

Subtext Read, Nothing New

of Montreal

I hate people who think they "knew me when"
As if I was once true and now am false
A personality is a progression
Some wild twisting beast that never stops escaping from
itself

In the ghetto of winter
I traced my hand on a placemat
Drew your face with my eyes closed
Pretended I was eating with my favorite author
Pretending I was making him laugh

I just don't know how to feel
I just don't feel
But I wouldn't even notice
No, I wouldn't have any reason to care
If not for your complaint
I know that I make you unhappy
But what can I do?
I wasn't created just for you
Not just for you