

Cribs, The "Ancient History"

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With my cards on the table
She could see the light
My efforts went wasted
Due to falling night

And I know

By the end of the evening
I was in no doubt
Of all of the things
That you could live without
And I know...

I drag up ancient history
Hope that they'll forgive me

They had nothing but ego's
But they multiply
All the reasons that I would try
That I know...
To be making it harder to be seen but oh,
Is it too much to ask for to be left alone?
Yeah I know

I drag up ancient history
Hope that they'll forgive me
(x2)

Lay my cards on the table
So she could see the light
My efforts went wasted
Due to falling night

And I know...

I drag up ancient history
Hope that they'll forgive me
(x2)

Margaret Hammond
Haemorrhaged in the Merrie City

Margaret Hammond
Died in the merrie city
(x2)

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