Lorelai

Robin Pecknold

So guess I got old
I was like trash on the sidewalk
I guess I knew why
Often it's hard to just sweet talk
I was old news to you then
Old news, old news to you then
You, you were like glue
Holding each of us together
I slept through July
While you made lines in the heather
I was old news to you then
Old news, old news to you then
Fell for the ruse with you then
Old news, old news to you then
And I still see you when I try to sleep
I see the garden, the tower, the street
Call out to nobody, call out to me
Chip on the shoulder, the dime in the teeth
Now I can see how
We were like dust on the window
Not much, not a lot
Everything's stolen or borrowed
I was old news to you then
Old news, old news to you then

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