

## Subtext Read, Nothing New

of Montreal

I hate people who think they "knew me when"  
As if I was once true and now am false  
A personality is a progression  
Some wild twisting beast that never stops escaping from  
itself

In the ghetto of winter  
I traced my hand on a placemat  
Drew your face with my eyes closed  
Pretended I was eating with my favorite author  
Pretending I was making him laugh

I just don't know how to feel  
I just don't feel  
But I wouldn't even notice  
No, I wouldn't have any reason to care  
If not for your complaint  
I know that I make you unhappy  
But what can I do?  
I wasn't created just for you  
Not just for you