

TV on the Radio "Playhouses"

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I said
Playhouses
Swept away by the river now
Confound me
Sound it out now

Vodka cran in your hand
And whos little girl are you now?
Oh, I'd ask for this dance
But I know you play like you don't know how
What your coy smile exposes
A recent memory of when we shit our bed of roses

And I know the moon above is shining down
But not for our love
So for who?
So for who?

Beneath the cigarettes and sugar shit of alcohol breath
I can taste the ocean on your tongue
Remember when we sat on the side walk
Of your old block
Against the wall
Under the stars
Talking about love's meaning
Well, I wasn't dreaming

I meant every word
Just didn't know your demons
Do you know mine, babe?
Are we wasting time, babe?

Playhouses
Haunted by
Broken spirits
Just trying to get high

Well we chose this course but
The weather changed
And the river froze
And went it thawed it was running
Backwards and dry now

I suppose it's appropriate to cry now

Over wasted time

And naked lies

Still get wasted sometimes

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