

Pretty, but he don't tell you about it  
Winter scarves and skirts of velvet  
Still drink just like we did in school  
I passed your old house down by the cemetery  
Club nights and university  
When your friends sing 'Born to Run', baby, resist  
Cause we were 'Born to Drift'

If you could see the wreck I am these days  
You'd have new reasons to stay away  
Just hold my hand for a little while  
Misery never goes out of style

I see you sometimes in dreams I have  
In your bra in the room you used to rent  
Do you ever wish you could wake someone else?  
And so I wrote down a list of coroners  
Their names, their office phone numbers  
To pronounce dead the thing we had  
In tombs, ex-boyfriends bedrooms

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I'm your chipped nail paint  
I'm the fabric of your coat  
You are all I fear  
You are words I never wrote  
I'm your chipped nail paint  
I'm the fabric of your coat  
You are all I fear  
You are words I never wrote  
You are years ago

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