

My Old Man

Mac DeMarco

Look at the mirror
Who do you see
Somewhat familiar
Surely not me

For it can't be me
Look at how old and cold and tired and lonely he's become
Not until you see
There's a pricetag hanging off of having all that fun

Oh oh looks like
I'm seeing more of my old man in me
Oh no looks like
I'm seeing more of my old man in me

Walk on the outside
Holding her hand
Somewhat familiar
Her and her man

But it just can't be
Look at all these steps that brought you where you are today
Not until you see
As the heart grows stronger sometimes love is pushed away

Oh oh looks like
I'm seeing more of my old man in me
Oh no looks like
I'm seeing more of my old man in me

Ah oh looks like
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Oh no looks like
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