

Just the Same but Brand New

St. Vincent

The people in the street had overtaken you
By the time you rounded Second Avenue

So I walked away
All perfumed
Felt just the same
But brand new

And anything you wrote I checked for codes and clues
The letters stopped unceremoniously in June

So I changed my I's
And A's to yours
I'm just the same
But brand new

And I do my best impression of weightlessness, now too
And I might be wrong, I might be wrong, I might be wrong
But honey I believed I could

Float away
Dangling
I'm just the same
But brand new to you