

# Heart Grows Old

Future Islands

Looking for something the lord would make,  
Meters of sleep--buried under the neck  
Bereave animal dreams, instinct to keep you  
Instance to bleed you  
Instinct  
Saturday folds, by the time I put my wishing words away  
The sound of an old door laughing  
Creaks to signal  
Your wishing words were saved

The heart grows old  
The heart grows old with you  
No one in this world could hope to take your place  
The heart grows old  
The heart grows old and rues  
The end of our days  
The heart grows old with you

And it breaks my mind in two  
Because I know--and you know  
That it was never meant to be  
Baby I was just too young  
To appreciate all of your seams  
Now I'm cutting myself  
Watching you cutting yourself  
Bleeding myself

The heart grows old  
The heard grows old and rues  
The end of our days, the heart grows old with you  
The heart grows old  
The heart grows old and croons  
Into the blue--the heart grows old with you

Save me, save me from loving you always  
Save me, save me from loving you always  
Save me, save me from loving you always  
Save me, save me from loving you always