Old Love Haunts Me In the Morning

Marissa Nadler

Old love haunts me in the morning

La, da da da da da da, di

Old love haunts in the evening

When the remnants of pictures come aliveI told you that I loved you

I laid the summer down

Come all your careless wanderers

By the lake with the days of ruinWhen I first saw you in the sunshine

With the speckles and flaxen in your eyes

When I first saw you in the moonlight

It is true that I thought that I might dieI told you that I loved you

By the lake with the summer gone

Come all your careless wanderers

By the lake with the days of ruin

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