

Lemon

Local Natives

Sour
Lemon eyes
Staring
Down the daylight

And the LA River makes you laugh
You say, why's a gutter got a name like that?

You're towelin' up your wet hair
I hear your coffee grind
The credits rollin' on last night's late night
We're always somewhere between
Leaving and arrived
I just wanna be here at the same time

Slouching
When you walk
Just like
Hillhurst palms

A penny and a lotto ticket to scratch
You win enough to keep you coming back

A cross above the freeway
Holy neon light
Everybody crawling for their lives
You're watching your reflection
In a tv turned off
How long you gonna pay more than it costs?

Lemon eyes
Trying to let the light in
Lemon eyes
All our streets are Violet

Sour lemon eyes
Trying to let the light in
Lemon eyes
All our streets are Violet