

Nixon

Crime In Stereo

So it came to pass that I'd stayed with you long after they had left.

So now you pace the hall, talking to the oil portraits along the walls.

I know you did what you did

But I was just a kid.

Don't compare me now to how I was back then.

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And this too shall pass.

Long after they're done searching through your desk

They call it voyeurism, not viewing it as a precaution.

I know you did what you did

cause you thought I'd never forgive

But we were both a little crazy when we were kids.

Looking back on it, I would've done the same thing.

Everyone was doing crazy shit back then...

Maybe I'm not so crazy after all

Don't compare me now to how I was back then.

Don't compare me now to how I was back then