

## **Gaslight Anthem, The "Old White Lincoln"**

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If I could write, I'd tell you how much I miss these nights  
Where we dig around the bones, try to find peace and  
patches for the holes  
I lit a cigarette on a parking meter  
Corner boys told her how I was dying to meet her  
Like a prayer I said, on a dead man's knee  
You drove up like a parade

You and your high-top sneakers and your sailor tattoos  
Your old '55 that you drove through the roof  
Of the sky, up above these indifferent stars  
Where you just kept coming apart, straight in my arms

And I miss her sometimes  
Shaking like a leaf on the corner of life  
But I heard it's alright  
The radio spoke to a good friend of mine  
And I could feel it coming up as the nights getting  
warm  
Saw your summer dress hanging on the back of the  
lawn  
Like a dream I remember from an easier time  
With the top rolled down on a Saturday night

You and your high-top sneakers and your sailor tattoos  
Your old '55 that you drove through the roof  
Of the sky, up above these indifferent stars  
Where you just kept coming apart, straight in my arms  
Right in my arms

And I always dreamed of classic cars and movie  
screens  
Trying to find someday to be redeemed  
Bring a dollar with you baby, in the cold cold ground

You and your high-top sneakers and your sailor tattoos  
Your old '55 that you drove through the roof  
Of the sky, up above these indifferent stars  
Where you just kept coming apart, straight in my arms  
You fell straight in my arms

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