

The Night Josh Tillman Came to Our Apt.

Father John Misty

Oh, I just love the kind of woman who can walk over a man
I mean like a god damn marching band
She says, like literally, music is the air she breathes
And the malaprops make me want to fucking scream
I wonder if she even knows what that word means
Well, it's literally not that

Of the few main things I hate about her, one's her petty, vogue
ideas
Someone's been told too many times they're beyond their years
By every half-wit of distinction she keeps around
And now every insufferable convo
Features her patiently explaining the cosmos
Of which she's in the middle

Oh my God, I swear this never happens
Lately, I can't stop the wheels from spinning
I feel so unconvincing
And I fumble with your buttons

She blames her excess on my influence but gladly Hoovers all my
drugs
I found her naked with her best friend in the tub
We sang "Silent Night" in three parts which was fun
Til she said that she sounds just like Sarah Vaughan
I hate that soulful affectation white girls put on
Why don't you move to the Delta?
I obliged later on when you begged me to choke ya