Maxim's I

Julia Holter

Tonight the birds are watching me
Do they have more important things to do?
What of hearts in diamonds?
Oh I don't understand
I don't understandInto Maxim's we will see them walk
Will they eat a piece of cheese or will they talk?
When they're loud enough we can hear their words
By night we are inquisitory birds
Some nights we are asked if we ever tire
Of gazing at their heels and everyday desires
Remember every dewy tale written of their loves?
Compare them to the ones they touch in front of usWe do not dance a story for you
Gil Blas bored whispers awakening the beast in me
Go!
Find your feet
Drink some blood
Say it to my face
If you want to be starting something
If you want to be starting something

Songwriters
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