

## Torsten Borg

### "Junebug"

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Junebug, I remember everything  
The blue carpeted floors, the tall wooden doors  
I held you in my arms  
Junebug, I'd burn down a picture of a house  
Say it was ours, when we didn't need it anymore

And that was when I loved you best  
We were kids then  
We shouldn't think about the rest.

Ooh ooh aah ooh...

You'd put the moon in a basket  
On your bike front by the coast  
The way your face lit up in pale grief you were a ghost.  
You liked to play with darkness  
All the universe could give.  
I was the home you once tried to escape  
The dark in which you lived.

And soon they'd find you laying there  
On several different homes  
They'd find you laying on their porches,  
Did you need to use the phone?  
And lure you into their rooms,  
That was the last I heard of June.  
That was love I could not allow

You were beautiful then,  
You're just a coke jaw now.

Ooh ooh aah ooh...

I remember everything  
I remember everything  
I remember everything

You were beautiful then.  
And I'm still in too deep.

Ooh ooh aah ooh...

Cause I remember everything  
Cause I remember everything  
Cause I remember everything

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