

From Oakland To Warsaw

Destroyer

You lost your serve.
You lost your swing.
You thought you'd heard
Of everything... Hell, no!

From Oakland
To Warsaw,
Don't you know the kids were all a-wrong.
Raise their voices in song -
Air comes out! Air comes out!

I know your style. You've got drastic desires, and shit.
Warm yourself by the fiery stage - fiery cause I lit it.

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You lost your swing.
You thought you'd heard
Of everything... Hell, no!