

Robert Francis "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.

Oooooo aaaaaah oooohh

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.

Oooooo aaaaaah oooohh

I remember everything
I remember everything
I remember everything
ooooh ... oooooh
Ohhhhh

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

Oooooo aaaaaah oooohh

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