

The Glad Fact

Dirty Projectors

Well here I go again
Well here I go again
Here I go again

Well here I go again
Well here I go again
Here I go again

Now I'm into the season of summer
Tired and not really feeling
And I am like the begrudgingly awakened
For me the sun is here to spy

And all my attempts at living
Just like all of my feelings for girls
Since you
Have been faint-hearted
And ambivalent
Paralyzing

But here I go again
Well here I go again
Here I go again

Well here I go again
Well here I go again
Here I go again