

I drove her around
I took her uptown, where they saw her
We sort some things out
And headed straight down to the water

I said "I'll go under breathing, if you don't start believing"
"Make it up or something, the depths are looking lovely"

I don't want to be old and not remembered
This won't make me any younger

I took the train back
I tried to count tracks till I saw her
We had a good laugh
She kept her doubts masked under water

I said "I'll go under breathing, if you don't start believing"
"Make it up or something, the depths are looking lovely"

I have longed to be remembered
This won't make me any younger

In the fountain, in the fountain
I scrounged to find loose change
With the hope that a careless man
Had tossed in a few more days

I don't want to be old and not remembered
Am I meant to be a fossil to uncover?

I have longed to be remembered
This won't make me any younger