

Pravda

Vampire Weekend

I've waited through the wars of winter
I've watched the cherry blossoms bloom
I cannot wait here any longer
I'm leaving at the rising of the moon
I know what lies beneath Manhattan
I know who's buried in Grant's Tomb
I wonder if they'll wait a while
To clear away my crocodile
I'm leaving at the rising of the moon

They always ask me about Pravda
It's just the Russian word for truth
Your consciousness is not my problem
'Cause when I come home, it won't be home to you

Your uncle Henry lived in Moscow
Your aunt Ludmilla lived there too
Irina grew up in Wisconsin
I'm leaving at the rising of the moon

The final moments in a doorway
The final moments in a doorway
The sacred light of afternoon
The sacred light of after-
Something starts to shake the leaves
You tug upon your T-shirt sleeves
And shiver 'til the rising of the moon

They always ask me about Pravda
It's just the Russian word for truth
Your consciousness is not my problem
'Cause when I come home, it won't be home to you

I took the family balalaika
Those strings would never stay in tune
I hung it up by the piano
I'm leaving at the rising of the moon

I had a job once in Penn Station
I had a job once in Penn Station
Down at a tie shop called Tiecoon
Down at a tie shop called Tiecoon
Every time my shift began
I'd see that quiet businessman
I'm leaving at the rising of the moon

They always ask me about Pravda
It's just the Russian word for truth
Your consciousness is not my problem
And I hope you know your brain's not bulletproof