

trashed exes

of Montreal

The problem is a different girl, an Athenian beach
We have so much to live for but living is not one of your talents
You you were just slumming it with me, you faked it, I was your slum
Now I can't even talk to you, easy rider see whatcha done done

Gabrielle, I met the plague of you, l'appel du vide of your trashed exes
I felt like Antonin Artaud because I refused to cry
I saw our withering and thought "how romantic"
I saw our withering and thought "I'm glad"
Did you really try to love me? that doesn't sound like you
No not you

Now that I am dispossessed I feel almost happy
Happy that I no longer have to be the prey of your syndrome
I do miss the corybantic wilds of our furious and awful love
I was ready to share everything oh honey what was I thinking of
?

Gabrielle, I met the plague of you, I met the plague
I felt like Antonin Artaud because I refused to cry
I saw our withering and thought "nothing tragic"
I saw our withering and thought "good, I'm glad"
Did I really try to love you?

Gabrielle, I met the plague of you, l'appel du vide of your trashed exes
I felt like Antonin Artaud because I refused to cry
I saw our withering and thought "how romantic"
I saw our withering and thought "I'm glad"
Did you really try to love me? that doesn't sound like you
No not you