

I never write or called you
and how I would have without fail
the estate was mortgaged, we had to move out
and all that's destructive came our way
we should've told each other
what we couldn't tell elsewhere
defeat adores you, on that you were right
a legacy passed on, a dream unfurled
how am I to say I'm sorry
how am I to let it go
we're going back and I worry
we're older, but I don't think we've changed
we're older, but I don't think we've changed

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