

I Remember It Well #2

Matt Costa

I remember when
You were a mess
Said we'd look back then
On all of this

You hide it in the bush
And you cry in your cup
I've picked you up
And knew just what to do

You remember when
We were happy again
Just to be friends
But all good things must end

How I lied on one dark night
Said you'd hold it against me
For the rest of my life

Oh there was a time
When we'd walk down saint John's street
Before the trees grew tall
Before their fruits were ripe
But now you're like
Some very rare wine
Bottled up and the grapes
Cut from the vine

I remember it well, ooh
I remember it well, ooh