

# I Love John She Loves Paul

Beulah

Hardcore and feeling retro  
It feels so faux, it feels so hollow  
Not better than the first time  
But better than the last  
We're feeling sentimental  
Hey, oh, lets go

Mainstream strikes a pose and  
Infects the scene  
It seems so unclean  
Viva mexi-Japa...  
To get right back to your ha ha

Words last  
Like these songs  
Lodged in our heads  
So long, so long, yeah  
So long, so long, so long

Blast off corner new worlds  
And say hands off  
This is our band  
Overdrive is slippin'  
And so is our grip  
We're feeling sentimental  
Hey, oh, lets go

Save us  
We'll come and go like reunion tours stuck in ruins  
Islands in the desert we'll sink  
But all we have to do is sit and wait  
And words last  
Like these songs  
They're lodged in our heads  
So long, so long, yeah  
So long, so long, so long