

# Julia Holter, This Is a True Heart

There's just no room for all our thoughts  
Come on,  
Let's walk another walk  
Did you ever see a downtown businessman sing a joyful talk,  
In a suit made out of song?

Come, let's not insist on "love"  
Just alive

Let's talk straight about it and sled through the boulevard

This is a true heart,  
Listen hard  
There are true words, speak hard

See the young - so old so fast  
See the young - in love so fast  
I don't understand falling leaves  
a tree is a tree