

TV on the Radio "Ambulance"

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Your slim frame, your eager eyes and your wild mane
Oh, they keep me where I belong, all wrapped up in
wrong
You're to blame for wasted words of sad refrain
Oh, let them take me where they may, believe me when
I say

I will be your accident if you will be my ambulance
And I will be your screech and crash if you will be my
crutch and cast
And I will be your one more time if you will be my one
last chance
Oh, fall for me

Your slim frame, your simple stare and your wrong,
wrong name
Oh they keep me where I belong, all strung out in song
Why so tame, we could shoot wilder vines through
younger veins

Sip slow from night's deep wells and watch our
gardens swell
Once the seeds are sown, wild and overgrown
You'll see heart's colors changed like leaves

Oh sweet, sweet tree, fall for me, fall fast, fall free, fall
for me

Because I will be your ambulance if you will be my
accident
And I will be your screech and crash if you will be my
crutch and cast
And I will be your one more time if you will be my one
last chance

Oh sweet tree, fall with me, fall fast, fall free, fall with
me

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