

Playhouses

TV on the Radio

I said
Playhouses
swept away by the river now
confound me
sound me out now

Like a crayon 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
what your coarse smile exposes
a recent memory of when we shit off in a
and I know the woman shining down

so for who?
so for who?

Beneath the cigarettes and sugar shit of alchol breath
I can taste the ocean on your tongue
remember when we sat on the side walk
of your cold block
against the wall
under the stars
talking about love meaning
Well, I wasn't dreaming
I meant every word
just to know your demons
do you know mine, babe?
are we wastin time, babe?

playhouses on dead life (haunted life)
broken spirits
just trying to get high
yeah we chose these cards
but the weather changed
and the river froze and went it thawed
it was runnin backwards and dry now
I suppose it's appropriate to cry now
oh wasted time
and naked lies
still get wasted sometimes