

# 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 childHow 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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>