

Old Times

The Elected

Saw your face. The other day.
And I'd wished I'd had the guts enough to say,
Wish you could spend the night
And it would be like old times

And I went through the letters you wrote today
And when we rode that pony. Had a a wonderful time.
But you were ready to get back home
So it could be like old times

But that was long ago. Before you were free.
When you were still hanging out
When you were still with me
And I'd wished I'd held on too
And it would be like old times

Be like old times
Be like old times
And love would feel brand new
Just like old times

I didn't hold you. That day when you cried.
The day David died. The fourth of July.
Oh, how you cried and cried

And I'm sorry. Babe, so sorry.
That I did not call you back
And when I finally called
I'm sorry for that
But hey, c'mon honey
Let's forget about those times

And be like old times
Be like old times
And love would feel brand new
Just like old times

Yeah, be like old times
Be like old times
And love would feel brand new
Just like old times

And love would feel brand new
Just like old times