

## 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