

Lorelai

Fleet Foxes

So, guess i got old
i was like trash on the sidewalk
i, guess i knew why
often it's hard to just sweet talk I was old news to you then
old news old news to you then You, you were like glue
holding each of us together
i, slept through July
while you made lines in the heather
I was old news to you then
old news old news to you then
fell for the rouse with you then
old news old news to you then And i still see you when i try to sleep
i see the guard in the tower the street(?)
call out to nobody call out to me
chip on the shoulder, the dime(?) in the teeth(?)
Now, i can see how
we were like dust on the window
not, much now that i
everything stored in a bubble
i was old news to you then
old news old news to you then

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