometry
Since K got over me
Since K got over me