

Arcade Fire, Old Flame

You knew in five minutes,
But I knew in a sentence
You knew in five minutes,
But I knew in a sentence

So why do we go through all of this again?
Your eyes are flutterin'
Such pretty wings.
A moth, flyin' into the
Same old flame again
It never ends

It's not like I dropped the bomb,
on my conscience mom
It takes fightin' day and night
to make such a good thing die

Out, everyone out
I give too much shit at home
In my heart and mind
It gets me every time

So why do we go
Through all this shit again
Your eyes are Flutterin'
Such pretty wings.
A moth flyin' into me
The same old flame again
It never ends