

The Walkmen

"Roll Down the Line"

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What I need boils
What I need binds
And strangles with regret
But still comes so easily

Where'd you go?
Tonight I woke
To find you gone

The question and
An answer that sounded off
The glance goes abject enough

When she was young
She asked me if
I knew her well
I thought I did
I know better know

What I need boils
What I need binds
And strangles with regret
But still comes so easily

The question and
An answer that sounds...
The glance goes abject, cut off
An answer, cut off

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