

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