

The Libertines US

"Bad Memories Burn"

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I keep the letters
Buried in a desk drawer
All of them are answered
I don't get them anymore
I shouldn't read them
I shouldn't keep them there
They need a test of fire
To smoke out the truth

Bad memories burn

I keep the brown shirt
Hung behind other clothes
A closet haunted by
A synthetic ghost
It fits me nicely
It fit's a certain time
I used to wear it
But it's not really mine

Bad memories burn

I keep the pictures
In a fire-proof metal box
And nothing can hurt them
Until I say
Such good pictures
Such bad memories
Come out of hiding
Jump into the fire
Goodbye

Bad memories burn

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