

Grow Old

The Naked and Famous

This wasn't supposed to be external
But it seems I've made a mess
This wasn't meant to be special
Now its nagging me confess

Don't talk to me

I could improvise solutions
I could try to reframe
Until I'm left with your admission
That I'm not all there is to blame

I could lie to be gentle
We will never be the same
The more adamant I am that it's the surface
The more the walls begin to flake

Don't talk to me
Don't talk to me
Keeping count
As if the hurt could balance
Don't walk with me
Your dirty feet are obvious
And how could you brag confidence
A willing keen participant
In rolling waves of incidents
You've made your bed now sleep in it you prince

They would've flared out like summer
Just some pictures I could keep
Your memory's inventive
I won't ever fall asleep

And now I'm sorry for explaining
How you fucked it up again
Now I'm watching you backpedal
I wasn't supposed to feel ashamed