

# Reminders of Then

Kimya Dawson

Ask me out  
Take me over  
Walk around  
Meet my mother  
Take me down  
To the cellar  
All around  
I see  
Reminders  
Of then

Why am I surprised?  
Lies and bullshit  
And bullshit and lies  
You'd think I'd give up  
After so many tries  
But my finger's on the trigger  
And my eyes are on the prize

Somersault  
To September  
Hope I last  
Til November  
Birthday boys  
Don't remember  
All around  
I see  
Reminders  
Of then

Why am I surprised?  
Lies and bullshit  
And bullshit and lies  
You'd think I'd give up  
After so many tries  
But my finger's on the trigger  
And my eyes are on the prize

Ask me out  
Bowl me over  
Watch your back  
Meet my brother  
All those boyfriends  
All those loose ends  
In my pretend harem  
Of Scorpio boys  
My pretend harem  
Of Scorpio boys  
My pretend harem  
Of Scorpio boys