## **Roll Down the Line**

## The Walkmen

What I need boils
What I need binds
And strangles with regret
But still comes so easily

Where'd you go? Tonight I woke To find you gone

The question and
An answer that sounded off
The glance goes abject enough

When she was young She asked me if I knew her well I thought I did I know better know

What I need boils What I need binds And strangles with regret But still comes so easily

The question and An answer that sounds... The glance goes abject, cut off An answer, cut off