

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 some way to be redeemed
Baby darling, we will be, 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

Lyrics submitted by Andrew.

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