Old Times

The Elected

Saw your face. The other day.
And I'd wished I'd had the guts enough to say,
Wish you could spend the night
And it would be like old timesAnd I went through the letters you wrote today
And when we rode that pony. Had a a wonderful time.
But you were ready to get back home
So it could be like old timesBut that was long ago. Before you were free.
When you were still hanging out
When you were still with me
And I'd wished I'd held on too
And it would be like old timesBe like old times
Be like old times
And love would feel brand new
Just like old timesI didn't hold you. That day when you cried.
The day David died. The fourth of July.
Oh, how you cried and criedAnd I'm sorry. Babe, so sorry.
That I did not call you back
And when I finally called
I'm sorry for that
But hey, c'mon honey
Let's forget about those timesAnd be like old times
Be like old times
And love would feel brand new
Just like old timesYeah, be like old times
Be like old times
And love would feel brand new
Just like old timesAnd love would feel brand new
Just like old times

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