

Junior Boys, Count Souvenirs

A pair of shoes
Some old reviews
That you kicked behind the door
A calling card
Is torn apart
And it's wasted on the floor
Some city scene
You're like a preteen
Chasing all the latest news
We're back at home
We fix old radios
Wiping off the dusty tunes

So
Please, please don't touch
Please, please don't touch

I keep it warm
At thirty-four
Like the way it was before
Your favorite shirt
A little dirt
Builds inside the bedroom drawer
'Cause all the paint
And the stains
All the papers and the fumes
They're all of you
They stay alive
And inside the things we knew

So
Please, please don't touch
Please, please don't touch

Empty stalls and shopping malls
That we'll never see again
Hotel lobbies like painful hobbies
That linger on
Time compares us, you feel embarrassed
Like you drive your parent's car
On another road, in another road
Kept in a jar