

Julia Gloria

Plums

Julia

Up on the windowsill there's a word
Holding in to be unheard No one else at home Gloria

Open the note that hides in a drawer

Wonder who they keep it for

Read it over slow On the same floor

Can I want more Julia

Out in the garden, grown to the wall

Somewhere when you're feeling small

Tired and undone

Gloria

Look at the mounds up high in the road

Hanging up your winter clothes

Never took so long

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>