

The War On Drugs "Buenos Aires Beach"

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My barricades feel open now
So I leave behind the bridge
With a flag with a western wave and a simple stitch to
fix
I'll hold myself together now as you take me through
the ditch
Where the sky crumbled on the floors
You'll sweep me off of my back
You'll save me from the rumble you spoke of before
And the one who saved you
Ain't the one who you were banking on
When your highs were cutting through my lows

Enter through the side door please
I know you wish to speak with me
Of old neglected promises
Of stolen souvenirs
How you could hear the ocean
But you could not see the breeze
When the sky was setting on a Buenos Aires beach
And the sun was shining on the one I wish to see
And the fates are shifting under land
You're beating on the floors
You're sleeping on the same ones you've been
sweeping on
You're the one that saved me
And the one that I was banking on
When your highs were cutting through my lows

So hold me up against the tree
You used to measure me in feet
And set your sights to green
And all the cross-town boys and on
They show up with the sea shells in their eyes
But you know what they want
By the glow of your skin
And you can overdress for him
But it will soon grow old

And this winter it came to pass
So much slower than the last
And now there's nothing left to grasp

In our hands and nothing left to catch
So they'll speak of the past
In the future perfect tense
Of places we will go
Before we grow old

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