

# Kate Nash, Old Dances

Your lips are darker than before  
and the bags under your eyes are blacker than they were  
and there's something different about your skin  
and nobody knows how you got home last night

Your lips are darker than before  
and the bags under your eyes are blacker than they were  
and there's something different about your skin  
and nobody knows how you got home last night

Your bones are making me feel weary and when you speak  
I can't hear a word that you say

Your bones are making me feel weary and when you speak  
I can't hear a word that you say  
and nobody knows how you got home last night.

And still no one knows how you got home last night.

If there were three old dances we could dance, maybe.  
Three old songs that we could sing maybe,  
everything could be alright.

But i keep trippin' up the steps and there are just some words I forget  
and the tunes are fuzzy in my mind.

And nobody knows how you got home last night.  
still nobody knows how you got home.

And my brain hurts and my soul is aching  
and i'm not sure if my heart can take it.  
And my brain hurts and my soul does ache and I, I have never felt this much pain.  
And my brain hurts and my sould does ache and I think my heart's about to break.

And nobody knows how you got home last night.  
Still, no one knows how you got home last night.