

The Libertines US

"Voices From The Past"

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I didn't see you coming
I could have hidden if I'd known
It was not a pleasure bumping into you
I don't enjoy these moments
Like you seem to
Part of my collection
Voices from the past

The phone rings a thousand times
And I always pick it up
And I know it's you, or you, or you, or you
But I just wanted to be sure
I wait in my apartment for old friends to move away
Sitting on my door step
Voices from the past

I try to walk away with them nipping at my heels
I shade my eyes and press my thumbs against my ears

A blue car is in the lot outside the store
It looks like I'll be shopping
Somewhere else today
I hear a horn honk as I'm walking down the street
Behind electric windows
Voices from the past

Familiar writing, a scented letter in the box
I know it's you, I know it's you
But I'll read it anyway
And I'll file it with the others
In a plastic bag behind the house
Part of my collection
Voices from the past

I try to walk away with them nipping at my heels
I shade my eyes and press my thumbs against my ears

Voices from the past
Voices from the past
Voices

