

Fontaines D.C., The Couple Across The Way

Babe it feels like it's all happened
23 years of the same
And I'm sorry 'bout this morning
For the damage I will pay

All the mirrors face the walls and
I wake just to long for bed
"Love what's got you so down low? - The saddest tongue is in your head!"

I forget the thrill of lies
The truth escaping through the eyes, now
You use voices on the phone
That once were spent on me

The world has changed beyond our doorstep
people talk and dress so strange
I don't know a neighbour's name
And all of life is rearranged

Nice to know that you're still caring
well enough to raise your voice but
If we must bring up the past then
please don't speak to me of choice

Across the way moved in a pair with passion in its prime
Maybe they look through to us and hope that's them in time