

The Gaslight Anthem, Old White Lincoln

If I Could Write, I'd Tell You How Much I've Missed These Nights
Where We, Dig Around The bones, And Try to Find Peace
And A Patch For The Hole
I Lit A Cigarette On A Parking Meter
The Corner Boys Told Her How I Was Dyin To Meet Her
Like A Prayer I Said, On Deadman's
And Drove Up Like A Parade
You And Your High Top Sneakers
And Your Sailor Tattoos And Your
Ole' 55 That You Drove Through The Roof Of The Sky Up Above
These Indifferent Stars While You Just
Kept Coming Apart, Right In My Arms
And I Miss It Sometimes, Shakin Like A Leaf
On The Corner Of Vine
But I heard Its Alright,
The Radio Spoke To A Good Friend Of Mine.
And I Can Feel It Comin Up As The Night Is Gettin Warmer,
I Saw You Summer Dresses Hangin On The Back Of Lawn,
Like A Dream I Remember Fever From An Easier Time,
With Teh Top Rolled Down, On A Saturday Night
You And Your High Top Sneakers
And Your Sailor Tattoos And Your
Ole' 55 That You Drove Through The Roof Of The Sky Up Above
These Indifferent Stars While You Just
Kept Coming Apart, Right In My Arms, Right In My Arms
And I Always Dreamed Of Classic Cars And Movie Screens
And Trying To Find Someway To Be Redeemed.
You And Your High Top Sneakers
And Your Sailor Tattoos And Your
Ole' 55 That You Drove Through The Roof Of The Sky Up Above
These Indifferent Stars While You Just
Kept Coming Apart, Right In My Arms