

# My Old Man

Mac DeMarco

Look at the mirror  
Who do you see  
Somewhat familiar  
Surely not me

For it can't be me  
Look at how old and cold and tired and lonely he's become  
Not until you see  
There's a pricetag hanging off of having all that fun

Oh oh looks like  
I'm seeing more of my old man in me  
Oh no looks like  
I'm seeing more of my old man in me

Walk on the outside  
Holding her hand  
Somewhat familiar  
Her and her man

But it just can't be  
Look at all these steps that brought you where you are today  
Not until you see  
As the heart grows stronger sometimes love is pushed away

Oh oh looks like  
I'm seeing more of my old man in me  
Oh no looks like  
I'm seeing more of my old man in me

Ah oh looks like  
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