

Heart Grows Old

Future Islands

Looking for something the lord would make,
Meters of sleep--buried under the neck
Bereave animal dreams, instinct to keep you
Instance to bleed you
Instinct
Saturday folds, by the time I put my wishing words away
The sound of an old door laughing
Creaks to signal
Your wishing words were saved

The heart grows old
The heart grows old with you
No one in this world could hope to take your place
The heart grows old
The heart grows old and rues
The end of our days
The heart grows old with you

And it breaks my mind in two
Because I know--and you know
That it was never meant to be
Baby I was just too young
To appreciate all of your seams
Now I'm cutting myself
Watching you cutting yourself
Bleeding myself

The heart grows old
The heard grows old and rues
The end of our days, the heart grows old with you
The heart grows old
The heart grows old and croons
Into the blue--the heart grows old with you

Save me, save me from loving you always
Save me, save me from loving you always
Save me, save me from loving you always
Save me, save me from loving you always