

An Eluardian Instance

of Montreal

Does she know, does she know that
I am not just searching for some first-time high?
I know it's all about perceptions
And I accept you as my very first mover

I remember riding bikes on Coaster Island
Planning midnight raids on the Swedish plum trees
That summer, it was too cold to swim, so
We climbed upon the rocky shore and freaked out
On the mountain goats, but they were not impressed
Or scared of us

Do you remember our last summer as independents?
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Do you remember our last summer as independents?
Do you remember?

I was a foreigner when you appeared
From the shadows at the motor club
I was a hater in the depths
Of an emotional hibernation

You sat me down, we had some drinks
And you told me all kinds of insanity
I asked your friend if you were available
She answered, no but yes, oh well, oh well, yes and no

Now, I'm viewing my memory reel in reverse
Scrolling back to come to feel your weather then
Now, I'm noting the limits of our parabola
To predict the points of thou-shalt-not-return

This inbreeding of ideas is intolerable
I wish David was here, take your persecution complex
And I'm not gonna absorb your stress output any more
Oh, don't you pimp out my heart
Don't you pimp out my heart