

Green Gloves

The National

Falling out of touch with all my
Friends are somewhere getting wasted
Hope they're staying glued together
I have arms for them

Take another sip of them
It floats around and takes me over
Like a little drop of ink
In a glass of water

Get inside their clothes with my green gloves
Watch their videos in their chairs
Get inside their beds with my green gloves
Get inside their heads, love their loves

Cinderella through the room
I glide and swan
'Cause I'm the best slow dancer
In the universe

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Now I hardly know them
And I'll take my time
I'll carry them over
And I'll make them mine

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Get inside their heads, love their loves