

## Arcade Fire, The "Old Flame"

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You knew in five minutes,  
But I knew in a sentence  
You knew in five minutes,  
But I knew in a sentence

So why do we go through all of this again?  
Your eyes are flutterin'  
Such pretty wings.  
A moth, flyin' into the  
Same old flame again  
It never ends

It's not like I dropped the bomb,  
on my conscience mom  
It takes fightin' day and night  
to make such a good thing die

Out, everyone out  
I give too much shit at home  
In my heart and mind  
It gets me every time

So why do we go  
Through all this shit again  
Your eyes are Flutterin'  
Such pretty wings.  
A moth flyin' into me  
The same old flame again  
It never ends

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