Old Haunts

Sub Pop Records

A cherry bomb, you are a mystery
Exploded, sparkling quiet nights
My teenage heart packed all my misery, baby
To fingertips that might ignite
And all along you knew my story, didn't you
And all night long I carried yours
Your blood was mixed wine and robbery, baby
And left us always wanting more
So don't sing me your songs about the good times
Those days are gone and you should just let them go
And God help the man who says
If you'd have known me when
Old haunts are for forgotten ghosts
Old haunts are for forgotten ghosts
Cherry bomb, your love is surgery
Removing what you don't regard
And every breath felt like a funeral, baby
While you were packing up your car
And with the window down
I hear your tired mouth
You borrowed everything
And wore all your old welcomes out
And shame on you, my love
You sold your youth away
Memories are sinking ships
That never would be saved

So don't sing me your songs about the good times
Those days are gone and you should just let them go
And God help the man who says
If you'd have known me when
Old haunts are for forgotten ghosts
Old haunts are for forgotten ghosts
And shame, shame, shame, shame on you
You kept your mind and heart and youth
Just like a tomb
And shame, shame, shame, shame on you
You kept your mind and heart and youth
Just like a tomb

And don't sing me your songs about the good times
Those days are gone and you should just let them go
So God help the man who says
If you'd have known me when
Old haunts are for all those ghosts
And don't sing me your songs about the good times
Those days are gone and you should just let them go
And God help the man who says
If you'd have known me when
God help the man who says
If you'd have known me when
God help this man who says
My baby, if you'd have known me when
Old haunts are all we've ever known

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