

## Ex's & Oh's

The New Amsterdams

Got a faded photograph  
Burned at one edge  
Lit that fire when you thought  
Love was dead

Sign it with an autograph  
Ex's and oh's  
There is no love left  
In those sepia tones

Tell me what you want?  
Your family and friends think  
We can't pretend  
We can't be friends  
To make amends with the end

White like a wedding gown  
Just dye it black  
Gifts from the registry  
Guess we'll give them back

And I burnt the pictures  
Of a then blushing bride  
But now there's nothing  
But a house to divide

Tell me that you want it?  
Just for old times sake  
We can't agree  
To disagree  
Hear my plea and move on

Tell me that you love another?  
But you still love me  
You can go to hell, it'll suit you well  
It'll match your cold black heart  
Your cold black heart