

Dear Skorpion Magazine

Neon Indian

Every time I see her, her
Walking down the street
I'm wondering who she's going to meet

Often from a distance
Always so discreet
Keeping prowlers pace
Through the dirty sneaker squeak

But lemme tell ya
I feel a certain way
I feel a certain way

And if she ever
If she ever came this way
If she ever came this way

Every time I see her
My heart beats on display
And the graffiti melts away

The fluorescent hour
Never gave a wink of sleep
For the one who's huffing vapors
From a love they'll never keep

But lemme tell ya
I feel a certain way
I feel a certain way

But wait a second
Her she comes this way
Her she comes this way

Dear Skorpion Magazine
We met eyes
We met eyes

Dear Skorpion Magazine
Let me paint you a scene
We met eyes

Dear Skorpion Magazine
We met eyes
We met eyes

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