

This is my old shirt
a lifetime of your hard work
It's in the crown, the magic dust
everything you love is going to rust

Don't turn around, eyes forward
High, low
I walk you down our street

It's too far gone
we're late again
7:10 and it's on my friend
you and I embrace the same
tangled (hoops?)
but there's still is one to blame

Don't turn around, eyes forward
High, low
Carry you down our street

There's no such thing as a morning walk
it's your excuse to just come and talk
we're growing old as you're growing dead
at least we spent these years and tears trying
and I'm not leaving you behind

High, low
Bury you under down our street
High, low
Bury you under down our street