

Walkmen, The "Dónde Está la Playa"

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Well, it's back to the battle today.
But I wouldn't have it any other way.
Cause tonight we'll be crazy as kooks.

I'm dancing, grooving. This lovely wooden floor.
The tom-toms are beating on. Eyes are so sore.

There is still sand in my suitcase.
There is still salt in my teeth.

I kissed her in the window.
She covered up her face.
She's pretty, Sherry.
But I'm far, far too late.

Someone said, man, let's take a drive.
So here I am. So here I am.

I crashed up a party, nickels and dimes,
A handful of strangers, all friends of mine.

I know that you're married, rings on your hand.
So I didn't stay 'til the end.

I don't need a Christmas card.
You don't need to write.
Last Christmas was black and blue, but this year is
white.

The void repeats, repeats a sound so deep in my head.
Goodnight. Keep your shirt on. You can leave the way
you came.

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