

80's Through the 50's

Jeff Rosenstock

Miles away and I can't seem to shake the smell of your car in 2003: beach air, bad tunes, stale smoke and junk food

Tell her to stay and you'll scare her away. Staying the same just makes everything change

I'm plowing right through friends I don't talk to. Seasons seem to see me sliding out of view. 80's through the 50's. Breezes make me think of you and I'll count down the days just like I count down before I go away. I'm owning up to not being there for you

Seasons seem to see me sliding out of view. 80's through the 50's. Breezes make me think of you when you see me sliding out of view. It got chilly this Saturday and with my hands in my pockets I walked around in circles like "Oh no, I'm totally fucked." It's one thing to grow old but I'm collecting dust

'Cause nobody needs me
Nobody needs me
Nobody needs me the way that I need you