

# Old White Lincoln

## The Gaslight Anthem

If I could write, I'd tell you how much I miss these nights.  
Where we dig around the bones, try to find peace and patches for the holes.  
I lit a cigarette on a parking meter.  
Corner boys told her how I was dying to meet her.  
Like a prayer I said, on a dead man's knee.  
You drove up like a parade. You and your high top sneakers and your sailor tattoos.  
Your old '55 that you drove through the roof.  
Of the sky, up above these indifferent stars.  
Where you just kept coming apart, straight in my arms. And I miss her sometimes.  
Shaking like a leaf on the corner of life.  
But I heard it's alright.  
The radio spoke to a good friend of mine.  
And I could feel it coming up as the nights getting warm.  
Saw your summer dress hanging on the back of the lawn.  
Like a dream I remember from an easier time.  
With the top rolled down on a Saturday night. You and your high top sneakers and your sailor tattoos.  
Your old '55 that you drove through the roof.  
Of the sky, up above these indifferent stars.  
Where you just kept coming apart, straight in my arms.  
Right in my arms. And I always dreamed of Classic cars and movie screens.  
Trying to find someday to be redeemed.  
Bring a dollar with you baby, in the cold cold ground. You and your high top sneakers and your sailor tattoos.  
Your old '55 that you drove through the roof.  
Of the sky, up above these indifferent stars.  
Where you just kept coming apart, straight in my arms.  
You fell straight in my arms.

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