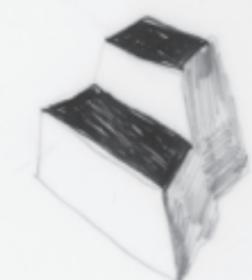


JULIA HOLTER
LOUD CITY SONG



I live on the 5th floor of the apartment building.
What am I looking for in you?
How can I escape you?

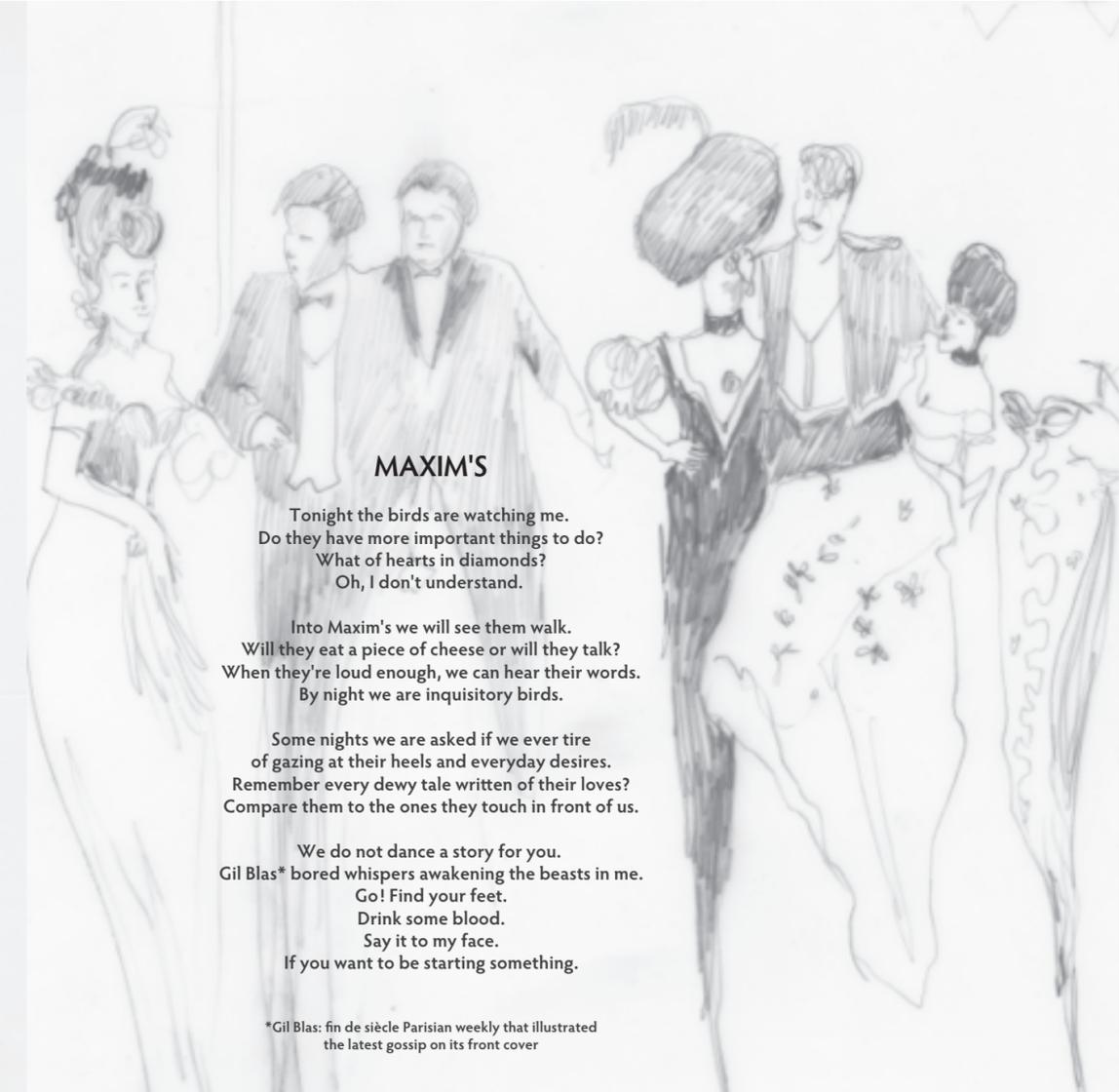
WORLD
Heaven,
all the heavens of the world.
Are you looking for anything?
Heaven with eyes bright green
Everyday my eyes are older,
I grow a bit closer to you.

Hats,
all the hats of the world.
I don't know how I wear a hat so much.
Even when I run.
The city can't see my eyes
under the brim.
I play a game of tennis.
Passing violins are blind.

Mother,
oh, mothers of the world.
A singer with eyes closed,
singer on the 5th floor.
Your hats that I wear when you disappear.
How could you see that everyday i talk to you?

Mister,
all the misters of the world.
Whose cello are you looking for?
How can it escape?

City,
all the cities of the world.
What are you wearing?
I live on the 5th floor of the apartment building.
What am I looking for in you?
How can I escape you?



MAXIM'S
Tonight the birds are watching me.
Do they have more important things to do?
What of hearts in diamonds?
Oh, I don't understand.

Into Maxim's we will see them walk.
Will they eat a piece of cheese or will they talk?
When they're loud enough, we can hear their words.
By night we are inquisitory birds.

Some nights we are asked if we ever tire
of gazing at their heels and everyday desires.
Remember every dewy tale written of their loves?
Compare them to the ones they touch in front of us.

We do not dance a story for you.
Gil Blas* bored whispers awakening the beasts in me.
Go! Find your feet.
Drink some blood.
Say it to my face.
If you want to be starting something.

*Gil Blas: fin de siècle Parisian weekly that illustrated the latest gossip on its front cover



HORNS SURROUNDING ME
Few times do I feel the breeze
of a cold night.
So I recall the words of lovers sadly in the sun,
unending sun: "We will run forever with the hot timpani bang!"
As the sound recedes, bored lover falls asleep and disappears.

Horns surrounding me sing so forcefully and high!
Horns surrounding me sing so forcefully and high!

Moon, they forget how soft heart is, unfolding over time.
Heart, don't forget how young we are! We wander softly.

Seen through a window, my love blurred, mute, and slow.
I offer roses to nothing.
The answer absent.



IN THE GREEN WILD
City shoes found ways down green fertile valleys,
see i never could fall straight in line so sure.
Someone with a thing to say
writes on a leaf
and lets it fall onto my feet.
"Talalaa"
I receive the news so small a child
who cannot understand.
I can't hear and I don't know,
and the wind slows down so
still a tree's a tree! So calm and for a moment it makes sense but
the tree says "la la" and the language is strange
the woman's "wa wa" am i too bored to understand?

Well good i'm done. Off to the wild for me.

In the green wild I am gone
my hands, toes, shoulders gone
but the shoes my feet have worn still remain
and they walk toward the sea
there's a flavor to the sound of walking
no one ever never noticed before.

There's a humor in the way they walk,
even a flower walks!
But doesn't look for me.
It walks just as it's grown.
It's laughing
so naturally.
It tells me a tree's a tree.

