

Holy fucking hell I haven't seen you in a while
A tidal wave of years have crashed and a couple thousand miles
I should have got your number my phone was in my hand
But I was born twenty years ago I'm no good at making plans

I heard you moved to Austin how's your girlfriend how's your mom
And does she still live downtown or did she find another job
Well tell them I said hi send my love and all that stuff
Cause I was born twenty years ago I'm no good at staying in touch

How's he holding up is he still out in Palm Springs
And does he ever ask about the band and all those things
Well tell him that I miss him and that I wish him all the best
Cause I was born twenty years ago I'm no good at sending texts

The last time that I saw you you were walking through the mall
Working for the UPS the branded socks and all
We didn't even talk we only hugged and then you went
Cause I was born twenty years ago I'm no good at being a friend