

# Perfume Genius, Mr. Peterson

My work came back from class  
With notes attached  
Of a place and time  
Or how my body kept him up at night

He let me smoke weed in his truck  
If I could convince him I loved him enough  
Enough, enough, enough, enough

He made me a tape of Joy Division  
He told there was a part of him missing  
When I was sixteen  
He jumped off a building

Mr Petersen  
I know you were ready to go  
I hope there's room for you up above  
Or down below.