

Girl From Nyc (named Julia)

Of Montreal

I'm such a vulnerable lad
With nothing to protect me
From your world so bright and full of laughter

I went home and sank my head into the pillow
I close my eyes and try to hear it again
To hear you laughing again

I cried in a dream
While staying at your place
I tried to talk about it over breakfast
But you made a joke out of it
And I never told you why, my my

Why didn't it seem like you were only playing with me?
I wrote you a letter on the flight home which evolved into a love poem
So of course I couldn't send it then

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I'm such a vulnerable lad
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