

I Don't Think Much About Her No More

Vampire Weekend

I don't think much about her no more
Seldom if ever does she cross my mind
Yesterday's gone, Lord, it's better forgotten
Like the poison red berries to die on the vine

This mornin' at dawn, Lord, I pulled in to town
Had some coffee and talked with some old friends of mine
Laughing at the good times they remembered
And then I remembered a time

Lord, I can see the bright lights back in Dallas
As yesterday moves like a dream through my mind
I didn't suppose that I'd ever forget her
And you know it took such a long time

But I don't think much about her no more
Seldom if ever does she cross my mind
Yesterday's gone and it's better forgotten
It's like a poison red berry that clings to the mind