

Late Bloomer

Jenny Lewis

When I turned sixteen I was furious and restless
Got a chancy girl haircut
And a plane ticket to Paris
I stayed there with Pansy,
He had a studio in the seventh
Lost his lover to a sickness,
I slept beside him in his bed
That's when I met Nancy,
She was smoking on a gypsy
She had a ring in her nose and her eyes
Were changing like moonstones
She said, open up late bloomer,
It will make you smile
I can see that fire burning,
In you little child. Nancy came from Boston,
She got in trouble very often
'Cause her parents had forgotten her,
She would skate over the pond
She was searching for the writer
Of a song that made her shiver
She listened over and over
On a Walkman cassette
She said, come with me late bloomer,
For a little while,
I wanna see that fire burning,
In you little child How could I resist her,
I had longed for a big sister
And I wanted to kiss her,
But I hadn't done that
We found the writer,
He was just some kid from Boston
I was jealous as I watched him talking to her
But man he's not astonish,
Didn't look like no Adonis
But as Nancy had promised,
He was heavy as led
And he said, come with us late bloomer,
For a little while,
We wanna feel that fire burning,

In you little child Give me my candor,
But I just had to have her
And at the time I didn't mind sharing with him
He rode in silence,
All the way back to the seventh
And I promised I'd write her but I never did
And she said, au revoir, late bloomer,
For a little while,
You gotta keep the fire burning,
In you little child

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