

I think we've all been here before
On an August afternoon
Where we accomplish so much more
Than the sportswriter might have assumed
Dressed in ties and finer things just in case
We're drenched in sweat and smiles
But we're hardly at the end of the race

And there was nothing in the invitation
That would've made it so clear
That you could unfold your calendar
Start remembering moments in years

Baby I've got blinders
And if you don't mind there's
Nothing strange about what I want to do
I only want to see you there

Yeah, we lived a good time in these courts
Doubled down these progressions
Never needed to break out the swords
To carve a path to our indiscretions
In the familiar after-hour spring
Up from the gutters and the forest cuts
Carrying on forgiving things
And turned back to how you looked at me once

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