

## Playhouses

TV on the Radio

I said  
Playhouses  
swept away by the river now  
confound me  
sound me out now

Like a crayon in your hand  
and whos little girl are you now  
Oh, I'd ask for this dance  
but I know you play like you don't know  
what your coarse smile exposes  
a recent memory of when we shit off in a  
and I know the woman shining down

so for who?  
so for who?

Beneath the cigarettes and sugar shit of alchol breath  
I can taste the ocean on your tongue  
remember when we sat on the side walk  
of your cold block  
against the wall  
under the stars  
talking about love meaning  
Well, I wasn't dreaming  
I meant every word  
just to know your demons  
do you know mine, babe?  
are we wastin time, babe?

playhouses on dead life (haunted life)  
broken spirits  
just trying to get high  
yeah we chose these cards  
but the weather changed  
and the river froze and went it thawed  
it was runnin backwards and dry now  
I suppose it's appropriate to cry now  
oh wasted time  
and naked lies  
still get wasted sometimes