

Of Montreal, I Can't Stop Your Memory

I can't stop your memory from breaking my heart.
Devils were laughing so loud,
I couldn't hear the radio.

In the dark bags become,
Sneaking devils waiting to pounce
And display impressive claws.
I might wink at them before they land.

I can hear my heart beat
across the room behind the closet door

When I'm laying in my bed in the dark.
I can't gather all the love I need when I need it.
I'm not mad I understand that that's the price,
And all is forgiven in the end
If your heart was in the right place.
If you lived an honest life, if you tried

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