

## Old Code

Chris Garneau

I need a little time, Dad  
We can make it better  
I need a little space to breathe, oh, oh  
The paths we made like maps  
The ocean gaps get wider  
There's a space to breathe, oh, oh  
Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh  
Oh, oh-oh, oh-oh

But I believe that since you passed  
The ocean ice got wider  
There's space to freeze, oh, oh  
Old, old code  
Old, old code  
Old, old code  
Old, old code  
Old, old, old, old code

I confronted you  
I wanted to  
You lashed out at me  
A coward on his knees  
I wanted the truth  
I wanted to blame you  
Then you tried to buy me  
I didn't want your money  
I only wanted the truth  
I only wanted the truth  
I only wanted the truth  
I only wanted truth  
I only wanted truth  
I only wanted truth  
I only wanted truth  
I only wanted, I only wanted  
The truth  
I only wanted, I only wanted (Oh)  
The truth