

# I Can't Stop Your Memory

of Montreal

I can't stop your memory  
From breaking my heart  
Devils were laughing so loud  
I couldn't hear the radio

In the dark bags become  
Sneaking devils waiting to pounce  
And display impressive claws  
I might wink at them before they land

I can hear my heart beat  
Across the room behind the closet door  
When I'm laying in my bed in the dark  
I can't gather all the love I need when I need it

I'm not mad I understand that that's the price  
And all is forgiven in the end  
If your heart was in the right place  
If you lived an honest life, if you tried

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