

# My Plants Are Dead

Blonde Redhead

I heard you on the radio,  
I said they are my friends  
Do you want your keys ?  
Your plants are dead  
How long you in town for ?  
I saw your petit chien  
She didn't come with you ?  
What you've been listening to ?

I woke up this morning, didn't feel for a part  
I let the boys party but I'm just gonna chill  
But I'd love to see you before I leave  
I leave next weekend I'm not ready to go  
Tell me about you, tell me about Harry  
You know what I heard between you and I

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Tell me about you, tell me about blue  
Tell me about Harry, tell me about Paul  
Tell me about Chiara, tell me about Jane  
Tell me about New York, tell me about her