

# The Avett Brothers, Pretty Girl From Feltre

Susanna, Italiana, what do you want to do?  
I thought I had figured it out but that was before you

Walking a mile into town  
Hoping to see you around  
Hoping your man is nowhere to be found  
And hoping we'll go to your room  
And hoping we'll go to your room

Quietly act like you love me until I leave Feltre  
And when you learn of my return  
Watch what the townspeople say

Riding in your cargo van  
Driving your mom's cargo van  
If you only knew how charming it was  
The lure of your folks cargo van  
The lure of your folks cargo van

Go tell Max  
Be clear with the facts  
Leave me a letter to there  
I still have the one from before  
From when I turned twenty four