

## 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

I cried in a dream  
while i was staying at your place

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