

# All Those Girls

Jolie Holland

I can't believe  
You're treating me like all those girls  
All those sweet girls go home to cry  
And wonder why, all those sweet girls

The rain is coming down and petals on the ground  
Like fallen snow you turn to go  
And I walk away  
And I hear you say

I can't believe you're treating me  
Like all those men, all those fine men  
That took you in  
Into their hearts with open arms

I looked up and wished  
That I could disappear into the sky  
Or else to dive  
Into the core of this burning world

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