

Nightingales

The Walkmen

Lock me up and throw away my name
Mock my love, it don't break
Wind and grind, it's only
Wind and grind, it's how the days go by
It's only wind and grind

Mark this laugh in front the under-porch
Slap the arm, break my fall
I've got ice, man, I've got it

Spread my ashes in the air when I die
No desire for
Wind and grind, it's only
Wind and grind, it's how the days go by
It's only wind and grind

So, so still man, oh, so still man
No one to come, no one to come