

# The Magnetic Fields, Jeremy

We were young like the future, we were young and always wrong  
We were young like our country, learning old ways to be young  
Random driving around with you in my dilapidated car  
Like Isadora Duncan II in impossibly long white scarves  
(C): Autumn leaves, diaries, Tennessee and Jeremy  
Suddenly, willow trees, memories of Jeremy.

Like a Galapagos turtle we grow old and stay that way,  
Build a nest in the sand dunes, lay our eggs and walk away  
I was writing our dreams down, making maps of an unseen plane;  
and I noticed anomalies that you'd rather not see explained.

(C) We drove, canopy down, in the scalding rain on the one day we were young  
The house we bought was really a lake  
Otters scampered down the halls  
There were whirlpools in the floor and sails  
You're alone and it's over  
You're alone with your gun  
You're alone  
From now on you're all alone  
and you're not young