

# 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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