

What New York Used to Be

The Kills

Come on, come on drama
Come on draw, scratch and say it
Say it, make it to the bottom
Let it climb and drop an apple off the top

It's not I don't want to eat it
Need it, know it
Force and feed it, leave it, be it
Just keep it in this box

What easy used to be
What love used to be
What drugs used to be
What TV used to be

What music used to be
What luck used to be
What art used to be
What you used to be

Come on drama, come on, girl
You swing your mile longer
Love song surely tells the future
Then you stretched your mouth
And wonder

Water, shot of ecstasy
Secrets in the open bottle
You feed it, don't believe it
Just leave it in this box

What easy used to be
And what fun used to be
And what dreaming used to be
And what fame used to be

And what city used to be
And what fast used to be
And what low used to be
What New York used to be

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Call me, come, come, come on
Tell me, come, come on
Tell me how much better
Whether you're gonna grasp that
Show me how it used to be