

Girl From NYC (Named Julia)

of Montreal

I'm such a vulnerable lad
with nothing to protect me
from your world so bright and full of laughter
I went home and sank my head into the pillow
I closed my eyes and tried to hear it again
to hear you laughing again

I cried in a dream
while I was staying at your place
I tried to talk about it over breakfast
but you made a joke out of it
and I never told you why
my, my, my, didn't it seem
that you were only playing with me
I wrote you a letter on the flight home
which evolved into a love poem
so, of course, I couldn't send it then

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while i was staying at your place

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