

Mates of State, Blue And Gold Print

So long, lost loves
I haven't forgotten you, just yet
I hung your picture before I knew
Next to scenes set in golden hues

Your face, still drifting inside my head
The weight is gone
Heavy words that I could have said

I sang instead when other girls only cried
I called it grace
I am a mindless child

But I said, He's treating me right
I said, He's treating me right

You're gone
What's left?
Memories of greater days
Just hang

Look on, you say
Build together the obvious clues
Taught you:
Skip the series of laid-out rules

Go sing outside
As clouds raining spark the night
That's how we met
It's the greatest day of this life

But I said, He's treating me right
He's treating me right

We're just a little bit lost
inside our houses
We're just a little unkempt
out in the streets

And I won't ever pass up a second to tell you replacement's a myth
Cause I know the when the kids are all grown
We will still have this blue and gold print

He's treating me right
I know He's treating me right

We're just a little bit lost
And I won't ever pass up a second to tell you replacement's a myth
We're just a little unkempt
Cause I know the when the kids are all grown
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