

# Indefinitely

Old 97's

Well the room was Mediterranean and the meaning was two-fold  
We got busted by your mother though you're 29 years old  
And the pictures wrapped in cellophane like sandwiches or stamps  
Burned holes in my pockets and in the inseam of my pants

And your graduation date was in Absentia today  
And you wished you was there with her but you told her not to stay  
And the redwoods and the oak trees and the double yellow lines  
Although they're in perfect symmetry they keep imperfect time

I don't mean no, I don't mean maybe  
I'm indefinitely, I'm indefinitely  
I don't mean no, I don't mean maybe  
I'm indefinitely, I'm indefinitely

Well the car was Japanese perhaps, Hungarian and blue  
And it followed you down highway one, kept almost out of view  
And it symbolizes something although you don't know what it is  
Like loneliness and longing for a future perfect kiss

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Well second hand's the first thing that you see when you wake up  
And it rolls by in slow motion and you rub it for good luck  
Time is gonna tell your little secrets to me  
There's a frightened girl inside of you and I'm gonna set her free

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