

Hot Chip "Playboy"

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April, the cruelest month
I reckon this much could be a contender
There's only so much sorrow a man can take
I can't change my face, don't you remember

You know when I was on the road
That me and you was on the rocks, so low
Should never have got talkin' all that jive
Now there's only one way for me to stay alive

Drivin' in my Peugeot, hey
20 inch rims with the chrome now, hey
Blazin' out yo La Tengo, hey
Drivin' 'round poppin' with the top down, hey

Drivin' in my Peugeot, hey
20 inch rims with the chrome now, hey
Blazin' out yo La Tengo, hey
Drivin' 'round poppin' with the top down, hey

So long to contentedness
I reckon next time I'll march in favor
So long I've felt a blessedness
No more is this a taste I want to savor

I know how I dig you on
You can know only see, so far
But never was there more to say
Less, to do, before, turn away

Drivin' in my Peugeot, hey
20 inch rims with the chrome now, hey
Blazin' out yo La Tengo, hey
Drivin' 'round poppin' with the top down, hey

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