

My Plants Are Dead

Blonde Redhead

I heard you on the radio,
I said they are my friends
Do you want your keys ?
Your plants are dead
How long you in town for ?
I saw your petit chien
She didn't come with you ?
What you've been listening to ?

I woke up this morning, didn't feel for a part
I let the boys party but I'm just gonna chill
But I'd love to see you before I leave
I leave next weekend I'm not ready to go
Tell me about you, tell me about Harry
You know what I heard between you and I

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Tell me about you, tell me about blue
Tell me about Harry, tell me about Paul
Tell me about Chiara, tell me about Jane
Tell me about New York, tell me about her