

Pretty Green

White Denim

Right before I met you
Things were getting pretty green
I was on an upswing though
I could hardly even think
I was looking out, looking out

Well it took me several mornings
With my throat in a mangled knot
Sounding out my virtues
And my vices and other thoughts
Struggling to remember the most recent
Things that I forgot

Well I was looking out, looking out
Looking out, looking out

When you're always on
You feel defeated
So your guardians have lost
In a foreign town, you could hear that singing
It wouldn't wake up a sound
When you hear that singing
It wouldn't wake up a sound

Carbon copy portraits
In a box that I was shufflin' through
Stuffed with paper memories
That are only partly true
Well I've been gettin' a feelin'
About someone a lot like you

Looking out, looking out
Looking out, looking out

When there's classic meltdowns
And devastating rain
Hurried up for waiting
More times than I care to say
Well it's clear to us now
It's starting to change
Moving on, moving on
Moving forward
Moving on

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You feel defeated
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