

So guess I got old  
I was like trash on the sidewalk  
I guess I knew why  
Often it's hard to just sweet talk

I was old news to you then  
Old news, old news to you then

You, you were like glue  
Holding each of us together  
I slept through July  
While you made lines in the heather

I was old news to you then  
Old news, old news to you then

Fell for the ruse with you then  
Old news, old news to you then

And I still see you when I try to sleep  
I see the garden, the tower, the street  
Call out to nobody, call out to me  
Chip on the shoulder, the dime in the teeth

Now I can see how  
We were like dust on the window  
Not much, not a lot  
Everything's stolen or borrowed

I was old news to you then  
Old news, old news to you then