

# 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?  
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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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