

Dear Ramona

Parquet Courts

An air of self delusion that no two arms could ever contain
This lady is a hypnosis poet and when she speaks her words weep
like rain

She tiptoes through the side streets in the morning and wears d
ark sunshades at night

However she might be spending her time I don't know you'd have
to ask her neighbors

But she ain't ever gonna open up (no)

She ain't ever gonna open up (no)

Not to no one

My dear ramona

Born in some unnatural state that no one father would claim

This daughter saving up commissions from acting but no one's ev
er seen her play

She fixes breakfast for two in the morning and drinks dark coff
ee at night

Whoever she might be going to bed with, you can read about that
in her moleskine

But she ain't ever gonna open up (no)

She ain't ever gonna open up (no)

Not to no one

My dear ramona