

Wedding Bells Are Breaking up That Old Gang of Mine

Shearwater

Went to see the new baby
And we smoked weed on the back porch
And lying on my back with the pool floatie
"Raining Blood" just thundering forth

I said, "What do you say
Your parents take your place for an hour?
We can drive downtown
To our old favorite place
Let the years just melt away
And find ourselves back where we were found"

There's not a soul down on the corner
And that's a pretty certain sign
That I shouldn't try
To play the reformer
Picking up pieces of that old gang of mine

But what would they say
If it went the other way
And we flew to today
Through ten years of time
They'd be ashamed
I'm so sure they'd be ashamed
At what I claim to be doing with my life

Now they're all paired off
And kissing the other half goodnight
And then falling deep into the same sleep
While walls and warm sheets shut out the light

And I'm the only one
At the top of my lungs
Who's still singing sweet adelines
They're all filled up
They don't need the love
That I'm bringing that old gang of mine

Not a soul down on the corner
They're all safe sitting down behind smooth sheets of
glass
I guess it's not going to get any warmer
And I guess it's raining slow
Until it's raining fast