

Old Flame ((MN))

Arcade Fire

You knew in five minutes
But I knew in a sentence
You knew in five minutes
But I knew in a sentence 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 at home
In my heart and mind
It gets me every time, it gets me every time, it gets me every time

Songwriters

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