

The Night Josh Tillman Came To Our Apartment

Father John Misty

Oh, I just love the kind of woman
Who can walk over a man
I mean like a god damn marching band
She says, like literally
Music is the air she breathes
And the malaprops make me want to fucking scream
I wonder if she even knows what that word means
Well, it's literally not thatOf the few main things I hate about her
One's her petty, vogue ideas
Someone's been told too many times
They're beyond their years
By every half-wit of distinction she keeps around
And now every insufferable convo
Features her patiently explaining the cosmos
Of which she's in the middle
Oh my God, I swear this never happens
Lately, I can't stop the wheels from spinning
I feel so unconvincing
And I fumble with your buttonsShe blames her excess on my influence
But gladly Hoovers all my drugs
I found her naked with her best friend in the tub
We sang "Silent Night" in three parts which was fun
'Til she said that she sounds just like Sarah Vaughan
I hate that soulful affectation white girls put on
Why don't you move to the Delta?
I obliged later on
When you begged me to choke ya

Songwriters

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