

## Geraldine

The Avett Brothers

I come from a place  
Where every name  
And every place  
Seem so familiar

In came this progress  
In her black dress  
Look at the mess  
She is a killer

Much like you and I  
And every case that's made  
There has to be a traitor

It's me this time  
And I'm trading fun for right  
Will I regret the notion later?

Geraldine's the name that comes to mind  
When I go back to reminiscing  
Abilene's a woman for my childhood  
I spent the evenings kissing

I'm a fool for treating her alive  
And loving something cold and rocky  
The homophobic gentlemen  
They'll barricade but their efforts couldn't stop me

In came this progress  
In her black dress  
Look at the mess  
She is a killer

In came this progress  
In her black dress  
Look at the mess  
She is a killer

In came this progress  
In her black dress  
Look at the mess  
She is a killer

Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh