

So it came to pass that I'd stayed with you long after they had left.

So now you pace the hall, talking to the oil portraits along the walls.

I know you did what you did

But I was just a kid.

Don't compare me now to how I was back then.

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And this too shall pass.

Long after they're done searching through your desk

They call it voyeurism, not viewing it as a precaution.

I know you did what you did

cause you thought I'd never forgive

But we were both a little crazy when we were kids.

Looking back on it, I would've done the same thing.

Everyone was doing crazy shit back then...

Maybe I'm not so crazy after all

Don't compare me now to how I was back then.

Don't compare me now to how I was back then