

Gaslight Anthem

"Old White Lincoln"

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If I could write, I'd tell you how much I miss these
nights.
Where we dig around the bones, try to find peace and
patches for the holes.
I lit a cigarette on a parking meter.
Corner boys told her how I was dying to meet her.
Like a prayer I said, on a dead man's knee.
You drove up like a parade.

You and your high top sneakers and your sailor tattoos.
Your old '55 that you drove through the roof.
Of the sky, up above these (?) stars.
Where you just kept coming apart, straight in my arms.

And I miss her sometimes.
Shaking like a leaf on the corner of life.
But I heard it's alright.
The radio spoke to a good friend of mine.
And I could feel it coming up as the nights getting
warm.
Saw your summer dress hanging on the back of the
lawn.
Like a dream I remember from an easier time.
With the top rolled down on a Saturday night.

You and your high top sneakers and your sailor tattoos.
Your old '55 that you drove through the roof.
Of the sky, up above these (?) stars.
Where you just kept coming apart, straight in my arms.
Right in my arms.

And I always dreamed of Classic cars and movie
screens.
Trying to find some way to be redeemed.
Baby darling, we will be, in the cold cold ground.

You and your high top sneakers and your sailor tattoos.
Your old '55 that you drove through the roof.
Of the sky, up above these (?) stars.
Where you just kept coming apart, straight in my arms.
You fell straight in my arms.

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