

Untitled 1

Brand New

Well I wrote your name and burned it
To see the color of the flame
And it burned out the whole spectrum
As if you were everything
Mine just burned gold
A normal flame
I am not anything
And all that I remember is the feeling of waking up
When we were kids, you were the sun to which my eyes would not adjust
We were kids - I was a fountain
You could never drink enough

Then came all the boys who swept you up
Played careless with your heart
And every night there was a new girl
Sitting beside me in my car
Something dies when you grow older,
But you do the best you can
I am glad
I am glad
You found a good man

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