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Avett Brothers, The "Pretty Girl From Feltre"

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Susanna, Italiana, what do you want to do? I thought I had figured it out nut that was before you

Walking a mile into town Hoping to see you around Hoping your man is nowhere to be found And hoping we'll go to your room And hoping we'll go to your room

Quietly act like you love me until I leave Feltre And when you learn of my return Watch what the townspeople say

Riding in your cargo van Driving your mom's cargo van If you only knew how charming it was The lure of your folks cargo van The lure of your folks cargo van

Go tell Max Be clear with the facts Leave me a letter to there I still have the one from before From when I turned twenty four

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