

Emmy The Great, Canopies And Grapes

I wanna see you tonight
What's the point?
All we do is fight
I've loved you
So long
I don't know who I'd be without

My head hurts
I wish I'd never woke up
I feel worse
than when S Club 7 broke up
I hate the day
It hates me
So does everybody else

I sit here drooling on my own again
and like a routine episode of Friends
What does it mean to be American?
Is it
feelings, coffee and
I'll be there for you?

Later on me and a bottle will hook up to have some fun
Then I'll call your house at twelve to let you know that I'm drunk
Say I'm sorry Mr C, I was just looking for your son
How are you, incidentally, do you know if he's out alone?
There is this book he lent to me something like seven months ago
I'm gonna burn it in the street be so kind as let him know
that I'm dealing
with this badly
and
could he please get back to me?

Since you've gone my only friends are Billy Bragg and the Jam
Though my time with you has got me feeling oh so k.d. lang
I think you're right about the New Kids on the Block
And I agree now Billy Joel does not rock
Wish I could tell you all the things that Woody Allen helps me see
How Annie Hall is starting to seem quite a lot like you and me
It took a while to come around to David Bowie's new CD
And it's much too late to give back your Magnetic Fields EP
Can I keep it
by my pillow?
Fucking loved it
How I long to tell you so

When I get to sleep I'll dream again of canopies and grapes
And wake shaking from the knowledge that the mattress holds your shape
I assume my phone is dead because it hasn't rung for months
If tomorrow is the funeral do you think that you could come?
I could give you back your music and your t-shirts and your socks
Walk to Jazz's house in Soho cry into her letter box
Spend some time out to resuscitate my soul
Take up smoking and drink carrot juice and grow
Teach the mattress to expel you from its folds
Then dry my eyes and keep on walking til the motion makes me strong
Until one day i realise I don't remember that you're gone
We'll be strangers
who were lovers
I'll recover
It's so weird how time goes on