

# 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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