

## 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