

Sarah

MC Lars

I met you in September of 2000.
My heart skipped a beat with feelings profound and
I gave you my soul and virginity.
I loved you so much; you were the world to me.
Seventeen months together and then we separated
Due to college and commitments. The fantasy faded.
It was hard as hell, winter quarter for me,
Even though in the long run it made us free.
And I'm not mad at you. Wait - yes, I am.
I just wish one more time I could hold your hand
And say, "Sarah, take care, until the end.
I want you to know I'll always be your friend."
I can't pretend the year never occurred.
You always said we'd be in touch, you gave me your word.
But the full moon's dark, and Garland's gone,
And I'm tearing up your pictures as I'm writing this song.

Sarah, I can't seem to find the key,
We tossed together into the Velvet Sea.
You said you'd always be there, but it wasn't true.
But I'm over you, Sarah, I'm over you.
Sarah, I can't seem to find the key,
We tossed together into the Velvet Sea.
You said you'd always be there, but it wasn't true.
But I'm over you, Sarah, I'm over you.

Sarah! I'm over you!
Sarah! I'm over you!

And when you left it had a deep effect on my life,
Cutting me sharply like a serrated knife.
But Sarah, I've rolled forward and my head's in the stars,
But some mornings when it's cold, I'll wonder how you are.
It went sour like our showers together turning cold,
And I'll reminisce with passion when my face is gray and old.
Or so I'm told we all do when we turn eighty-two,
I'll think of high school, Pebble Beach, and you.
It's true I'm doing fine though you're sometimes on my mind;
Your adolescent body, acceptable to fine.
But nothing gold can stay and dawn goes down today,
And Sarah, you'll have cellulite and crow's feet some day.
Okay, hey I still love you, it's true,
And I hope Whitman College is good to you.
Things are okay now, though they used to seem wrong.
I'm over you like Sidney writing Laura's last song.

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