

# Old Hearts

## Benjamin Booker

Excuse me sister  
Thought I heard you call my name  
Though we share the same mother  
I know things ain't been the same When the fiends of the world are calling  
Will you be my friend, my friend, my friend And it's hard to see you dying  
When I'm feeling so alive  
Saw a chorus of angels  
Singing songs about old hearts We've all got secrets  
But I'm the one to blame  
I stand by the street at night  
Wondering if we'll be okay

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