

## OK Go

### "Shortly Before The End"

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Now its years since your body went flat and even  
memories of that  
are all think and dull, all gravel and glass. But who  
needs them  
now -- displaced they're easily more safe -- the worst of  
it now: I  
can't remember your face.

Return.

For a while, with the vertigo cured, we were alive -- we  
were pure.  
The void took the shape of all that you were, but years  
take their  
toll, and things get bent into shape... Antiseptic and  
tired, I can't  
remember your face.

Return.

You were supposed to grow old. Reckless,  
unfrightened, and old,  
you were supposed to grow old.

Return. You were supposed to return.

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