

Dirty Projectors

"Baltimore"

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Fourteen days in Baltimore and the end of June is here
I can see the sun outside but I'm still stuck in here
Has it been one week already
I can't get you on the phone and it's making me hate
that I'm not at home
But I really need the money
And I wish I could tell you everything
Or at least let me try to explain
But instead I'm stuck in Baltimore more and more and
more
But I really need the money
And it's the fourth of July and I'm leaving on the sixth
And we'll be in the same city
The anxiety (the anxiety) is killing me (is killing me)
The anxiety is killing me
So what am I doing in south Philadelphia
But you were singing a different tune a week ago in
Baltimore
Those words were on the tip of my tongue
I really need the money
I'm sorry you couldn't make it to DC

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