

Old Flame

Arcade Fire

You knew in five minutes but I knew in a sentence
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So why do we go through all of this again?
Your eyes are flutterin' such pretty wings
A moth, flyin' into the same old flame again
It never ends
It's not like I dropped the bomb
On my conscience, mom
It takes fightin' day and night
To make such a good thing die
Out, everyone out, I give too much shit a home
In my heart and mind, it gets me every time
So why do we go through all this shit again
Your eyes are flutterin' such pretty wings
A moth flyin' into me, the same old flame again

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