

Strokes

"Chances"

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I waited for ya
I waited for ya
I waited on ya
But now I don't

You didn't see it
That didn't see it
That didn't see it
But now, oh I do

I'll play your game
I'll play your game
No...
I'll play your game
I'll play your game

I take my chances alone
Get on your horse and be gone
I would not wait up for you any more
So you can ask me if something is wrong

When I go...
Where I'm going in my heart

When the night isn't ready for you
It's a fleeting unorthodox view
Invited, mysterious too
And they want you to see it

Thinks that it's easy, decides he's got time
And he claims that this matters; surprise
When he finds out the truth's on his side

I take my chances alone
Get on your horse and be gone
I'm not waiting for you any more
So you can ask me if something is wrong

When I go
I don't know it in my heart
That I don't believe anyone

As they crawl in my way

When the nightÂ...

Living it by night

You could see me travelÂ...

We could be in trouble every night

What then are you like?

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