

The Libertines US "Reunion"

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Standing in front of the bedroom mirror
Wondering if he can go through with it
His suit still smells like mothballs
He'll have to wear a lot of cologne
And he wonders what you'll think of him
It's been quite a long while now
You're trying to remember why you didn't keep in touch
And so is he

He rolls into the parking lot
With his self-conscious Buick
A final glance in the rearview
To wish himself good luck
You're standing near the punch bowl
As he walks into the room
Where did he get that suit? You ask
He hasn't changed a bit, has he?

He knows he should have called
But he never knew what to say
And he'll have to wait ten more years
To see you again
At the reunion

His necktie is choking him
He fumbles with his class pin
And he knows you are talking
About him again
And people will keep shaking his hand
Until it's time to go home
As you leave you'll tell him to
Keep in touch
And don't be such a stranger

He knows he should have called
But he never knew what to say
And he'll have to wait ten more years
To see you again
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