

# An Eluardian Instance

## Of Montreal

Does she know, does she know that  
I am not just searching for some first-time high?  
I know it's all about perceptions  
And I accept you as my very first mover  
I remember riding bikes on Coaster Island  
Planning midnight raids on the Swedish plum trees  
That summer, it was too cold to swim, so  
We climbed upon the rocky shore and freaked out  
On the mountain goats, but they were not impressed  
Or scared of us  
Do you remember our last summer as independents?  
Do you remember?  
I was a foreigner when you appeared  
From the shadows at the motor club  
I was a hater in the depths  
Of an emotional hibernation  
You sat me down, we had some drinks  
And you told me all kinds of insanity  
I asked your friend if you were available  
She answered, no but yes, oh well, oh well, yes and no  
Now, I'm viewing my memory reel in reverse  
Scrolling back to come to feel your weather then  
Now, I'm noting the limits of our parabola  
To predict the points of thou-shalt-not-return  
This inbreeding of ideas is intolerable  
I wish David was here, take your persecution complex  
And I'm not gonna absorb your stress output any more  
Oh, don't you pimp out my heart  
Don't you pimp out my heart

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